

Mannam, City spleen

City shrouded in cloud
Sunless morning light
Slip down in my bed
Slip down out of sight
The air so heavy so heavy
Dampness on my cheek
Tatty ratty bird
Dismal preening beak
Morning afternoon
The futile hours pass
Foolish buzzing fly
In the spider's grasp
The sun so high so high
Shining in the pilot's eye
Tirelessly ablaze
Burning in icy space
I'm waiting right here for the wind
To blow my shutters away
Then maybe I can rise
With the sun in my eyes
The streets are shrouded in mist
A key in every door
Gaze out through my window
Longing for the storm
The sun so high so high
Shining in the pilot's eye
Tirelessly ablaze
Burning in icy space
I'm waiting right here for the wind
To blow my shutters away
Then maybe I can rise
With the sun in my eyes