

Honeyrods, Pictures

(R.J. Johnson/The Honeyrods)
Pictures on the wall
stop and stare
let the moment take you there
in my mind I can see
See an empty sky
blue and white
doesn't matter if it's night
I can see them
Pictures on the wall
and they're not far from the fall of falling
it doesn't matter if they're
held to something
Pictures I love you
and the colors of your hues are calling
I searched in terms of things
I'm not knowing
It's your call
I kept your pictures just because
I love you
It's your call
it didn't matter at all
Drawing in the sand
falling objects from your hands
I hope to be shown the side of things
that release you
Super magic cars
rows of telepathic stars all seem to
shoot like rockets from
the walls inside you
Color in the summer
and it couldn't be much hotter
painting on the sidewalk
pictures made of water
Color in the summer
and it couldn't be much hotter
why not hold what's real
so we can fill this pictures place