

## Sunday Supplement

Stephen Duffy

In the summer and her pinafore  
She thought she'd love for evermore  
How soon things sour  
Past the bewitching hour  
She finds herself in winter deep inside her coat  
The past is just an anecdote  
She can't forget for it's her alphabet of time

Will there be a war  
Will she die or will she no  
And find the pain of youth still shows?  
Like Mary Tyler-Moore  
She stares across the yawning tide  
Out of love and terrified

In the Sunday colour magazine  
She reads a line and then she dreams  
Of what she'll do  
When she leaves you again  
She knows that home  
Was once a wild unknown  
As always her own chaperone  
Catch the bus from wilderness or to

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Hold on tight

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Hold on tight  
Catch that bus  
Fares please  
Ding ding ding