

Next Time Around

Sandy Denny

Then came the question and it was about time
The answer came back and it was long
The house it was built by some man in a rhyme
But whatever came of his talented son?
Who wrote me a dialogue set to a tune?
Always you told me of being alone
Except for the stories about God and you
And do you still live there in Buffalo?

They put up the walls with no more to say
Nobody stopped to ask why it was done
The stream was too far and the rain was too high
So into the city the river did run
Because of the architect the buildings fell down
Smothered or drowned all the seeds which were sown
I wish I were somewhere, but not in this town
Maybe the ocean next time around

I seem to remember the face and the name
But if it's not you I won't care
I know of changes, but nothing would change you
To Theo the sailor who sings in his lair
And then I'll turn and he won't be there
Dusky black windows to light the dark stair
Candles all gnarled in the musty air
All without flames for many's the year