

# Admiral Twin, Sunday Blue

Saturday sweet  
Or was it Sunday Blue?  
We scattered seeds  
And the day grew  
Throwing caution to the wind  
And danger dances on the land's end

Tripping over air  
No one ever really goes there  
Dancing on the breeze  
No one ever really sees me

Saturday slow  
And then Sunday flew  
Another night without you  
You walked away  
And the world shut down  
It's hard to dance  
When you're not around

Tripping over air  
No one ever really goes there  
Dancing on the breeze  
No one ever really sees me

I wonder if I walked with you  
You'd take a few steps too  
Or would you walk away from me?  
We always disagree

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The days go by  
And I dream of a time  
when the poems rhymed  
And the night's are so long  
And the winter lasts all summer long