

# Palaxy Tracks, Non-Fiction

Maybe we can meet again  
Underneath the plum tree the ground is warm  
We can hide from the town  
And the night will be ours forever

Hold a meeting of the minds  
I'll listen for the sound of your lovely voice

In the Summer I'll be ready to become a man of non-fiction  
But I know it can't be written until I learn to write  
And I don't waste my time thinking about what could have been mine

Maybe when we're older then  
When we've both become successful businessmen  
I promise I will write  
If you don't tell your wife

Old enough to be that kind of friend  
When you were only ten you could understand more than I did at that age  
When the world is promising you love  
And all that you deserve