

Small Brown Bike "Kingfisher"

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Do you remember the day you saw me?
Credit card life cared enough for groceries.
I can't explain just what this song will never say.
I hope to be just what you've been to me someday.
(River is our veins) Rushing to our hearts.
(Cast the line to me) To catch, to teach and then to
release.
I bleed your blood. I share your skin.
I play your part. Take me apart.
Back to that place again.
You can see it in his eyes.
No one could convince a man whose pride ignores their
prize.
Spoken so softly with gentle hands that show with care.
To a child unknowingly learning the traits and manners
that they share.

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