

## Ocean Blue, The "Past Future Perfect"

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In the corner stands a straw man  
With a cocktail in his right hand  
A firm handshake is all around  
As he slowly sips away

In the twilight sits a reader  
And the words, they grab and lead her  
To another world apart  
As she slowly slips away

You can drown me in my sorrows  
That can leave me on the morrow  
But the best part is the last  
Let it slowly fade away

Does it strike you as an odd thing  
How a man keeps remembering?  
Where the future meets the past  
And then slowly fades, slowly fades  
Slowly fades away

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