

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 little girls
I'll never see[Chorus:]
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 starlight. I excuse myself with a grin
I ponder the moon in a silver spoon and the little one alive
Within.[Chorus]The magazine girl poses on my glossy paper aeroplane
Too many years I spent in the city playing with Mister Loss
And Gain.[Chorus]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. See.[Chorus]

Songwriters

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