

Behind My Window

By Marla J. Deaton

I look through the glass in my window
And see the bending of the trees
As the wind blows and leaves fall
I watch

I look through the glass in my window
And see life perform it's wonders
As lover's love and children grow
I watch

I look through the glass of my window
That I carry with me when I go
It separates me from the whistling wind
So I can't feel it's power within

I'm safe and warm behind my window
Protected like the fish in a bowl
I don't want to be like a fish out of water
I just don't wanna feel so alone

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