## **The Analog Kid**

A hot and windy August afternoon Has the trees in constant motion With a flash of silver leaves As they're rocking in the breeze

The boy lies in the grass with one blade Stuck between his teeth A vague sensation quickens In his young and restless heart And a bright and nameless vision Has him longing to depart

You move me You move me With your buildings and your eyes Autumn woods and winter skies You move me You move me Open sea and city lights Busy streets and dizzy heights You call me You call me

The fawn-eyed girl with sun-browned legs Dances on the edge of his dream And her voice rings in his ears Like the music of the spheres

The boy lies in the grass, unmoving Staring at the sky His mother starts to call him As a hawk goes soaring by The boy pulls down his baseball cap And covers up his eyes

Too many hands on my time Too many feelings Too many things on my mind When I leave I don't know What I'm hoping to find When I leave I don't know What I'm leaving behind...