

Sunday Falling

Jeff Black

I can see her drifting down some river
the mill lays quiet for a change
the little ones are deep down
into the fields of play

from the big room I sit scheming
to let the clouds of august roll
over the hills into the distance
boy they're moving slow

and it feels like sunday falling right into line
and it's going to be good

there's no framework now no reason
no defining times I see
no delays in creation
there's no want
there's no need

if we can hold on a little bit longer
and let this whole world slip away
we can make this last forever
we can make this last forever