Blue Horizon

Sidney Bechet

If I die before my mother does
then I would fly beyond the blue
and paint the moon the color of her eyes
and give my shoes awayOr if I die the way of memory
A grass-stained tear around its neck
then Id be sure to comb out all the knots
and leave this street in my dustBut I just keep running on
I cant be sure where to lay my sorry head
Looking up at the same old sky, stuck beneath the blue horizon
Lo la lo la layIf I die the way our friendship did
No regret and no goodbye
A breath of air left in a line I write
No photograph or fightBut I just keep running on
I cant be sure where to lay my sorry head
Looking up at the same old sky, stuck beneath the blue horizon
Lo la lo la layIf love were to die without apology
Take these tears you claim are lies
Wipe out the wishing stars wipe out the warming sun
Leave the moon to grieve the skySo if I die before my mother does
Then let me fly beyond the blue
And paint the moon the color of her eyes
And give my shoes away

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