

## RIDING IN ON A SONG

11-25-13 (2)

1. The dancing leaves of summer — rains — coming,  
then golden leaves of summer gone.  
Leaves my heart alone again and wondering  
why I've spent the summer days alone.  
In the morning, in the stillness of night  
out of time in a place I don't belong  
— My face in a stare — a smile I didn't know was there,  
*as she came, riding in, on a song...*
2. I thought I heard the sparkling brook free-running,  
thawing ice of winter's hardness gone.  
Like the subtle gnawing of my heart strings strumming,  
harmonies coming from a choir throng.  
And I heard her voice in the breeze of the eve  
as I melted into the middle of the night  
with sleep, my companion, in a deep dream canyon  
*as I saw her, riding in, on a song...*

### [TURNAROUND]

3. Wondering why I didn't save her  
— but life's too short to court regret.  
While the world at large is seeking a savior,  
though most of them don't know it yet...  
In the midst of this how I miss her kiss  
and even times I was certain she was wrong;  
and treasure, with pleasure, most of all  
*memories, of her riding in, on a song...*

### [INSTRUMENTAL]

4. Praying in the rain but not that the pain  
would somehow suddenly abate.  
Contemplating father time's not waiting  
and he never promised me a date.  
Knowing time heals even all life steals  
as I wait not alone for that new day to dawn  
praying I'll stay strong and it won't be long  
*till again, I'll hear her, come riding in on a song...*

### [END]

Written: November 25, 2013 (2)