

Silver Kettle

Al Stewart

And in the last days of the world of plastic records
He takes the car into town
He hears the voices of salvation through the static
Just turns the volume down

A chain link fence round a boarded up arcade
Towers of glass that petroleum has made
But he wouldn't have been born
At any other moment in the world

And in the morning he will hear the silver kettle
Calling him out of his sleep
The world outside goes by in plastic and in metal
He's got his secrets to keep

The daily news forms a pattern on TV
Violence first, then a cat stuck up a tree
But he wouldn't have been born
At any other moment in this world

One o'clock and the office empties out
He watches as they pass
Nostalgic for something intangible
A time that never was

There is a crack along the plaster in the kitchen
It forms the shape of her face
Just for a moment he will trace it with his finger
One day he'll paint her away

He sees her now - she's got a clean white shirt on
She's someone he'd just love to get the dirt on
And she couldn't have been born
At any other moment in the world