

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

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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