

# The Kingston Trio, Verandah Of Millium August

The yellow window's hanging on the bed across the wall  
Well, always in the morning the yellowest of all  
And the faces of the people in the window look so small  
And the faces in the morning were the peoplest of all  
Standing on the verandah of Millium August.

I love to watch the spider in the horn of the Victrola  
And the window I have colored with a burnt umber crayola  
The chairs are musty horses with someone else's odor  
And somewhere in the cushion is a secret ring decoder  
Standing on the verandah of Millium August.

While I'm turning cartwheels, the kaleidoscope is singing  
And somewhere in the distance someone else's phone is ringing  
There are rugs upon the ceiling, there are lamps upon the floor  
And renaissance wallpaper they put across the door  
The house has been torn down and everyone has gone  
And I am held a prisoner on a cemetery lawn  
Standing on the verandah of Millium August