

Fireflies And Songs

Sara Groves

Thirty years ago I was a little girl
riding in the back seat of the car
a woman sang you don't bring me flowers anymore
I felt a sadness in my little heart

We're looking for the music
in the music box
tearing it to pieces
trying to find a song

I was drawn to you in ways I can't explain
we fought like crazy but I couldn't stay away
piled on expectations and lots of blame
like we couldn't do it any other way

We're looking for a firefly
moving through the night
staring at the one place
swear it never lights

Were you surprised our hearts were not like ticking clocks
with faces and hands easy to read
we both wished if only in the land of oz
longed for things we'd never really need

Now we're standing in the kitchen
all pretense is gone
you kiss me on the shoulder
fireflies and song