

## Denver Rain

Michael Stanley

Watching outside as the rain out of Denver comes moving  
Silently finding a pathway that runs through my mind  
And it fills all the cracks of my being and covers my thoughts  
Wordlessly telling of places I've yet to find

Maybe it's back to the mountains  
Back to my place in the hills  
Hoping that maybe she'll tell me  
Denver rain never will

Leaving her world for a shelter of dreams, I elude her

(adsbygoogle = window.adsbygoogle || []).push({});  
Looking through barriers of man-made tint, I still see  
All but needless to say she still finds me and calls to the child thought forgotten  
Touching my face with a kiss meant for no one but me

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