

Wait A While

Peter McPoland

Well it's a marvel to me
Oh, when my little eyes blue see
You standing there
Beside the window
Curling hair as if you don't know
What you look like on the first night
That I saw you under streetlights
Next to pine trees that had littered right turn only lanes

And it's undeniably silly, to watch my friends resort to killin
g
All their smiles and their willingness to wake come tomorrow
Their pockets filled with voices, telling them to make the choi
ce
To clinch the rolled-up coins in their fists

Oh wait a while
For it all to come so fast
Wait a while
For it all to come at all

Still, while I'm engaged in ceremonial, dare I say emotional
Young women latching on to ever-changing drama songs
Filling places every year that earlier were so clear
Besides the blue and black chairs that to me are just so dear
For I've seen them since the second grade in theatre shows and
big parades
Around the town of pine tree graves and wooded Woodland shady g
lades
I watch beside some asphalt dears
And skin my knees and snuck some beers
All around the boys [?] another year

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