Not Yet

Troy NÅ•KA

Mama, when she'd ride that horse
Buried out in Wilson fields
Mama'd tell me all she thought
Mama'd tell me all how riding feels

And I thought
Not yet

Then when mama got too old
No one ever rode that horse
Until one night I stole her key
And I did ride it all night 'till dawn

When I thought
Not yet

It looks an ugly world out there
Of girl-guides and disease and war
I love my little velvet bed
I never want to leave it anymore

At least
Not yet

Charlie was the first I caught
And Charlie was the first I begged
To lay an anchor in my heart
He was running his fingers down the inside of my legs

When I thought
Not yet

All my fears will come to me in dreams
Maybe the end ain't as far as it seems
Not yet revived but not yet mourned
Not quite denied just not yet born

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