

Sam Brown, April Moon

She was polishing the chairs
When the doorbell rang
She smoothed down her hair
And answered to a little old man
He gave her his widest grin and said
Would you mind if I came in and talked to you?

One April afternoon
Two shadows walking in the sun
Their final tune
Two shadows waiting for the April moon

She showed him the kitchen
And he pulled up a chair
As he was about to begin
He noticed her hair
He thought to himself
How beautiful she looked
And said
Would you mind if I took a picture of you?

April afternoon
Two shadows walking in the sun
Their final tune
Two shadows waiting for the April moon