

Face of Wood

Modern English

Dreaming in a chair, contemplating
The times gone by, exhilarating, entertaining
Reaching out with tenderness Scenes of laughter framed in reminiscence
Catch a smile for stormy days and sad occasions
Moving targets and camera shy The moon is dark and shadowed
The sun keeps ticking by
Silence and solitude
No one left to cry
No one left to cry Standing in front a mirror
I draw and pinch my skin
Tired eyes portray reality
A face of lines which melt in the world I am oak
I am oak
I am oak
I am oak

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