

Summer Mourning

Duncan Sheik

summer mourning, I resolved to slip away
there is nothing, there is no one who would have a word to say
I venture off down some suburban London lane
there is nothing, there is no one to whom I need explain
I turn, I turn and the houses fall behind
who would have thought that I'd be one who would so hope to find
these pale green fields, their vibrating repetition
the slight change from the morning to the afternoon edition
so long
so long
moving on
moving on
the road it narrows and head high flowers appear
thick with some toxicity, unsolved but certain fear
and in this grove, a channel cuts a small divide
I expect to find Ophelia drifting calmly by
so long
so long
moving on
moving on
so I continue, I alight upon the town
admiring the people moving purposely around
in the market there's a woman so elegantly veiled
perfect darkness of her fabric, at description I would fail
do I imagine or do I catch her gaze?
does she smile for a moment within the summer haze?
it hardly matters. did I forget to say?
I'm a spectre, I'm a shadow across a perfect summer day
moving on
for leaving off
away away away

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