

Gone... Like the Swallows

And Also The Trees

Balancing on the wind
Leaning on the cliff edge wind, in limbo
He watched sand running through the fingers
of his left hand into the palm of his right
He sees someone walking in a hot dry wasteland
Young, hesitant steps
Recognised her crooked fring and narrow eyes
Threadbare, summer patterned, dirty cotton flowered dress
Scratched ankles and nail bitten hands
Wanted to touch her cool brown hair
But she was gone...
And his old tired face was as still as ever
An aeroplane hummed high up in the sky
Way up above the clouds
A green teapot, a pair of boots
A broken pocket, watch and chain
A born dead baby pig
Lying, pure white... bloodless
Soft and smooth as a gloved lady's hand
A spinning wheel, a bill hook
An umbrella, empty bottles, a tin bath
A hat stand and a slate grey pill box hat
Sailed past his grabbing hands
And were gone... like the swallows
Stuttered words, stuttered words
Voices asking questions he cannot hear
Come and find us
Step back or you'll fall
But the aeroplane is humming so loud now
Trying to cling to the summer cotton
Light threadbare patterned sleeveless
Flowered dirty carnation sunflower
Sweatstained primrose threadbare
Dirty disappearing decaying flowered
Fading cotton forgotten fucking summer dress
But it was gone...
Gone like the swallows

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