

590-1000
After the dishes are done

Sometimes i wonder
What's left
After the dishes are done
Watching through the kitchen window as the scarlet setting sun
Leaves me squinting
Hinting at the end of this moment in time
The end of the need to weave yet another rhyme
But maybe i'll find a way to have some fun
After the last of the dishes are done

Sometimes i ponder
What's left
After the dishes are drying on the rack
Is there something in my life that i still lack
As i wander
Into the living room to to sit and think alone
Watching as the moonlight through the broken window shone
And maybe one more time i will see the rising sun
After the dishes are done

Sometimes i consider
What's left
As i put the dishes in the cabinet for the night
Will i awaken with a chill and all a-fright
Will the tellie be my final friend
Is this how i will meet my end
As i shiver
Waiting for the moment when i get up and run
After the last of the dishes are done

so goodnight
Goodnight now
The dishes are done
And That can never be undone