

A London Story

Trembling Blue Stars

We decided to give the lift a miss
Took the tube station stairs
Outside darkness was falling
We soon turned down a quiet side street
And in no time were kicking
Through autumn leaves on the edge of the Heath
Half an hour later we were looking on
The sight of London lit up we'd happened upon
The lights, the time of day, the time of year
For me conspired to give rise to
A moment breathtaking in its beauty
And I had a sense that she was moved too I don't know how she feels about me now
Where a silence has fallen has she ever found
That she is thinking she'd like to slip
Her hand in mine as in another time
Or she is thinking she'd like our lips
To meet as they would do in former days Has she never thought along those lines at all?
Nothing along those lines at all
Nothing along those lines at all
Nothing along those lines at all
At all When later she said how she was glad
She'd finally found the proper Heath
I thought how, a little more than three years before
All over it we'd walked
And wondered if she'd forgot then
If I maybe was meant to speak up Feeling puzzled I just kept quiet I made no mention of before
I made no mention of before
I made no mention of before
I made no mention of before

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