

# Late November

## Fotheringay

The wine it was drunk, the ship it was sunk  
The shot it was dead, all the sorrows were drowned  
The birds they were clouds, the brides and the shrouds  
And as we drew south the mist it came down  
The wooded ravine to the wandering stream  
The serpent he moved, but no-one would say  
The depths of the waters, the bridge which distraught us  
And brought to me thoughts of the ill-fated day  
The temples were filled with the strangest of creatures  
One played it by ear on the banks of the sea  
That one was found but the others they went under  
Oh the tears which are shed, they won't come from me  
The methods of madness, the pathos and the sadness  
God help you all, the insane and wise  
The black and the white, the darkness of the night  
I see only smoke from the chimneys arise  
The pilot he flew all across the sky and woke me  
He flew solo on the mercury sea  
The dream it came back, all about the tall brown people  
The sacred young herd on the phosphorus sand

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