

Agnes Kain, Puddles & Mud

As the Sydney winter comes
I stare out my window and watch the rain
As it dances on the ceiling
It reminds me of a time when
We sat outside to see who could
Sit there the longer
Was it me or was it you?

So, I slip on my yellow galoshes
Head through puddles and mud
With the memory of a girl
And a watch that doesn't run, 2-3-4

The bridge is dressed in fog
And my father talks too long
About the good days and the weather
Were we meant to be together?
Like the peach fuzz birds that we
Had when we were only five

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