# No End

## Slushy Guts

They said that it was snowing
In astounded tones upon the news
I wonder why they're always so surprised
'Cos every year it snowsFrozen images of snowploughs
As they churn along the motorways
I haven't had no boots to wear
Or any loot to spare for days and daysI've traveled more than forty miles today
I must have grown some wings
It's strange how time just seems to fly away
I can't remember thingsIn a world of my own they say and who can blame
Them, they're just not the same
I've known about it all along, though I thought
I was all wrong and it's such a shameWhy don't you have any brushes any more?
I used to like your style
I see no paintings anywhere
And there's no smell of turpentineDid I really have no meaning?
Well, I never thought I'd hear those words from you
Who needs a meaning anyway
I'd settle any day for a very fine viewI couldn't even tell you all the changes
Since you saw me last
My dreams were like the autumn leaves
They faded and they fell so fastIn fact as you say the snows are here
And how the time it slips away
But I'm glad you did pass by
I think I'll have another try, it's another dayThe day and then the night have gone
It was not long before the dawn
And the traveling man who sat so stiffly
In his chair, began to yawnHaving kept me here so long, my friend
I hope you have a sleeping place to lend
But the painter he just smiled and said
"I'll see you in a while, this one has no end"

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