

Max Stalling

"Look In My Past"

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A little blond-haired boy, comes to mind
Though he's someone that I haven't seen in a long,
long time
He comes in late from his fishing-hole, he missed his
supper and now it's cold
Momma shakes a spoon as he walks by, but he sees a
wink in her eye -ey, ey, ey, eye
I do not ask why you look in your mirror, so why do you
ask why I look in my past

The moon is sneaking up over my memory's trees, the
bull-bats are skating through that evening breeze
An old cow is lowing for her baby somewhere, the
windmill creek's as it chops the air
The dogs get kinda restless, trot off in the night and
two rabbits brave the yard when they're out of sight
The breeze speaks through the screen and says "close
your eyes, you're up to late for a boy your size" ey, ize
I do not ask why you look in your mirror, so why do you
ask me why I look in my past

You say that I dream my life away, and you're partly
right and you're partly wrong
But what you can't see is where I've gone, in my past

You say that I dream my life away, and you're partly
right and you're partly wrong
But what you can't see is where I've gone and what I
own, in my past

A little blond-haired boy, comes to mind

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