

Eyeless in Holloway

Johnny Flynn

There's a man at hand, there's a way between
The sinking sand and a crooked dream
And collared off at the modern age of nine
Summoned off for walking down the line

They lost eyes in old city streets
Where the funeral pyres burned the last of the meek

He filled his boots and he tipped his cap
And a root to toot with the boss and that
And told a girl of the summer by the sea
Said to her, would you like to go with me?

Wind is turned and the concord trucks
And the singers changed and the hard to soft
And in with changes, always out with time
Nothing left but walking down the line

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Dragging loose less through the den
And I come out less with sporting wear
More to fit than you'd be feeling now
She is aware that he is always how

Then her sweetness and his sweeter scented
And her fury's swimming till the fury's bended
And lost in all might be to lost in time
What joy the darts might be to walk the line

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