BLUE-JEANED KIDS
Anna Gauthier

Just a couple of blue-jeaned kids
layin’ skin to skin
in the driver’s seat of his car;

her head’s on his chest, and
her heart sinks as with each beat
the clock ticks slowly by

How long has this dance gone on,
dear? A love sustained by tears

Five years, my darling, but remember,
as the days shorten, so do the miles
that push our love so far.

Soon it will be over, with a blink
and we won’t have to say goodbye
anymore.

The clock ticks slowly by
and her heart grows as with each beat
their future entwines forever;
her head on his chest.