

An Architect's Dream

Kate Bush

Watching the painter painting
And all the time, the light is changing
And he keeps painting
That bit there, it was an accident
But he's so pleased
It's the best mistake, he could make
And it's my favourite piece
It's just great

The flick of a wrist
Twisting down to the hips
So the lovers begin, with a kiss
In a tryst
It's just a smudge
But what it becomes
In his hands...
Curving and sweeping
Rising and reaching
I could feel what he was feeling
Lines like these have got to be
An architect's dream

It's always the same
Whenever he works on a pavement
It starts to rain
And all the time
The light is changing