

Bosson

"Hard Candy"

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On certain Sundays in November,
When the whether bothers me,
I empty draws of other summers,
Where my shadows used to be,
She is standing by the water,
As her smile begins to curl,
In this or any other summer,
She is something all together different,
Never just an ordanairy girl.
And in the evenings on Long Island,
When the colours start to fade,
She wears a silly yellow hat,
That someone gave her when she stayed,
I didn't think that she returned it,
We left New York in a whirl,
Time expands and then contracts,
When you are spinning in the grips of someone,
Who is not an ordanairy girl.
And when you sleep, you find your mother in the night,
But she fades just out of sight,
So there isn't any sweetness in the dreaming,
And when you wake, the morning covers you with light,
And it makes you feel alright,
But its just the same hard candy your remembering
again.
You send your lover off to China,
Then you awit for her to call,
You put your girl upon a pedestal,
And you wait fro her to fall,
I put my summers back in a letter,
And I hide it from the world,
All the regrets you can't forget,
Are somehow pressed upon the picture,
In the face of such an ordanairy girl.
And when you sleep,
You find your mother in the night,
But she fades just out of sight,
So there isn't any sweetness in thee dreaming,
And when you wake, the morning showers you with
light,
But its just the same hard candy, your remembering
again,

Again, again, again, again.
And its just the same hard candy your remembering
again.

Go ask her to come around,
And see me late, after dark,
Don't ask me to go around,
And wait to see if theres a spark X2

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