

# Evening Over Rooftops

## Edgar Broughton Band

The air was thick like honey  
Looking from a room  
The room had open windows  
To let this springtime throughEvening stood by watchin'  
At the side of summer's promise  
The flowers in her garden  
Were the envy of her friendsHow far are we from dying  
Is it nearly at an end?  
How far are we from dying  
Is it nearly at an end?The smoke hung on the skyline  
The city fell in silence  
The sunset, ripe and mellow  
Was the light to write some thoughts byHer children watched for father  
From a window in the wall  
Said a prayer for grandpapa  
And maybe many moreSomewhere in the distance  
On the road so far away  
I heard the sound of life  
Though the people left for homeThree birds flew off a building  
Standing proud against the sky  
Many more flew with them  
Spiralled up like laughterFaster, harder  
They rose up in a column  
Hundreds upon hundreds  
And twice that many wingspeedFour miles across  
Stretched a million miles high  
The living pulsing column  
In the lady of the skyFeathers thrashed together  
locked in that huge swarm  
I knew no-one could see it  
And now that it was goneI rubbed my eyes and tried to find  
A reason for the flight  
Exodus, escape  
Or was it just for me to see?Like the mating of the earth and air  
Like water is to flowers  
The envy of her friends  
How far are we from dying, is it nearly at an end?How far are we from dying  
Is it nearly at an end?  
How far are we from dying

Is it nearly at an end? ....

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