

MY DAUGHTER AND VINCENT VAN GOGH

Words & Music by Anne Hills and Allen Power

My daughter and Vincent van Gogh
Are here for the national show
The crowd gathers 'round us, we're waiting in line
She's anxious to see him, her hand is in mine
She's just read his letters, she's going to be nine
The Washington cherry trees blossom with snow
For my daughter and Vincent van Gogh

The child and the man disappear
Down hallways that lead far from here
To a tangle of forest, and ocean of wheat
Where there's honey-gold quinces and green chives to eat
Till the breezes of evening blow salty and sweet
There's a tumbling sky, there's a world turning slow
For my daughter and Vincent van Gogh

*And I'm standing at a distance
Holding a bowl of potatoes
Beneath bright singing poplars*

She's making her way through the streets
With his brown leather boots on her feet
She walks down to the boats resting on the wet sand
She's gathering irises into her hand
As she watches the sunbeams dividing the land
For the reaper who's moving so gentle and low
Near my daughter and Vincent van Gogh

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