

# Street Singer

Peter Jones

You've sired your pride in  
With banners flying the nation,  
And they all read "come see about me".  
We both bend in strong winds,  
But it seems we all can't fend the break,  
So stay brave if your arbors fall.  
You're under lock and key  
And I could break in but I've never been a thief.  
All done with this old place,  
With the romance of sunlight on your face,  
And friendships too much like disease.  
Dear sovereign, I'm thinking that passion  
Left town when your heart did.  
(You're at it again)  
But you used to beat the bright out of the sky.  
You steal meaning from seasons,  
Break silence like a bone of mine.  
Come closer, or don't come at all.  
You're under lock and key  
And I could break in  
But I've never been a thief.

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