

The Weeks

"Slow Pony Home"

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It's the second September I have known you
Four years or so ago, I rode a pony, called him "Truth"
We didn't know the way so it took us till today to get
here

And all that time, I felt just fine
I held so many people in my suitcase heart
That I had to let the whole thing go
It was taken by the wind and snow
And I still didn't know that I was waiting
For a girl on a slow pony home

I can remember when I first saw you
You said in my photograph I looked more far away
I laughed and smiled and didn't say "I am a bit afraid
to be here."

Setting free the anchor and looking past the shore
It's a sea of horses on ships with no sails, no motors,
no oars

Now we're cleaning the windows between us two
Funny, you do it once, and then again, and pretty soon
The fingerprints and dust...
But I've begun to trust the view here.

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