

# Yellow Flower

## Magic Buck

Still the pulse survives  
The conscious candor of our conversation  
Lovely as you are  
I see the strain, the pain, the degradation  
Strips of light delightful  
Either side of bars so thick and wide  
You hide them with a colorful sigh  
Falling at your feet in sheer joy  
That you were able to receive me like a favorite chair  
Soaking up the tears if by magic it'll make me  
Ever warmer even after you're not here

Could I be a boat for you a while?  
Could I stay afloat for you and sail in your smile?  
Could I be a boat for you  
And ever gain this weight for you  
Could I be a boat for you a while?

You are the yellow flower of my youth  
The scent of nothing wasted  
With little left to prove  
Oh graceful evergreen you take me  
Over hill I've ever been  
And others, just illusions  
Only seeming to be  
Falling at your feet in sheer joy that you were able to  
Receive me like a favorite chair  
Soaking up the tears if by magic it'll make me  
Ever warmer even after you're not here

Could I be a boat for you a while?  
Could I stay afloat for you and sail in your smile?  
Could I be a boat for you  
And ever gain this weight for you  
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