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