

Thirsty

Mipso

What if the sun keeps screaming and the day beats down?
Was green just a dream of water to the rescue now?
What if the well dries up, and everything turns brown?
Will you still have the ears to listen for the sound?

Maybe rain is just a song
Maybe we can learn to sing along
To the blue tap dancing on the green
Don't forget what it feels like to be thirsty

Can you see past your garden with your paintbrush flowers?
Does your bowl overflow with reds and golds that never sour?
I think we ought to give a better name to the sponge you squeeze
Savor an ounce in the mouth and you think you've cured the disease

Maybe rain is just a song
Maybe we can learn to sing along
To the blue tap dancing on the green
Don't forget what it feels like to sing if you can sing
But while it's still green
Don't forget what it feels like to be thirsty