

First Light

Peter Bradley Adams

Black jet pink trail in a blue sky
Bright star the first light
The spark of a new night

Tall tree cool wind in a slow dance
Sun takes a last glance
The brush of a soft hand

On the rooftop time stops
Red and gold and silver
Fire burns and fades away
And that old song plays on
Colored by a memory
Fire burns and fades away

Pale moon climbs over the treeline
Shines in your dark eyes
The spark of a new night

Blackbird cries out from the willow
The smell of woodsmoke
Calling you back home

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