

Chris Edwards "Teetering"

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Little bluejay on my window sill,
Sorry but I've nothing for you to fill
Your beak with today,
I can't even make myself a meal anyway.

Why are you stuck out there
Outside in the cold?
Is it a by-product of not doing as you were told?
I can tell there's a story lurking behind
Those sad, tired eyes of thine.

Sorry but I've nowhere today for you to rest,
Maybe some place somewhere along the way,
You will find the answers you're looking for,
And you'll find the peace that eluded you before.

Little bluejay on my window rest,
I'm sorry but I've nowhere today for you today to nest.
Maybe some place along your way,
There will dawn a far brighter day,
A far brighter day indeed.

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