

Passing Afternoon

Our Endless Numbered Days

There are times that walk from you like some passing afternoon

Summer warmed the open window of her honeymoon

And she chose a yard to burn but the ground remembers her

Wooden spoons, her children stir her Bougainvillea blooms
There are things that drift away like our endless,
numbered days

Autumn blew the quilt right off the perfect bed she made

And she's chosen to believe in the hymns her mother sings

Sunday pulls its children from their piles of fallen leaves
There are sailing ships that pass all our bodies in the
grass

Springtime calls her children 'till she let's them go at last

And she's chosen where to be, though she's lost her wedding ring

Somewhere near her misplaced jar of Bougainvillea seeds
There are things we can't recall, blind as night that
finds us all

Winter tucks her children in, her fragile china dolls

But my hands remember hers, rolling 'round the shaded ferns

Naked arms, her secrets still like songs I'd never learned
There are names across the sea, only now I do believe

Sometimes, with the windows closed, she'll sit and think of me

But she'll mend his tattered clothes and they'll kiss as if they know

A baby sleeps in all our bones, so scared to be alone

Lyrics provided by

<https://damlyrics.com/>