

## Geronimo

Yann Tiersen

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.