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 through You 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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