

Moor Hound "Mule Songs"

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At your old church on a Sunday
Sitting quiet and alone
Across the room a young believer
Who'd made those walls his second home
A glance in your direction
Gave you a place in his mind
The start of a hopeless quest to hold your hand
Never-ending in the hopes that he might

His first year at your old school
Brought him a pleasant surprise
A seat next to you
How you controlled his mind
And even though his heart sank
The day the teacher moved you across the room
He walked with you down the hall everyday
I don't want to be bothersome, I just like talking to you

Now it's a couple years later

You came back into the scene
Still a smart, unique girl
Still as pretty as can be
After a while he eventually
Told you what was on his heart
Although the corresponding expressions
Were pretty clear from the start

Then came the day
You two spent the evening together
A nervous yet relentless kid
With his arm across your shoulder
But this occasion was requested
By an unrepentant fool
As stubborn a college sophomore
As he was in high school

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