

Richard Buckner

"Invitation"

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Come on, I'd love to talk to you out side in the open air
Some where to take it, too and watch it go
Any where, in here you never know
And I don?t mean to chase you down

I need the dance to slow, closing up
And going out, passing as the words to come, slipping
As the nights will do, burning
As the clouded sun letting nothing through

You see, the walls are gone
Some times there?s no other way
Is looking down, still moving on?

I'd think you'd know what to say
Are you warming in the dark?
See the times above us move

How close is just too far, setting off in to
I will, though I've been thrown before
I guess put the bones to use

I'm hoping that you'd find my door
Oh, come on, I'd love to talk to you

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