Maybe

God Street Wine

Maybe lovers stumble towards a silver moon
Talk trivialities, sing out of tune
Bourbon breath, sandy toes in ocean spray
Last summer evening as bright as day
Wary lovers hesitate, drift apart, then meet once more
Two silhouettes on the sandy shore
Maybe fingers press, maybe legs caress
Forgetful tongues their plans confess.
And I lie curled up in the doorstep of the grey sea
And the sky counts possibilities thinking, maybe
Sometimes the stars burn close, within my reach
And sometimes they crash to pieces on the beach
One kiss, an experiment, a test
Damp shirt reveals one button breast
Lovers come together thoughtless at last
Maybe all things possible will come to pass.
Maybe.....
And in the midnight of her dreams
A choice it seems is whispering "maybe"
And in the gulf of his desire
A voice comes through th fire whispering "maybe"
And I lie in my reveries
My head upon my knees, thinking "maybe"
And late at night here on the dune
You can hear the moon, thinking maybe".

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