

Where My Father Went

Johnny Flynn

It was a busy year for death
She crept about the palace
And we had poor defense
And she had little malice
A gentle touch put here -
A sad and curt embrace
A wooden kiss enough
To put them in their place
And where my father went
Is not now common knowledge
The inventory was lent
To some old Cambridge college
I had little faith then
Nothing spoke to me
When what you see is Gospel
The Gospel isn't free
And Krishna's conch is sunk
The lotus not in bloom
Solomon's song unsung
And prayers are called too soon

So where my father went
Is wind against the mountain
His love was all but spent
So mine is as a fountain

All the fruit turn red
Some of them are still green
But never will you see one
That's stuck and in between
As all came from a garden
Where the wind has died down low
And there my father went
To help the green fruit grow

He tends them with a smile
His fingers stroke the leaves
He'll never leave the garden
It's all that I believe