

Mark Minelli "The Ribbon Ends"

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Last of the leaves, fell today
I saw it myself, just down the way
The final one fell on my street
It went from green, red to grey

Now I'm out in the cold and I'm
waiting on someone to say
Come in by the fire, warm your feet and have
something to eat

And people are draped, head to toe
In a ribbon bow
And they get around, in their homes
Love is warmer, then coals

Now I'm out in the snow and I'm
waiting on somebody's hand
To help me to shed all the layers that keeps me hidden

And when the ribbon ends, perhaps we'll
start again
And when the ribbon ends, that's where I
began

And where the ribbon ends, perhaps we'll
meet again
And where the ribbon ends, that's where I
began

And the ground has gone hard, beneath our souls
And the day has grown shorter, the night has grown
long

And I'm outside the door, and
I'm looking inside for signs of life
A candle, a chord, a chorus, and come inside, come
inside

And when the ribbon ends, perhaps we'll
start again
And when the ribbon ends, that's where I
began

And where the ribbon ends, perhaps we'll meet again
And where the ribbon ends, that's where I
began
I began

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