

## Rebecca Martin "East Andover"

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(R. Martin)

She's late again  
Grab your coat and then  
Wake mother from her slumber.

Take her to the bus  
Because soon they'll be waiting at the corner.

All the times  
She couldn't count if she tried  
On her second grade fingers  
Wishing to be with the snow covered trees  
In the fields of East Andover

Late again  
What's the hurry then?  
Sometimes mother knows best.  
"The day's begun. Live it like your last one."  
In the fields of East Andover

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