

Monroe Johnson

"Little Heaven"

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When I think about all my crimes
Back before I could see I was blind
I never knew it was dark outside
Not until first light arrived

We had all the time, but as years do prove
All of time is still a minute too few
We never hurried nor made haste
From burning fires left in our wake

Nothing can come in between us now

Sleepers awake in the middle of the night
Follow the tail of the firefly that flies
From Broadway to the Coastal Highway
This little heaven is yours and mine

Ships tossed by winds from behind
Planets moved, we aligned
The startled sea of old history
Now starts starts to bear this new memory

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