

# 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 flies  
Seems 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 Lord  
But 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 away  
And 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 cause  
Still 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

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