Saturday's Child

Fat Tulips

Farewell my child it's time to leave this all behind
Exchanging the river for the sea.
Farewell to Saturday's child,
cut loose before his prime,
set adrift in the city.

Speak to me now of isolation.
Feel your way home in the dark.

Here comes the old gray man, back bent before his time,
tracing figures in the sand.
He has no more crosses to bear
sat upon his rocking chair
gazes out toward the sea.

Speak to me now of visions
seen through a looking-glass mind

Speak of your inhibitions -
You still have your mountain to climb...

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