

Vinyls

I got a gift, one like never before.
A new vinyl record, left right on my porch.
I grab it and run it back straight to my room.
The freshly wrapped plastic shines bright like the moon.

I pull the wrapping off carefully, taking my time.
Engulfed in the beauty of artists' design.
I brush my fingers 'cross the case's smooth face,
And I try to slow down when I feel my heart race.

I gently open it up by its delicate lips,
Lightly touch the disc's edges with soft fingertips,
And it fits perfectly, in the frame that it lay.
I move the needle, and it starts to play.

The sound is so beautiful, it's a perfect love song.
I close my eyes dancing and it moves along.
The floor washes away, replaced by the sea
And it's only that vinyl, this ocean, and me.

I've heard many songs before, been swept up in their waves,
But when a new one arrives, never quite feels the same.
I hope that this album stays playing for years
And that my music, also, brings you to tears.

The water in my room settles and evaporates,
A quiet interlude slips into its place,
And now we stop and stare, to see if we each feel the same,
And there's something so unsettling, that vulnerable space.

I opened my mouth, but it was you that spoke first,
You said you've never heard a song like mine on all planet Earth.
And we smiled and laughed, yeah, we laughed 'til we cried.
You were an instant classic, the best of all time.