

The Fall, Vixen

It had taken her a long time
Suddenly back on its own
To sit, friendless & alone
She is friendless and alone
I'm a vixen on its own

The triple gang & the throng
Did not feel helpless or alone

The vixen got no friends
She needs a poison pen
Even in Switzerland
The people cry "vixen"

Silver cross, all alone
The bird had flown
With their omen they'll fly
Had flown, silver cross
All alone
(So millions were broken hearted)
All alone, with no home
It's all alone

And some night, wind moves the leaves
They pick themselves up & run
Perhaps all that night possessed no way of telling time

It had taken her a long time
Suddenly back on its own
To sit, friendless & alone
She is friendless and alone
A man's trust, (appalling/a pole in) debt
To sit friendless and alone
With no home, with no home
Vixen's got no home
She is friendless and alone
A long time on its own
It shone around her
Triple gang