

The Prisoner

The Both

Well, they clear the lanes for bicycles
before the walks
Every road and old canal
And Frysk Hynder gives the doves
communion with the hawks
Under wing of the White Owl
Not every cat has got to wear a bell
Following the footprints
where the new snow fell
I know about the hollow core
where nothing much can dwell
So, the bones we buried
in the yard last season
Cheerful, they remain
And the lonely, all so bold
and armed with reason
Fearful to complain
I was the one who read the map of stars
The Little Dipper from the handlebars
But you're the one who saw the bridge
and knew that it was ours
And now the snow in the street
is turning gray
All the birds at our feet have flown away
It's complicity and heat on holiday
But jaws of defeat at Zuiderzee
Asking the prisoner to stay
And why do they still insist
When manacles on your wrist
Only remind you what you've missed?
And all the snow is turning gray
All of the birds have flown away
But I'm gonna stay

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