

# Next Time Around

## Sandy Denny

Then came the question and it was about time  
The answer came back and it was long  
The house, it was built by some man in a rhyme  
But whatever came of his talented son? Who wrote me a dialogue set to a tune?  
Always, you told me of being alone  
Except for the stories about God and you  
And do you still live there in Buffalo? They put up the walls with no more to say  
Nobody stopped to ask why it was done  
The stream was too far and the rain was too high  
So, into the city the river did run Because of the architect, the buildings fell down  
Smothered or drowned, all the seeds which were sown  
I wish I were somewhere but not in this town  
Maybe the ocean next time around I seem to remember the face and the name  
But if it's not you, I won't care  
I know of changes but nothing would change you  
To Theo the sailor who sings in his lair And then I'll turn and he won't be there  
Dusky black windows to light the dark stair  
Candles all gnarled in the musty air  
All without flames for many's the year

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