

Yellow flower

PÃ©tur Ben

Still the pulse survives
The conscious candor of our conversation
Lovely as you are
I see the strain, the pain, the degradation
Strips of light delightful
Either side of bars so thick and wide
You hide them with a colorful sigh
Falling at your feet in sheer joy
That you were able to receive me like a favorite chair
Soaking up the tears if by magic it'll make me
Ever warmer even after you're not here

Could I be a boat for you a while?
Could I stay afloat for you and sail in your smile?
Could I be a boat for you
And ever gain this weight for you
Could I be a boat for you a while?

You are the yellow flower of my youth
The scent of nothing wasted
With little left to prove
Oh graceful evergreen you take me
Over hill I've ever been
And others, just illusions
Only seeming to be
Falling at your feet in sheer joy that you were able to
Receive me like a favorite chair
Soaking up the tears if by magic it'll make me
Ever warmer even after you're not here

Could I be a boat for you a while?
Could I stay afloat for you and sail in your smile?
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