

Kim Richey

"Jack And Jill"

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She wore that dress like it was a Saturday
Pretty as a summer rose
Picked in the morning

He held her hand like it was a mystery
One he couldn't quite believe
Was walking with him

They were high up on a hill
With something to say and daylight to kill
Time slipped away, way that it will

Around and around dancing round the question posed
Pick a coin and watch it roll
Down into the wishing well

Two step sunset, there goes another day
Another chance to give away
Secrets they keep to themselves

They were high up on a hill
With something to say, daylight to kill
Time slipped away, way that it will

Darkness falls without a sound
They come tumbling down
Tumbling after, tumbling after

She wore that dress like it was a Saturday
Pretty as a summer rose
Picked in the morning

He held her hand like it was a mystery
One he couldn't quite believe
Was walking with him

They were high up on a hill
With something to say the daylight to kill
Time slipped away, the way that it will

