

Lost And Found

Peter Hammill

(Even the wolf can learn, even the sheep can turn, even the frog become at last the prince.)

No more imagined insults and no more bloated pride - I'll see you at the wedding, I'll see you on the other side and I'll hold my peace forever but I'll hold my passion more... I'll be holding the door and waiting for the princess - I could say I'm waiting for the world but when it comes right down to it I'm simply waiting for the girl. On through the ring of changes I'll be at my side in a single bound, lost and found... looking to be lost and found.

La Rossa extends her hands - in the morning light the stigmata don't show. She's already up, making plans; she thinks it's maybe time he ought to go. And she's friendly like it's a service but she's ringing round his head though he knows she has no further use for him still he feels like he's raised from the dead. Out to the cold grey daylight, never even wondering, of course, if one moment of perfect passion is worth a lifetime of remorse.

So it's no more empty promises and no more idle threats; no more "if only"s and no more "and yet"s; no more wishes for the future, no more denials of the past: I'm free at last, I'm in love at last. I'm lost and found....

(Put on your red dress, baby. 'Cause we're going out tonight, put on your high-heeled sneakers, Everything's going to be alright?)