

Just Like Anything

Jackson C. Frank

Just like anything
To sing
To sing
To sing
Is a state of mind

Sunlight dances slowly
on a drum beats broken rhyme
I speak in answers only
to see them in my mind

If I had a penny
I'd throw it in the sea
to see if it would float away
Or grow off any tree

I play the fool of rhythm
To speak of what is sane
I never think of singing
to those who feel the same

See how high the rain falls
See the color in my hair
Hunt for golden pourage bowls
Hear the paper tear

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Death gives no reason
So why should I
Death has no season
So I know I'll never die

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