

April

Nick Mulvey

I go to see April
On the bank of the Regent's Canal
She always lives at the seams
Once in my mind, in my dreams
And she sees everyday more like a cube
Keeps telling me we don't see the signs that we use
Just look, see the signs that we use
And you'll see everyday more like a cube

And I go deaf and I go dumb
If I don't see the winter sun
I'm so glad the blue bells are here
I'm so glad that April has come
Cause she always lives at the seams
Once in my mind, in my dreams

Heaven mourns
Makes a beggar out of me, a beggar of me
Heaven mourns, heavens mourns
Makes a beggar of me, a beggar of me
A beggar of me, a beggar of me
A beggar of me

Heaven mourns, heaven mourns
She makes a beggar of me, a beggar of me
A beggar of me, a beggar of me
A beggar of me, a beggar of me