Serpentine

Pram

Suddenly I notice that the brightness of the day
Makes the shadows darker, makes the shadows deeper
As they creep from the corners and a feeling in myself
As if I were weighted down with leadSomebody's whistling in the winter sunlight
Some old bitter song that makes me want to shiverAll the hours are hanging as if caught on celluloid
Reeling ever closer, coiling ever tighter
As if they conspired to conceal from me
The secret of my gloomSomebody's whistling in the winter sunlight
Some old bitter song that makes me want to shiverSomebody's whistling in the winter sunlight
Some old bitter song that makes me want to shiverSomebody's whistling in the winter sunlight
Some old bitter song that makes me want to shiver

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