Vixen

Fall

It had taken her a long time Suddenly back on its own To sit, friendless & alone She is friendless and alone I'm a vixen on its ownThe triple gang & the throng Did not feel helpless or aloneThe vixen got no friends She needs a poison pen Even in Switzerland The people cry "vixen"Silver cross, all alone The bird had flown With their omen they'll fly Had flown, silver cross All alone (So millions were broken hearted) All alone, with no home It's all aloneAnd some night, wind moves the leaves They pick themselves up & run Perhaps all that night possessed no way of telling timeIt had taken her a long time Suddenly back on its own

To sit, friendless & alone
She is friendless and alone
A man's trust, [appalling/a pole in] debt
To sit friendless and alone
With no home, with no home
Vixen's got no home
She is friendless and alone
A long time on its own
It shone around her
Triple gang

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