

I used to live in.....City
Everything there wasand dirty
Outside my was a steeple
With a clock that said twelve thirty
..... ***girls are coming to the canyon***
And in the mornings, I see them walking
I can no longermy blinds drawn
And I can't keep myself from
At first so to feel so friendly
To say good morning and mean it
To feel these happening in me
But not to notice 'til I feel it
Cloudy waters cast no
..... of beauty lie there stagnant
Vibrations bounce in no
And lie there shattered into fragments