

# Goodbye

Roy Harper

Your conscience rolls in torrents down each side of  
your face  
Your chair is full of silence, your hand is full of  
lace  
You moan that you should have been with him when the  
bullets  
Laid his head strange  
But it's always the living who fear the idea of the  
dead  
Goodbye  
I'll take my leave of all of you while you sit and  
wonder why

And you who stood around us and said that we were great  
Until your instant riches made us second rate  
Well you're the same old hangman who rationalises hope  
Whose right eye pats my children - whose left hand  
holds a case full of rope

He wears the sweeping landscape in the crystal of his  
eye  
And he jumps into the rainpools as the people pass him  
by  
The rubs the dusty ages across his tender brow  
He laughs and cries and sniffs and sight - it's four  
long summers now  
Goodbye  
We made our peace with all of you as you sat and  
wondered why

She walks the clover meadows in the dandelion days  
She throws her golden shadows across the silver haze  
She wanders with the swallows in the noonday passion  
plays  
She sits beneath the willow and she waits for me and  
twilight to come our ways