

## **Will Stratton**

### **"Fireflies"**

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I don't think much will ever come of it  
It's just that nothing ever does  
We always go out with high expectations  
And then the sun sets, and I start thinking, 'cause

The red and the yellow  
The black and the blue  
It might sound kind of shallow  
But colors are all I ever knew

The fireflies are coming out  
The cicadas are quieting down  
These summer nights are like walking through  
The hiding place a child found

The amber glow of the windows as we pass by little  
homes  
People talking in their living rooms  
They must feel so very much alone

All these sterile rows of parchment houses and paper  
trees  
I don't know if you'd suppose that when dawn hits  
Everybody sees

The red and the yellow  
The black and the blue  
It might sound kind of shallow  
But colors are all I ever knew

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