

# For Absent Friends

## Gilgamesh

Sunday at six when they close both the gates  
A widowed pair, still sitting there  
Wonder if they're late for church and it's cold so they fasten their coats  
And cross the grass, they're always last  
Passing by the padlocked swings  
The roundabout still turning  
Ahead they see a small girl  
On her way home with a pram  
Inside the archway the priest greets them  
With a courteous nod, he's close to God  
Looking back at days of four instead of two, years seem so few  
Heads bent in prayer for friends not there  
Leaving two pence on the plate  
They hurry down the path and through the gate  
And wait to board the bus  
That ambles down the street

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>