

Gold on the Leaves

Luluc

Gum trees, put me at ease
Their tall grey limbs, their sheltering green
And though I like to roam far
sometimes I long to be where I'm from
The setting sun, retreats on the horizon
The light on the leaves, there's gold in the trees
See these days, I'm bound to cities and crowds
but some days I yearn, and I have to return
To the shimmering heat; the bold hot sun
that bears down endlessly
A shy little breeze, gathers with me
I sit and I gaze at the space where you used to be
The shimmering heat; the bold hot sun
that bears down endlessly
The rains will come, washed and undone
I sit and I dream of the way we used to be

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