

## On The Horizon

### The Locust

Jennifer... where do you go at night?  
Is no-one there to hold you tight?  
Above your head I see a golden ball  
And it catches light from all around you

Jennifer says she'll be back when she's older  
She's fixing her wings just to fly  
Leaves me a note on her beautiful paper  
Fixing her wings just to fly

Closer still, I hear a melody  
Singing loud and clear, above the trees  
Like a siren's call, away on a distant boat  
Like a memory that breaks you in two

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Leaves me a note on her beautiful paper  
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