

John K. Samson, Sunday Afternoon

Another Sunday afternoon
Nothing much to do
But sit and try and make some sense of what I think about you

Soaked with surroundings that just make me yawn
First snow is melting outside on the lawn
Scattered bits of yesterday with melancholy flecks of grey
Creeping back to tell me I was wrong

A heartful of what's hard to say
I've let that skipping record play far too long

Fall
Still were shot down by the likes of it all
Fly
Up above all that still steals the lights from your carnival

One smiled and said to me don't stay awake
Some kind of affirmation knowing you were truly wrong
Some kind of happiness at things we never see
No we are not half as smart as you pretend to
Well you were right I have pretended to be me
And now these jaded eyes
Can barely see where is this going anyway
It's always hard to say
Hard to say