

Mose Allison "Was"

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When I become was and we bcome were
Will there be any sign or a trace of the lovely contour of
your face
And will there be someone around
With essentially my kinda sound
When am turns to was and now is back when
Will someone have moments like this
Moments of unspoken bliss
And will there be heroes and saints
Or just a dark new age of complaints
When I become was and we become were
Will there be any Susans and Ralphs
Lookin' at old photographs
And wondering aloud to a friend
What was it like to be then

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