

Hat On, Drinking Wine

"Plastic Flowers"

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It must have been coming on June in the year
When I passed down a street and I saw you sitting
there
Alone in your yard in a beat-up folding plastic chair

Well the sun beat down but you found some shade
You were sitting all alone in a garden that you made
Where each blade of grass and soldier straight flower
obeyed

And I looked at you but to my surprise
Across generations eyes me eyes
And I tried to understand
But your taut lips they never said hi

Chorus:
Was your mind trained on the living or the dead
On the long road behind or the short road ahead
Did you take some comfort in colors that don't fade
Were you hiding from the sun in your little bit of shade

Did you trade the moment for eternity
Make permanence a friend, time an enemy
Were you killing time or savoring the hours
Seeking salvation in rows of plastic flowers

Chorus

I couldn't stop to ask I had somewhere to be
Had something to do, somebody else to see
Had seeds to sow that might finally set me free

So I went on home to my own little garden
All the fragile, vivid blooms that live for just a few
hours
Took my son's tiny hand and watched a perfect sun
falling
in a limitless sky

And I thought about my life and the passing of time
All the flowers I'd plant and the trees I might climb

In my own tiny yard if there were ever ever enough
time.

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