

Al Yell

"In The Playground"

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Restless and wanting to know just how to seize the day
The dreamer quietly stumbles to find his way
But the desert is endless and he is so small
He never wanted to be here at all he says,
"If I have a maker let me look in his eyes.
With my mortal hands I'll tear off his disguise."

His neighbor is tending his wee-little garden
And the stability of his mind does depend
On the blooming appearance of his flowers in Spring
If they should wither he'd lose everything and
His title of King of Suburbia would lay
Deep in the snow of a cold wintry day

Believe what you will as we're just passing by
We can't change the world but we can change our
minds
And eventually we must leave it all behind

The mother of a newborn child can't shake off her
aging distress
Attempt to recapture her faded youth, slips into an old
dress
But the mirror before her never dies, reluctantly greets
it with watery eyes
And she sees in it only her young baby boy. Her life is
hers no more.

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