

Ice Cream Man

When you're a kid it's easy to think everyday's a game to play
 A daily fix of certainty if someone's there to get your tea
 And Christmas Eve and holidays and families with their funny ways
 The don't and do's you get to choose
 From rules that always mean you lose

I'm still waiting
 for a friend to come and ask me
 are you coming out to play,
 and I'm still hoping
 the ice cream man is coming
 is coming round today

you spend a lifetime wondering how you can make sense of here and now
 and what example you have shown now you've got three kids of your own
 how long it was until they saw the kind of guy you were before
 the passing years are paper thin,
 too weak to hide the boy within

the more I see the less belief comes easily to comfort me
 the questions seem to drown out all the peace I ever knew
 and when those old uncertainties come back to haunt my waking dreams
 I think of how I thought back then,
 when it was easy to pretend

we'd be safe from all attacks if I kept off the pavement cracks
 and closed my eyes while praying so God knew I was there
 those simple rules we must obey, for things to turn out right today
 And everything will be just fine
 If ice cream man will be on time

And I'm still hoping
 the ice cream man is coming
 is coming round today
 and I'm still praying
 that Jesus is coming
 is coming back some day
 I'm still waiting
 For all the worlds religions
 to practice what they say.



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