

Stina Nordenstam, Hopefully Yours

Wind full of smells
And far-away places
The last thing I said
Are you sure you can do this?
Hands fold together
He says no
Don't turn your head
No don't Just go
I'm here in your yard
And it's getting colder
You're making it hard
He smiled when he told me
Life on the wing
Like a lot of things
Would be better if we didn't try I tried
Like I was walkong out in your garden
Or am I just being foolish
Or am I just being hopefully yours
You know you've been seen
Not quite on the main street
And I was the queen
Till then I had nothing
And I can't go on like
This is not a way of
Telling you be mine
Be mine
Like I was walking on your blue carpet
Or am I just being foolish
Or am I just being hopefully yours