

Words Are Falling

(Richard Lamplough)

*Words are fighting just like children,
Gleaming hope just once or twice.
Calls that talk of pain and passion,
Talk that calls for sound advice.*

*Your words are falling,
Like a one time lover.
I hear you calling,
But I don't know the answer.*

*Words start turning back to pastimes,
Twenty-five to seventeen.
Through the world of innuendos,
Beyond the scope of thoughts and blue dreams.*

*Your words are falling,
Like a one time lover.
I hear you calling,
But I don't know the answer.
Words are falling,
Like the young and brave do.
I see you stalling,
So use the gift God gave you.*

*Dreams I never understand,
The son I never had.
The sense of pride that haunts me,
It leads me on and on.*