

Hymn

Brett Anderson

Shining through the plate glass
Hyacinths and Spanish stars
All day caught on camera
The climbing sun, the fading dawn
Like a hymn to our love
Somewhere there's a starling
Gliding through the morning
Moving so slowly
The climbing sun, the fading dawn
Like a hymn to London
Commencing, commencing
Commencing with the day
Commencing with the day
Commencing with the day