

Walking By Lightning

Wild Strawberries

The woman in the window turns to see him wave
She says life is like a sailor in a storm
Truth knocks once then slips away
Love shouts loudly then it fades
Like water off a collar slightly worn
Walking by lightning Taken by storm
Frozen by fire
Healed by thorns
A flash in the night is always what it seems
And memory prides itself on being brave
>From the end you see the mean
Like a vague forgotten dream
Crawling through the mist of yesterday