

Fresh Cherries In Trinidad

The Mountain Goats

When I woke up on saturday and you came in
you brought the sunlight in
I felt sleep slipping away from me
I feel things occasionally like this
fresh cherries
hanging from your fingers

when the water on the window let the sunlight through
and I got a good look at you
standing above me bright and tall
there are no words for it
there are no words at all
I saw
fresh cherries
hanging from your fingers