

Pale Sun

And Also The Trees

Through the holes in the green grid
I saw a young man walk into your arms
Shadows on the dust
Of the morning sun
Shadows on the dust
Of the pale sun

Hanging out your sheets on the hedges
You bend on the fountain clean
I can see your lips are moving
Your eyes are in a dream
Shadows on the pale dust

A goose flies over this town
And a lone bell rings
The sound of metal buckets.
And a young voice sings

From the town rose a steeple
Casts an arm to the sky
Past the weather vane and rising
As the girl closed her eyes