

A Forest of Pronouns

Peter Hammill

Yes, questions coming up on the autocue and I'm open to suggestion but can I say the same for you? So lost in the forest of pronouns that I can't see the wood for the trees.... Got to face up to the showdown between you, me and him, which is we?

Strange language fills my head: (It isn't written, you can take it as read if you dare to believe it the butts stop where the arrow's sped, this is the main chance, take it or leave it.) It isn't written but still I take it as read.

I heard the grass growing under my feet - oh, princess, what might have been? Once your kisses were so bittersweet that I got caught in the in-between.

Strange voices came and went (It isn't certain, but it's 90%, yeah, you'd better believe it. The buck stops when the arrow's spent, this is the get-out, take it or leave it.) If I'm uncertain still I leave it unsaid.

I can't take it, can't leave it.

Yes, questions - though responses remain unsure; still I stay open for suggestions - for this there's no simple cure. And I got lost in the forest of pronouns so I can't see the wood for the trees.

Strange language floods my head... (It isn't certain, but it's 90%, yeah, you'd better believe it. The butts stop where the arrow's sped, this is the get-out, take it or leave it.) It isn't written...do I take it as read?

I can't take it, can't leave it.