

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