

Cheryl Wheeler

"Quarter Moon"

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And they seem to know each other very well
They speak across the garden
But not a soul could tell
They can read the summer sky
And they can hear the back brook swell
And they seem to know each other very well.

And they drive up north on Sunday afternoons
And he buys her wooden windmills
And whales and quarter moons
She feeds the birds all winter
And she knows them by their tunes
And they drive up north on Sunday afternoons.

And all summer long
They make the garden grow
Keep the green so strong
Oh, wish them well
For standing on their own.

And they buried their old dog in their backyard
With a fence and plastic roses
And St. Francis standing guard
She speaks of him quite often
To this day she takes it hard
And they buried their old dog in their backyard.

She brings me plants and flowers all the time
And we dig the holes together
She has to help with mine
When she pats the soil around them
Oh, my God, her eyes can shine
She brings me plants and flowers all the time.

And all summer long
They make the garden grow
Keep the green so strong
Oh, wish them well
For standing on their own.

And they speak about their lives as almost gone

Waiting for the sunset
From an old and distant dawn
Selling off the land except the part they're living on
And they speak about their lives as almost gone.

And they seem to know each other very well
They speak across the garden
But not a soul could tell
They can read the summer sky
And they can hear the back brook swell
And they seem to know each other very well...

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