

Tribe "Serenade"

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(Terri)

I am painting here with the lights off
Making swirls with the paintbrush
You say-what could this be of?
We're laughing, neighbors they make fuss
Then you serenade me
Lucky lucky me
You are lagging behind in the dark wood
I turn, retrace all my footsteps
You leap out from a tall tree
I jump, a plot just to kiss me
I am waiting still as the nights are
Listening, practice your guitar
Watching all of the sky's stars
Listening, practice your guitar

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