

Time was

Time was when every day was summer
each morning like the first new day of spring
and every cliché ran into another
and now the colder nights are closing in

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Lately the hours are getting shorter
but minutes seem to fill up all the time
and when you called to ask me how I'm doing
I told you everything was fine

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I make myself a coffee every morning
making sure I use the smaller tray
there's only room for one cup and a saucer
there's less for me to think about that way

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there's only room for one cup and a saucer
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I spend a happy hour among the photos
I live our life again within the frame
and for a while I'm lost in happy memories
and wonder if you still feel the same

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