

Great Aunt Ida, March

I was so bogged down, I hadn't the time
For you or her or anything we would find

And what makes a man but the way he looks at you
And why this reluctance to bury old with new
March comes along, with a certain song
What carries on, what is ending, Forced into bending

Sky of blue and plains so brown
could I have a life out of this town

And what makes a woman love you or anyone
And how did it feel when you chose from everyone

And what makes me sad when I hear you're going away
And what makes me sorry to see you walk away

Too terrible to know today
Too terrible to know today