

Return from Cali

I await her return on this dark winter's night
To the airport I drive to meet with her flight

This place is so empty I feel bad for our mutt
The bed is so dead I sleep in a rut

The food is so bland
When not made by her hand
The music's so lonely
And this house is not homey

The smell of her hair
Is something I can't bear
To be without it
For another moment

Her car awaits in the drive
For its keys to come alive
Cocoa misses her lap
When taking a nap

The flowers are dead
The days are cold
It needn't be said
Moving here was bold

And follow me anywhere
Is what she'd say
I'd follow her everywhere
On any given day

But now she's arrived
And everything does jive
My better half fixed
And the solitary nixed