

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 through Evening stood by watchin'
At the side of summer's promise
The flowers in her garden
Were 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? The smoke hung on the skyline
The city fell in silence
The sunset, ripe and mellow
Was the light to write some thoughts by Her children watched for father
From a window in the wall
Said a prayer for grandpapa
And maybe many more Somewhere in the distance
On the road so far away
I heard the sound of life
Though the people left for home Three birds flew off a building
Standing proud against the sky
Many more flew with them
Spiralled up like laughter Faster, harder
They rose up in a column
Hundreds upon hundreds
And twice that many wings speed Four miles across
Stretched a million miles high
The living pulsing column
In the lady of the sky Feathers thrashed together
locked in that huge swarm
I knew no-one could see it
And now that it was gone I 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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