

## The Reply

## And Also The Trees

It's quarter past seven when I hold you  
A head floats above the sleeping town  
Somebody shouts to me you're calling  
But nobody's out there to reply

It's quarter past seven and I hold you  
My heart floats across the silent town  
I stand at the window and watch it soaring  
Over the boulevards to the night  
Over the roof tops to the night

Somebody from a dream  
Unseen and insignificant  
In the emptiness of this lost town  
And the openness of their face  
Is staring all around  
Configurations of the stars  
In a God's hand  
And I hold you closer in the night  
Now that it's morning time

It's quarter past seven when I hold you  
Your hair smells of gentle summer rain  
I look out the window and I start calling  
But I don't know what to reply