

Going For Home

Ocie Elliott

I used to think that, at times still do
That all that matters is seeing it through
That's it's the end that's full of import
While all the while I'm comin' up short
And I know it

Like something said much it becomes
All hollowed out like the bird eaten plums
Had little meanin', but now it do
It's in the moment, not when it's through
You see it too

Wasted all my runners going for home
Wasted all my runners going for home
Wasted all my runners going for home

Now we're here and on first and all
The ball is hit and we're watching it fall
Happily now, running we're sent
Blissfully like dancing content till we're spent

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