

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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