

While they have been eating
The rain has started falling,
Gradually gathering in strength;
What began a drizzle
Has now become torrential,
And doesn't look like coming to an end.

The two bedraggled figures
That huddle in the doorway,
With nothing vaguely waterproof to wear,
Are now secretly wishing
They'd listened to their mothers
When being told to always be prepared.

Screaming
'Geronimo!'
They run for it down the road;
With an arm around her waist
He leads her to a place
He knows.

Soaked through, but happy,
They squelch up to the landing;
The room before them
Makes a welcome sight.
The coal fire is throwing
Strange shapes upon the hearthrug,
And crying out to be knelt down beside.

She pulls off her jumper
And flings it in the corner;
He picks it up and hangs it on a chair.
She puts on a record
And sings into her coffee;
He puts a blanket round her,
Sits her down
And dries her beautiful hair.