

## Holiday

Bryan Ferry

A T-shirt fell upon me  
A loose cloak  
Surprise  
I love a uniform  
A holiday  
For the scattered mind

A pack of cards  
Fifty four floats upon the water  
Different costumes along the coast  
State one thing and one thing only  
Frivolity  
The day is long  
It trips and my legs do their own thing  
Hearts beat  
Two mongrels share a bone  
Come to think of it never have I seen  
So many novels pitched over eyes  
Shuttlecocks  
A squeal of delight and then an aside  
I do not wish to count all the times we have  
Missed an opportunity  
To just live life

Lie on a rock  
Wait for the flip  
In between a dazzling sensation  
I hear a child speak  
The blues are extraordinary  
At least for their clarity  
I wave her into the sea  
With love  
Nobody is listening for a while  
The child eats a whole apple  
How?  
There's no way, I say  
That we're leaving  
As I wrap our hair in rough towels  
Picture a banquet and dismantle it  
The shrimp in their basket  
With one  
Long  
Blink