

# Fireflies and Songs

Sara Groves

Thirty years ago I was a little girl  
Riding in the back seat of the car.  
A woman sang 'You don't bring me flowers anymore.'  
I felt the sadness in my little heart. We're looking for the music  
In the music box,  
Tearing it to pieces,  
Trying to find a song. I was drawn to you in ways I can't explain.  
I fought like crazy but I couldn't stay away.  
Piled on expectations and lots of blame,  
like we couldn't do it any other way. We're looking for a firefly  
Moving through the night,  
Staring at that one place  
Swear it never lights. We're looking for the music  
In the music box,  
Tearing it to pieces,  
Trying to find a song. Were you surprised our hearts were not like ticking clocks?  
The faces and hands easy to read.  
We both wished 'if only in the land of Oz.'  
And longed for things we'd never really need. Now we're standing in the kitchen,  
All pretense is gone.  
You kiss me on the shoulder.  
Fireflies and songs.

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