

Three Hours

Aldous Harding

Three hours from sundown
Jeremy flies
Hoping to keep
The sun from his eyes
East from the city
And down to the cave
In search of a master
In search of a slave

Three hours from London
Giacomo's free
Taking his woes
Down to the sea
In search of a lifetime
To tell when he's home
In search of a story
That's never been known

Three hours from speaking
Everyone's flown
Not wanting to be
Seen on their own
Three hours is needed
To leave from them all
Three hours to wonder
Three hours to fall