

desolation

his life is on hold, he's only looking back past the dark, copper beeches down the old muddy track that leads to the hills where he walked every day where he ran with his children before they went away to places where postcards never arrive and he doesn't know if they are dead or alive and he stands alone he starts to sing

chorus:

he's singing for the open road, for the freedom and the thrills for the meadows and the songbirds and the jasmine daffodils for the blue skies and the warm winds on those brilliant summer days and her soft lips and dark eyes and coquettish little ways and he stands alone

his future is lost in his black bitter cup he won't see the evening, his mind is made up of madness and sorrow piled up through the years along with doubt and mistrust and unreasonable fears to such an extent that he no longer cares about the people in his life or the people in his prayers and he stands alone and he starts to sing

chorus:

he's singing for the melodies that overwhelmed his youth he's whispering the poetry that teased him with the truth he's hiding from the sun that blessed his golden days he's missing the lovers that never came his way and he stands alone

he's a long way from home like a tourist on the run lost in his reason he won't be outrun because no one is chasing, no one's aware that the house has been tidied and the papers prepared for the journey ahead into the unknown and he doesn't care if it's silver or stone and he stands alone and he starts to sing

he's singing for his mother's love and the happy lives they led he's haunted by his father and what he never said he's thinking of the games he played with his friends out in the woods and he played out the final one in the only way he could and he went alone

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