

## Paperchase (may Never Wears A Frown)

Anthony Phillips

Find a way to distinguish patterns  
in the thread of the living.  
Pick a path through the rough and tumble  
look within without misgiving.  
Darkness falls on December,  
gathered in, we recall.  
Wait, don't let it wear you down.  
Call me, and I'll be right round, come what  
May never wears a frown. So call me -  
And we'll treat the world as on wedding-days  
On and on through the Paperchase.  
Pitch a ball across a dusky courtyard  
see the shadows slink away;  
Toss a coin into a feckless fountain  
and - brittle hope - it's your lucky day!  
Winter finds us together  
Heaven knows our design  
Wait, don't let it wear you down.  
Call me, and I'll be right round, come what  
May never wears a frown. So call me -  
And we'll treat the world as on wedding-days  
On and on through the Paperchase.