

Winter Pockets

Wild Child

Walking in the winter down rows of empty sidewalks,
I reached into my pocket, found an old note from you
It read "Babydoll, I love you. Can't wait to see you Sunday."
I tried to hear you read it, can't remember your voice.
Was it sweet?
Was it sultry?
Did I tremble when I heard it?
Did you sing softly to me, whisper words in my ear?
So I sit and I think of you
So I sit and I wonder who you sing songs to now.