

Ode To The Berg Wind

Beatenberg

If I was a wave to pant
Underneath your power
If I was a leaf to fly
Up out from the bower
If I was a cloud to burst
In a sudden shower
I would never bow before
This weight of hours

Tell me are the rumours true?
Are you growing weak?
Maybe it's the climate
Maybe it's some harsh critique
But I used to hear you singing
Now all you do is speak
In whispers to the withered ferns
On Devil's Peak

A cargo ship moves across the bay
The Mediterranean is ages away
My dry lips don't know what to say
Quivering in the wave's intenser day

My tears sudden and uncouth
A grit in my eye is a grain of truth
Wind ruffling my plume of youth
So tatterdemalion

Waves crashing on the side of the wall
Nothing makes sense in the city at all
You'd like to see it crumble and fall
Go ahead and sigh now

This garden, more yellow than green
Drinking tea, eating florentines
Oh, tell me where on earth have you been?
The fountain is dry now
The fountain is dry now
The fountain is dry now