

Amusement Parks On Fire, Hopefully Yours

Wind full of smells
And far-away places
The last thing I said
Are you sure you can take this?

Hands fold together
She says no
Don't turn your head
No don't just go

I'm here in your yard
And it's getting colder
You're making it hard
She smiled when she told me

Life on the wing
Like a lot of things
Would be better if we didn't try
I tried
Like I was walking out in your garden

Or am I just being foolish
Or am I just being hopefully yours