

Above The Blue

Mostly Autumn

That crystal throws glass shadows on
When the day is long
Rain on the city, men are weary
The silent blue
Wind blows, the summer knows
Your time with us is through
The world goes spinning round again
And the dream-dust covers you

Blue butterflies, danced in your eyes
When they fell upon you
Painless and pretty, far from weary
A red rose, the thistle chose
World goes spinning round again
And the piper blows their tune

Our sombre drive, late blossom sighs
Today we must be strong
Eyes full of pity, roses weary
Of shadows, long
Through the window, the black roses know
To ashes many years must fall
The world goes spinning round again
But something here is waking up

And I won't ask again, if the rainbow has an end
For showing you the truth was solid proof
And even sun and rain, and laughter when it came