

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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