

Rheostatics, All The Same Eyes

Tim Veseley

A mother and her kids,
An eleven a.m. trip,
Down the street from where they live
To a grassy little stop
That someone's called a park,
'Cause it's routed in the wood.

A mother and her kids,
And they all have the same eyes,
And they're greener than they're blue,
And they love each other, too.

A mother looking tired,
Always weighted under
'Cause no one else brought food.
And it's a (Sunday) slow afternoon,
'Cause there's no one else around,
And the TV drags her down.
Under weight of growing up from the ground.

I aspire to work so hard.
All the gold is buried in the park.

A mother and her kids,
Walking hand in hand in hand,
And they all have the same eyes.