

# Johnny Mathis

## "Arianne"

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Arianne's an April morning  
That comes rippling through my window  
She's the smell of coffee brewing  
On a quiet rainy Sunday

And the purring of a kitten  
That has made my neck a pillow for its head

Arianne's the silly music  
That my father used to whistle  
She's the new leaf on the fern  
That I had given up last winter

And what writers have to feel like  
When they suddenly discover they've been read

Arianne is mama's crystal  
Bread that's nearly finished baking  
And the rainbow in a puddle  
And the happiest of birthdays

Then the going off on Friday  
And the coming back on Monday with a tan

Arianne is made of feeling  
So I milk her of her kisses  
And I swallow up her breathing  
And I taste her where she loves me

And I'm filled, overflowing  
But there's always room for more of Arianne

Arianne is Mama's crystal  
Bread that's nearly finished baking  
And the rainbow in a puddle  
And the happiest of birthdays

And the going off on Friday  
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