Terry & Julie

Land Lovers

Terry and Julie cross over the river
Gladdened again by the sight of each other
They're famed for their simplicityAnd it is their song that providence shuffles
Onto my lips between splutters and sniffles
Outstaying my welcome on the earthOh, what a century!
To live and reign
You kneel down to navigate
The length and the breadth of a prayer
Long have you languished in there.Terry and Julie admire the sunset
But a song removed, it's not quarter to one yet
Though the days pass like a second handHere in the front room, hooked to a contraption
You do my ablutions and block my distraction:
A grey matine movieOh, what a century!
To slip one's chain
The mother of mortals
Constant and stable and scared
Spinning the bad news she heard.You kneel down to navigate
The lone, level sands of a prayer
But nobody's in the know
Nobody's in my confidence.

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