

Chickadees (and sipping tea)

Paula Cole

This isn't what I foresaw
For you and me
But here we are
Post [?]

The chickadees have come again
To partake in their daily bread
I look to you and watch your hands
Fumbling with your golden band
Fumbling with your pipe
And all your notions of a twenty-year-old man

How did we get so gray
Somewhere along the way?
You lay your burdens down
The happy beyond the dreams

The things I wanted for myself
Fit me like some hand-me-down
They weren't as important as the years
Of softness with my little girl
And finding meaning in a world
Where you are, where we are, where we love

Fumbling with my hair
I'll place your finger in my mouth and hold you there
I hold you there
I hold you there

Another year, another snow
You place the morning feeders out
I see surrender in your gate
Of things forgotten by middle age

The sailing seas, the foreign lands
Of anchored in the every man
A miracle, a little bird
Has come aloft onto our world
Fumbling with my heart again
Chickadees and sipping tea

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