Thirty-three

The New Amsterdams

Speak to me in a language I can hear Humour me before I have to go Deep in thought I forgive everyone As the cluttered streets greet me once again I know I can't be late, supper's waiting on the table Tomorrow's just an excuse away So I pull my collar up and face the cold, on my own The earth laughs beneath my heavy feet At the blasphemy in my old jangly walk Steeple guide me to my heart and home The sun is out and up and down again I know I'll make it, love can last forever Graceful swans of never topple to the earth And you can make it last, forever you You can make it last, forever you And for a moment I lose myself Wrapped up in the pleasures of the world I've journeyed here and there and back again But in the same old haunts I still find my friends Mysteries not ready to reveal Sympathies I'm ready to return I'll make the effort, love can last forever Graceful swans of never topple to the earth Tomorrow's just an excuse And you can make it last, forever you You can make it last, forever you