

## Simple Tom And The Ghost Of Jenny Bailey

And Also The Trees

The day flees the town with a drunkard's yell  
Silence from the slaughterhouse  
And the midnight bell  
Shudders down Shambles alley  
Slamming shutters  
And the market litter flies  
Newspaper acrobats, straw and rags  
Whirl up to Tom's window...  
And away  
Simple Tom looks out across the town  
Come into my shipwreck room  
Creaking beams and tilting shadows  
And the tallow-sticks burn  
High above the cobble streets  
Come into my shipwreck room  
Jenny Bailey  
We can see Tom's hand only  
Pulling horse-hair from the chair  
The candle splutters  
His pupil shrinks, his pupil grows  
You are my ghost Jenny Bailey  
Come and dance with me  
While the whole town sleeps  
Simple Tom looks out across the town  
Walk across the scaly roofs  
Look into my open window  
Oh, my rooftop girl  
Rats-tail hair and milky skin  
Glinting in the weather-vanes  
Jenny Bailey...