

Mary Black "Adam At The Window"

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Adam's at the window
Staring at the apple trees on fire
Waiting for the windfall
That brings the smile of kings and their desire

Door blows in behind him
A floral pattern summer dress so gay
Burning in the sunlight too late to wait
For darkness won't delay
To steal her cherry lips away

For while the careless tongues of sunlight
Slowly trickle down
The curve of hips her fingertips
In kissing sips we drown
In kissing sips we drown

And Adam will have his way
Adam will have his way

Adam's on the island
Living in the land of love
Shadows lurk around him
Drunk on the royal jelly of pure love

Full and ripe the fruit hang
For when the prince arrives he will want more
And more and more he will drink from the canvas cup
The son of a swan will then loose his plumera

And he will wear a new age suit
And haunt the joints in town
And play a silver magic flute
And call his lovers down
And call his lovers down

And Adam will have his way
Adam will have his way
Will have his way

Adam's at the ease
Painting in the wrinkles and the gray

Waiting for November
Easy with the darkness of the day

Smiles a tear of gladness
And Adams at the window once again
Burning in the sunlight too late to wait
For darkness won't delay
To steal her cherry lips away

For while the careless tongues of sunlight
Slowly trickle down
The curve of hips, her fingertips
In kissing sips we drown
In kissing sips we drown

Adam will have his way
Adam will have his way
Adam will have his way

Adam will have his way
He will have his way
Adam will have his way

Adam's at the window

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