

Goodbye

Roy Harper

Your conscience rolls in torrents down each side of
your face
Your chair is full of silence, your hand is full of
lace
You moan that you should have been with him when the
bullets
Laid his head strange
But it's always the living who fear the idea of the
dead
Goodbye
I'll take my leave of all of you while you sit and
wonder why

And you who stood around us and said that we were great
Until your instant riches made us second rate
Well you're the same old hangman who rationalises hope
Whose right eye pats my children - whose left hand
holds a case full of rope

He wears the sweeping landscape in the crystal of his
eye
And he jumps into the rainpools as the people pass him
by
The rubs the dusty ages across his tender brow
He laughs and cries and sniffs and sighs - it's four
long summers now
Goodbye
We made our peace with all of you as you sat and
wondered why

She walks the clover meadows in the dandelion days
She throws her golden shadows across the silver haze
She wanders with the swallows in the noonday passion
plays
She sits beneath the willow and she waits for me and
twilight to come our ways