

DELIGHTS OF MY LIFE

Those aren't tears.
That's not rain you hear.
That's the sound of snow
melting again this year.
And I wouldn't mind if everything I know
would spring and fall delights.

And if you leave things may happen differently
like the sound of friends and beer.
And if it's blue, it's not me and it's not you.
Delights of my life.

I don't know how long it'll take to walk across the city.
I don't know how long it'll be believing.

I have no feelings either way.
Let the season decide.
Delights of my life.

I'll have these feelings either way.
White or grey.
Delights of my life.
White or grey.
Delights of my life.