

Does the Road
by George Burns

Does the road you walked on long ago remember you?
Do its pebbles recall the space between your toes that they clung to?
Do the hills look over their shoulders and whisper as you walk by?

You were as happy as a leaf on an oak on a hillside,
beside a pond where one lone frog sang in the night.
And there was a door where glad voices greeted you
when you walked in.

That road, those pebbles and those hills
with the leaf and the oak and the frog song and the pond
and the glad voices,
they walk along with you now
and they are as lost and fading as you or me.

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