Invitation

Richard Buckner

Come on, Id love to talk to you out side in the open air
Some where to take it, too and watch it go
Any where, in here you never know
And I dont mean to chase you downI need the dance to slow, closing up
And going out, passing as the words to come, slipping
As the nights will do, burning
As the clouded sun letting nothing throughYou see, the walls are gone
Some times theres no other way
Is looking down, still moving on?Id think youd know what to say
Are you warming in the dark?
See the times above us moveHow close is just too far, setting off in to
I will, though Ive been thrown before
I guess put the bones to useIm hoping that youd find my door
Oh, come on, Id love to talk to you

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