

## Summer Mourning

Duncan Sheik

Summer mourning  
I resolved to slip away  
There is nothing, there is no one  
Who would have a word to say  
I venture off down some suburban London lane  
There is nothing, there is no one  
To whom I need explain  
I turn, I turn and the houses fall behind  
Who would have thought  
That I'd be one who would so hope to find  
These pale green fields  
Their vibrating repetition  
The slight change from the morning  
To the afternoon edition

So long, so long  
Moving on, moving on

The road it narrows and head high flowers appear  
Thick with some toxicity  
A solved but certain fear  
And in this grove a channel cuts its small divide  
I expect to find Ophelia drifting calmly by

So long, so long  
Moving on, moving on

So I continue, I alight upon the town  
Admiring the people moving purposely around  
In the market there's a woman  
So elegantly veiled  
Perfect darkness of her fabric  
At description, I would fail  
Do I imagine or do I catch her gaze  
Does she smile for a moment within the summer haze  
It hardly matters. Did I forget to say  
I'm a spectre  
I'm a shadow across a perfect summer day

Moving on, for leaving off  
Away, away, away