

Bosson, Hard Candy

On certain Sundays in November,
When the whether bothers me,
I empty draws of other summers,
Where my shadows used to be,
She is standing by the water,
As her smile begins to curl,
In this or any other summer,
She is something all together different,
Never just an ordinary girl.
And in the evenings on Long Island,
When the colours start to fade,
She wears a silly yellow hat,
That someone gave her when she stayed,
I didn't think that she returned it,
We left New York in a whirl,
Time expands and then contracts,
When you are spinning in the grips of someone,
Who is not an ordinary girl.
And when you sleep, you find your mother in the night,
But she fades just out of sight,
So there isn't any sweetness in the dreaming,
And when you wake, the morning covers you with light,
And it makes you feel alright,
But its just the same hard candy your remembering again.
You send your lover off to China,
Then you await for her to call,
You put your girl upon a pedestal,
And you wait for her to fall,
I put my summers back in a letter,
And I hide it from the world,
All the regrets you can't forget,
Are somehow pressed upon the picture,
In the face of such an ordinary girl.
And when you sleep,
You find your mother in the night,
But she fades just out of sight,
So there isn't any sweetness in the dreaming,
And when you wake, the morning showers you with light,
But its just the same hard candy, your remembering again,
Again, again, again, again.
And its just the same hard candy your remembering again.
Go ask her to come around,
And see me late, after dark,
Don't ask me to go around,
And wait to see if theres a spark X2