Watercolour Ponies

Wayne Watson

There are watercolour ponies on my refrigerator door
And the shape of something, I don't really recognize
Brushed with careful little fingers and put proudly on display
A reminder to us all of how time fliesSeems an endless mound of laundry and a stairway laced with toys
Gives a blow by blow reminder of the war
That we fight for their well-being for their greater understanding
To impart a holy reverence for the LordBut baby, what will we do when it comes back to me and you
They look a little less like little boys every day
Oh, the pleasure of watchin' the children growin' is mixed with a bitter cup
Of knowin' the watercolour ponies will one day ride awayAnd the vision can get so narrow, as you view through your tiny world
And little victories can go by with no applause
But in the greater evaluation as they fly from your nest of love
May they mount up with wings as eagles for His causeStill I wonder baby, what will we do when it comes back to me and you
We'll look a little less like little boys every day
Oh, the pleasure of watchin' the children growin' is mixed with a bitter cup
Of knowin' the watercolour ponies will one day, one day ride away

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/