

Watercolour Ponies

Wayne Watson

There are watercolour ponies
On my refrigerator door
And the shape of something
I don't really recognize
Drawn by careful little fingers
And put proudly on display
A reminder to us all
Of how time flies
Seems an endless mound of laundry
And a stairway laced with toys
Gives a blow by blow
Reminder of the war
That we fight for their well-being
For their greater understanding
To impart a holy reverence
For the Lord
(chorus)

But, baby, what will we do
When it comes back to me and you?
They look a little less
Like little boys every day
Oh, the pleasure of watching
The children growing
Is mixed with a bitter cup
Of knowing the watercolour ponies
Will one day ride away
(bridge)

And the vision can get so narrow
As you view through your tiny world
And little victories can go by
With no applause
But in the greater evaluation
As they fly from your nest of love
May they mount up with wings
As eagles for His cause
(chorus)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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