

April Grove

Martina Topley-Bird

Watching the silent wings of
Robber Fly
I contemplate his victims
As they die No one sheds a tear
No one interferes
Life will come and go this year
In April Grove Under the moldy leaves some
Springtails stay
They hardly ever see the
Light of day Till you scratch away
At their roof of clay
Then they always jump away
In April Grove April Grove
I'm an alien
In clothing in your realm
I'm alone
I'm invading
But you're holding me here
And I'm overwhelmed getting stoned Watching meanderings of
Swallowtails
Following thistle blossom
Pollen trails Sipping flower juice
In the sun profuse
Between shadows seeping through
To April Grove April Grove
I'm an alien
In clothing in your realm
I'm alone
I'm invading
But you're holding me here
And I'm overwhelmed getting stoned Watching meanderings of
Swallowtails
Following thistle blossom
Pollen trails No one interferes
No one ever hears
Life will come and go this year
In April Grove

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