S.F. Sorrow Is Born

The Lightning Seeds

For ten weeks now number three stood empty Nobody thought there would be Family laughter behind the windows Or a Christmas tree. Then a couple from up north Sorrow and his wife arrived Before the sun had left the streets They were living inside.

Then before too long The street it rang with the sound From number three there came a cry S. F. Sorrow is born.

The sunlight of his days Was spent in the grey of his mind As he stole love with a tongue of lies The world is shrinking in size