

Song For David

© 2000, 2011 Stanley Greenthal, All Rights Reserved

Returning home from New York City
and the funeral of a friend
watching the sun set
from twenty thousand feet in the air

I see the red horizon lifting to golden orange,
indigo, then shades of blue, shades of deeper blue
until that night sky finally darkened

And I find a single evening star
in all that hovering darkness
It is your star
It is your star

And just when it seemed impossible
for any more color to appear
the landscape below went black
leaving the horizon crimson
leaving the star
above the blue, above oh so luminous
indigo

I think of you
How I think of you
And I will think of you

This is your song
This is your song
to hear your voice coming through
I'll play a chord for you

Returning home from New York City
and the funeral of a friend