

976-1000
The old man

I see
The old man
On his bicycle
Straining up hill
Someday i will
Offer a hand
I say to myself
Someday i will
offer a hand
And i see
The old man
Awaiting the bus
Talking to no one
His shirt is undone
Someday i will
Offer a hand
I convince myself
Someday i will
Offer a hand
And i see
The old man
Wandering the streets
Someday i will
Reach out my hand
Share with him a meal
In my mind
I make this deal
With myself
Someday i will
And then
The old man
Is no more
And i say
I would have
Offered him my hand
someday