

Black, Child's Play

We walked on out to the tip of the sound
And we roll in the surf like seals there
And she sang songs to the dolphins and whales
That moved through the deep water
We'll run and laugh till tumble over each other
Sprawl in the long grass
And you kissed my hand
And I wept like I was in heaven
Jermyn was born on the fifth of July
And she grew like a wild flower
Plays with love as a dangerous thing
Runs deep as the still water
She runs, she laughs, she twists inside of herself
To land where she ought too
For it's from on your back
You can see straight up into heaven
New York in fall and Paris in the springtime
All the different places we can go
Revolving like the backdrop to a show
If I couldn't live without you
To be standing in the places that I didn't want to go
Looking at the faces I never thought that I would know
The clearing of the lines for her to step into
Thinking of the things that it might mean to you
Might me, ma, ma, ma, ma, ma, mean to you
You could walk on out to the tip of the sound
Walk on out to the tip of the sound