

# 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