

# Driving Alone In The City At Night

Joshua Burnside

Driving alone in the city at night  
I thought I saw you  
Caught in the high branches  
Of a beech tree bowling in the bluster  
Above the big houses of  
Solicitors

Built at the end of the twentieth century  
Computers were big, everybody was wealthy  
Then the horror of it all flew into my vision  
Like an owl for it's dinner with lethal precision

And into the dark, you rode on the wind  
Shaking your head, as if to rescind  
Some crucial law of quantum mechanics

One cannot be here, whilst over there  
So you must remain, my kind brother  
Yes you must remain, my sweet brother

Until eventually all of our buried skeletons  
Are gently uncovered by smiling Americans  
And all is explained  
How we came to such unfortunate endings  
By the cracks on our skulls  
And the dull arrows in our graves

A hedge around us  
Smoke rising from the edge of the pitch flood  
I'm not upright in light of it all

And flashing blue, the ambulance grew  
For an old local man, my old man knew  
He was found in the morning, under the white land  
A half-pint of Guinness frozen to his hand  
Naked and soulless  
Half-naked and soulless

Oh Dear

But you must remain,  
You must remain  
You must remain  
You must remain  
You must remain  
Yes you must remain  
My kind brother  
My sweet brother  
A little while longer than I

My kind brother