

## Squirrel

Anthony Phillips

There was once a man he met  
Who walked in fields of silk and burr, so light  
And then the darkness came upon me  
I woke, I could not see her face  
Her voice across dark waters stole  
Please turn on the light, it's growing cold  
She was once my lady friend  
I loved her countless times before, so light  
Then the darkness crept upon her  
I woke, I could not hear her voice  
She left no sign or souvenir  
Please turn on the light, it's cold in here  
Something tells me we burned out all our boats  
Setting sail upon storm-ridden sea  
And putting faith in the gods of ancient times  
I had believed we could be strong and supine  
She was like a breath of light oh  
She fell like the chesnut leaf  
So the moons rise slowly now  
In swirling mists I dimly see God leave  
Trapped in calm, left her no darkness  
Still as then, I cannot see her face  
Her voice is still accosting me  
Please turn out the lights, the last to leave