Publicerad 2020-01-05 14:05 av the apache kid

R

Wine of Chardonnay

Wine of chardonnay
makes me want to
knock down the walls
and find you
and tell you
what I really
want to say
but instead
I
grab my guitar
and begin to play
blues chords
and I
listen to the music
and start to sway
in time
tomorrow may be
a brand new day
but this night
tonight
I just want you to stay
with me
the rhythm rocks and rolls
then turns into
gentle and slow
fingers finding strings
and lingering
the candle's burning down
but the light continues to
dance and glow
in the west
there's a fire burning
shadows climbing and
entwining on the wall
in my heart
I wonder
what keeps us apart
is it a faith or a religion

do we really need
to make a tough decision
tonight
it's the hours
between nine and three
that
seem to have a magic of their own
that's when most
obstacles are diminished
lying next to you
our stories might
seem to finish
happily
there's a trap door
with a handle on our
balconies and then it's only
a short ladder climb
that separates
you and me
at least for now
we could lie there
under the stars
and look for planets like
Venus and Mars
as wine of the grape chardonnay
touches our lips
and dribbles into a morning smile

the apache kid

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se
Författaren the apache kid med Poeter.se id #22755 innehar upphovsrätten