

Slender Threads

Peter Hammill

I saw your picture in the Evening Standard:
you were wearing your battle dress.
I really must confess
that I shed a silent smile for you -
it had really blown my mind,
I wonder, are you still so kind?
Are you still so pure?
There are other rhymes around here somewhere,
but I'm not sure how they fit...
Jenny, penny for your thoughts, I wonder how you're
thinking now;
I hesitate to visualise: our worlds are much too
different,
that's a sign of the times.
Time was when I read your cards
and wrote the numbers in the dust;
I can't remember what they were, but anyhow,
I missed the cusp
so, so long, and so, goodbye
Do you think I'll recognise you by your hair
or by you mind now?
We start out together
but the paths all divide:
when there are no more crossroads
I open my eyes
and find I'm walking on alone
through the snowy cold...
I wonder if I'll make it through the night?
I'm an author and an actor too;
you're a model in the zoo...
I'm just thinking on which side of the bars
I'm looking through.
If I prophesied an avalanche
would you wait and call my bluff?
If I gave you just a little song
would that be enough
to save your life
or is the knife already turning in my hand?