

Easter Parade

Rickie Lee Jones

The line of traffic comes to stand still
For the love came out in the morning air
I find the place I started from
The wild is calling, this time I'll follow
Easter parade

In the beautiful typewriter's quiet
Confetti falls from every window
Throwing hats up in the air
A city perfect in every detail
Easter parade

I know you, birthday cards and silent music
Paperbacks and sunday clothes
In the hallway and railway stations
Radio across the morning air
A crowd of people everywhere
And then the people are running forward
Easter parade