A Minor Dance

Autumn

It starts with distant thunder born under skies
dressed in ochre
Pressure rising up and over the anticipating land

Under layers of white noise
and through the static, sounds a voice
I want to hear the song it sings again

I remained outside, with every nerve alive
Lightning struck without remorse
and gave a cue to move indoors
The TV died, as did the lights
In the dark the radio came to life

Under layers of white noise
and through the static, sounds a voice
I want to hear the song it sings again
The secret station of my choice...
Forgotten music in the noise
inviting me to dance a minor dance

Faded and ethereal music that is dying to be heard
Desperate to mesmerise and capture our hearts

Wander in beauty, and wonder where I've been...

Faded and ethereal music that is dying to be heard
Desperate to mesmerise and capture our hearts (again)
Aided by a thunderstorm
I came upon this station from old days
I intended to seek it out again when I need shelter from the ra
in

I wander in beauty, and wander where I've been

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