Delta

Balmy

Waking stream of consciousness
On a sleeping street of dream
Thoughts like scattered leaves
Slowed in mid fall into the streams
Of fast running rivers of choice and chance
And time stops here on the delta
While they dance, while they dance
I love the child who steers this riverboat
But lately he's crazy for the deep
And the river seems dreamlike in the daytime
And someone keeps thinking in my sleep
Of fast running rivers of choice and chance
And time stops here on the delta
While they dance, while they dance
While they dance, while they dance
While they dance, while they dance
While they dance, while they dance

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