Monday Morning

A Day At The Fair

Long before my stomping grounds got trampled on
I sat and felt the greatest song
that every painter - every poet couldn't create.And words they opened doors
from what my parents had wished for
when the had a child and raised a kid
that I came to this.And How good does life feel in times like this?
And How good is my shot before I close my eyes and miss?
These feelings exist.Let it rain on monday morning
right before the world is awake
I will ly there and just think about the weather.
Let my blood beat from my chest
and put my veins up to it's test
I will breathe in and know what it feels to feel alive.
I'm alive.About the time our tree house built fell on the lawn
we sat and heard the first of songs
that every rocking chair and shoe box would create.
It's a world that's grown to be so careless with it's memories.
Only benevolence can capture what I mean.But how good is this picture when the background's gone?
When I still feel great about standing tall when everything went wrong,
and I am all alone.Let it rain on monday morning
right before the world is awake
I will ly there and just think about the weather.
Let my blood beat from my chest
and put my veins up to it's test
I will breathe in and know what it feels to feel alive.
I'm alive.Let it rain on my rooftop
so I can hear the sounds,
of passing winds through blowing tree's
that say "I'll see you around."
The seasons can say things that I never can.
These words describe nothing,
when I come home again.
Well I guess I must have lost it,
in a line of my luck.
It said "this is you're life now, and you're done with growing up."
Well I missed my mark,
and I miss those tree's,
and I miss lying in bed tonight to picture these things.

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