

The Reply

And Also The Trees

It's quarter past seven when I hold you
A head floats above the sleeping town
Somebody shouts to me you're calling
But nobody's out there to reply

It's quarter past seven and I hold you
My heart floats across the silent town
I stand at the window and watch it soaring
Over the boulevards to the night
Over the roof tops to the night

Somebody from a dream
Unseen and insignificant
In the emptiness of this lost town
And the openness of their face
Is staring all around
Configurations of the stars
In a God's hand
And I hold you closer in the night
Now that it's morning time

It's quarter past seven when I hold you
Your hair smells of gentle summer rain
I look out the window and I start calling
But I don't know what to reply