

The Trumpet Vine

Kate Wolf

The trumpet vine grew in the kitchen window
And bloomed bright orange on the wall
You sat in the morning light, holding a guitar
As the first summer rain began to fall
And like the gentle raindrops your words fell in the air
Making things so clear as we quietly sat there
It reminded me of other times you had come before
And brought a song or just walked in through the kitchen door(vamp: last line)Were said at kitchen tables we
have known
'Cause somehow in that warm room with coffee on the stove
Our hearts were really most at home
Sittin at a table, lookin hard at you
Catchin up on stories of the things we'd tried to do
It seems we really said the most when we didn't talk at all
But let the songs speak for us like the sunlight on the wall(vamp: 1/2 verse)
Some years are seen more clearly than the rest
And if it weren't for kitchen songs and mornings spent with friends
We all might lose the things we love the best
I can see you sittin there beneath the trumpet vine
The sunlight through the window in the kitchen in my mind
You came when you were needed, I could not ask for more
Than to turn to find you walkin through the kitchen door
(repeat last 2 lines)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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