

# Copenhagen

Lucinda Williams

Thundering news hits me like a snowball  
struck in my face and shattering  
Covering me in a fine powder and mist  
and mixing in with my tears

And I'm 57 but I could be 7 years old,  
Cos I will never be able  
to comprehend the expansiveness  
of what I've just learned

But you, have disappeared  
You have been released  
You are flecks of light  
You are missed

Somewhere, spinning round the sun  
Circling the moon  
Traveling through time  
You are missed

Walking through unfamiliar streets  
and I'm shaking unfamiliar hands  
and I'm hearing unfamiliar laughs  
and lovely language I don't understand

It's late October in Copenhagen  
The skies are grey, the snow is falling  
I see my breath outside, I'm freezing  
I'm motionless, I'm disbelieving

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You have been released  
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You are missed

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Circling the moon  
Traveling through time  
You are missed