baby green

hot people like to talk a lot all is soon forgotten like pictures faded let's get naked hot

fall tumbles like a tiny leaf falling from the mighty tree idle chatter doesn't matter fall

then you awaken from your long cold winter's dream the snow melts and the earth turns baby green

cold
people like to dress as sheep
pull the wool right over their eyes
nasty weather
southbound feather
cold

mud
some would call it season five
get your four-wheel in overdrive
plotting, planning
sitting, standing
mud

then you awaken from your long cold winter's dream the ice melts and the world turns baby green songbirds harken to another spring I see the hills and the meadows turn baby green