

Fireflies

Will Stratton

I don't think much will ever come of it
It's just that nothing ever does
We always go out with high expectations
And then the sun sets, and I start thinking, 'cause
The red and the yellow
The black and the blue
It might sound kind of shallow
But colors are all I ever knew
The fireflies are coming out
The cicadas are quieting down
These summer nights are like walking through
The hiding place a child found
The amber glow of the windows as we pass by little homes
People talking in their living rooms
They must feel so very much alone
All these sterile rows of parchment houses and paper trees
I don't know if you'd suppose that when dawn hits
Everybody sees
The red and the yellow
The black and the blue
It might sound kind of shallow
But colors are all I ever knew

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