

For Absent Friends

Steve Hackett

Sunday at six when they close both the gates
A widowed pair, still sitting there
Wonder if they're late for church
And it's cold so they fasten their coats
And cross the grass, they're always last

Passing by the padlocked swings
The roundabout still turning
Ahead they see a small girl
On her way home with a pram

Inside the archway
The priest greets them with a courteous nod
He's close to God
Looking back at days of four instead of two
Years seem so few
Heads bent in prayer
For friends not there

Leaving twopence on the plate
They hurry down the path and through the gate
And wait to board the bus
That ambles down the street