

## 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