

Old Red Leather Chair
Music & Lyrics by Mike Bass



I like to listen to the rain.
You like to win against me at board games.
My favorite time is the morning.
Your favorite time is the night.
With all of **these** subtle pleasantries,
you looked around and you found **me**.
Whose idea was it to create all of this?
Was it **yours** or was it **mine**?
Sorry to bring it up time **after** time,
but I'm still deeply puzzled by **Father** Time.
Although it seems **strange**, I'm not sure I believe in **him**.
Early or **late**, there's no difference at all.
But about **Mother** Earth, now, **hers** is a story,
from the **oceans** to computers, everything is one.
Woman and **man**, **short** and **tall**,
from plastic bags to **baseball**.
As I **sit** in an old red leather **chair**,
and contemplate the meaning of **life**,
like the **roots** of a tree that's been thoroughly watered,
the **hair** on my **head** stands at the thought of a rhyme.
But when I finally ask **myself** the question:
Where is the **happiness** we all long to find?
It's **under** my nose in the shape of you,
the only **thing** as concrete as the mind.