

THESE THINGS

Lost an hour.
So long, city.
Open door in a seaside.
Blues flow.
Blues slide by the moon that I
said is strong as the open heart
that's inside and silent though
through the night.
I list these things.

And hours, they are
so long when all is told.
I saw the star you saw in his eye.
Blue this time.
Blues without.
But it's lost control.
This is all and all the time all this time
I had all I knew.
I am holding these things.

Both hands full.
Hours, they are long.
Stuff they dropped
and their hearts did show.
Blue is the blue.
Blues that I put hearts along,
so stepped on.
This is all inside it but how's the world?
And who would I call these things?

So silently your life
saw a star.
The boat had gone in the sky.
Blue sigh that I let out and it's true
that hope is wild.
Sun is down.
Sand is on my collarbone.
There we are, some melody.
And how's outside these things?