La Rossa

Van der Graaf Generator

(Hammill)Lacking sleep and food and vision
here I am again, encamped upon your floor,
craving sanctuary and nourishment,
encouragement and sanctity and more.
The streets seemed very crowded,
I put on my bravest guise-
I know you know that I am acting,
I can see it in your eyes.
In the harsh light of freedom I know
that I cannot deny that I have wasted time,
have frittered it away in idle boasts
of my freedom and fidelity,
when simpler words would have profited me
most...
...it isn't enough in the end, when I'm looking
for hope.
Though the organ-monkey screams
as the pipes begin to spit
still he'll go through the dance routines
just as long as he thinks they'll fit,
just as long as he knows that it's dance, smile-
or quit.Like the monkey I dance to a strange tune
when all of these years I've longed to lie with you,
I've bogged myself down in the web of talk,
quack philosophy and sophistry-
at physiciality I've always baulked,
like the man in the chair who believes it's
beyond him to walk.
I've been hiding behind words,
fearing a deeper flame exists,
faintly aware of the passage
of opportunities I have missed.
But the nearness and the smell of you,
La Rossa from head to toe...
I don't know what I'm telling you,
but I think you ought to know
soon the dam wall will break, soon the water
will flow.
Though the organ-monkey groans

as the organ-grinder plays
he's hoping, at the most,
for an end to his dancing days;
still he hops up and down on his perch
in the usual jerky way.
Though it might mean an end to all friendship
there's something I'm working up to say.Think of me what you will;
I know that you think you feel my pain-
no matter if that's just the surface.
If we made love now would that change all
that has gone before?
Of course it would, there's no way it could ever
be the same...
one more line crossed,
one more mystery explained.
Now I need more than just words, though
the options are plain that lead from all
momentary action.
If we make love now it will change all
that is yet to be...
never could we agree in the same way again.
One more world lost,
one more heaven gained.La Rossa, you know me, you read me as though
I am glass;
though I know it there's no no way in which I can
pass-
though it means that you'll finish my story
at last I'd trade all the clever talk,
the joking, the smoking and the quips,
all the midnight conversations, all the friendship,
all the words and all the trips
for the warmth of your body,
the more vivid touch of your lips.
All bridges burning behind me,
all safety beyond reach,
the monkey feels his chains out blindly,
only to find himself released.Take me, take me now and hold me deep
inside your ocean body,
wash me as some flotsam to the shore,
there leave me lying evermore!
Drown me, drown me now and hold me down
before your naked hunger,
burn me at the altar of the night-
give me life!

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