

# Writer In the Sun

## Donovan

The days of wine and roses  
Are distant days for me  
I dream of the last and the next affair  
And of girls I'll never see  
And here I sit  
The retired writer in the sun  
The retired writer in the sun and I'm blue  
The retired writer in the sun  
Tonight I trod in the starlight  
I excused myself with a grin  
I ponder the moon in a silver spoon  
And the little one 'live within  
And here I sit  
The retired writer in the sun  
The retired writer in the sun  
The magazine girl poses  
On my glossy paper aeroplane  
Too many years I spent in the City  
Playing with Mr. Loss and Gain  
And here I sit  
The retired writer in the sun  
The retired writer in the sun and I'm blue  
The retired writer in the sun  
I bathe in the sun of the morning  
Lemon circles swim in the tea  
Fishing for time with a wishing line  
And throwing it back in the sea  
And here I sit, the retired writer in the sun  
The retired writer in the sun and I'm blue  
The retired writer in the sun

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