

Weeping Tile, King Lion

What if you and I were to go swimming in the afternoon and all the while pretend
We could put two dollars in the can for some trusting soul and her roadside stand
Get some flowers for the den

We used to play in the back hall but now it's anywhere at all
And you ask me everyday
Knocking on the cabin door
In my sleep I swear I hear you roar, "Hey, do you want to play?"

If I could be King Lion for a day, the hour hand would spin away
But I don't want draw, everything else is a bore
Why do we have to stop and wait until tomorrow?

I will be your sidekick and character in plot lines we can scheme up in our heads
Settling our pinecone wars or sailing off to Zulu shores to save Arubiobi's spread

Lately to my surprise I'm seeing things with six year old eyes and I like the view
You don't even read or write and you still sleep with a night light
But I take my leads from you

If I could be King Lion for a day, the hour hand would spin away
But I don't want draw, everything else is a bore
Why do we have to stop and wait until tomorrow?

And you don't know what it is to be...with...
And you don't know what it is to be...with...
And you don't know what it is to be...with...
You don't know what it is to be with you...

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Why do we have to stop and wait until tomorrow?
Until tomorrow
Until tomorrow