

# Avalanche

Thea Gilmore

3pm. Blue as a road sign,  
With a gag and some cheap wine  
Sun's in my eyes between  
The smoke trails of aircraft,  
The kite tails and light shafts  
There's a language in the sky  
There are bones  
Hiding under the viaduct  
Sweeping down by the railway line  
Making wagers with the day  
There's a rumour  
Dirty as a chimneystack  
Quiet as roadkill  
On the northbound carriageway

And who's gonna raise a hand  
When all we were taught to do is dance  
Who'll be able to stand after this avalanche

Well, they sold you  
Back your outrage  
In a neat little shrink wrap  
And a beautiful face and you think  
You've found your purpose  
Well, they've been trailing the breadcrumbs  
Of a water-tight case  
So you're shouting  
You're shouting softly  
So no one can hear you  
And get the wrong idea  
But behind  
The closing eye of the tabloids  
We will be waiting  
And we'll say it clearly

Cos who's gonna raise a hand  
When all we were taught to do is dance  
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