

Writer in the Sun

Donovan

The days of wine and roses are distant days for me.
I dream of the last and the next affair and of girls I'll never
see.
And here I sit, the retired writer in the sun,
The retired writer in the sun and I'm blue,
The retired writer in the sun.
Tonight I trod in the starlight, I excused myself with a grin.
I ponder the moon in a silver spoon and the little one 'live wi
thin.
And here I sit, the retired writer in the sun,
The retired writer in the sun.
The magazine girl poses on my glossy paper aeroplane
Too many years I spent in the City playing with Mr. Loss and Ga
in.
And here I sit, the retired writer in the sun,
The retired writer in the sun and I'm blue,
The retired writer in the sun.
I bathe in the sun of the morning, lemon circles swim in the te
a
Fishing for time with a wishing line and throwing it back in th
e sea.
And here I sit, the retired writer in the sun,
The retired writer in the sun and I'm blue,
The retired writer in the sun.