

# The Bell

Nik Kershaw

There's a wholeness in the half light  
Of a new night when the day is done  
And her soft skin has a warm glow  
And i do know that i'm the lucky one.

In a small boat on a calm sea  
I can only look in awe  
At the grey cliffs and the seal pup  
As it swims up to the shore.

There's an old pond in a tree shade  
And a bed made from a pile of hay  
And i lie there till the words come  
If they don't come i lie there anyway.

Near the old docks by the gas works  
Where the monsters pick up sticks  
In the old house cross the main road  
Corgie truck loads lego bricks.

These are the things i'll remember  
These are the moments i'll treasure  
These are the pictures i will paint myself  
At the ringing of the bell.

There are high hopes in a high chair  
Sitting in there is a king to be  
And he's smiling his little heart out  
As he holds out his little arms to me

And the long walks in the sunshine  
And the red wine on my tongue  
Oh how the sand runs through my fingers  
How it lingers til it's gone.