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A song

Blues essence

Time for the blues
hit'n the
snooze button
my brain's
like a jar filled
with cotton
and sweet love
with a pinch of
bitter essence
above the clouds
are drifting along
with the lyrics of this
song while the melody
moves the trees
naked - without any leafs
they are long gone

- and now I'm lying here
waiting for the first snow
to fall

Perhaps this
Christmas
will be white
and if not
that's fine
- that's alright too
cos I don't need
snow to get in the mood
for the Christmas times

All I need is a plate
of smooth cotton like
blues and some sweet
love to get me in the mood
for this time of the year

The trees are naked
the leafs are long gone
and above the clouds
are drifting along

- with the lyrics of this song

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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