

## Between Three and Four

The days are long, but the years are short  
The days are long, but the years are short  
And night comes, and you are grown.

You are three  
And in two months you'll be  
Four years old and you ask me  
Will I be lonely?

You're our son  
And always number one, oh...  
Will you be our one and only?

What will I do when the bus comes for you  
And pulls in its stop sign  
And pulls 'round the corner  
And takes you to the first grade?

We are three, that is our family  
Maybe it is meant to be  
Am I being greedy?

To want more, a family of four  
Is it just because  
I fear that you won't need me?

What will I do when the bus comes for you  
And pulls in its stop sign  
And pulls 'round the corner  
And takes you away from me?