

Orange-Coloured Day

Liana Flores

Hear the new bluebird whistle out her first song
From the tree that will be here long after we're gone
The curlicue twirl of a butterfly's grace
Watch her work the day away just to stay in one place

It takes an orange-colored day
In a summer-end display
In the wisdom of it all
Singularity's so small

Hear the twinkle downstream of the green river pour
How it's never the same as a second before
And you're filled with a warmth you can barely express
A part of the scenery, no more and no less

It takes an orange-colored day
In a summer-end display
In the wisdom of it all
Singularity's so small

Why must I yearn to be maddened by a love
So reckless and pure as a call from a dove?
Such wonders reflected in a haze of nature's ways
Of nature's ways
Of nature's ways
Of nature's ways
And orange-colored days
Orange-colored days

See the sun's first rays of the morning to peep
Through a gap in the curtains and lull you from sleep