

# Autumn, A Minor Dance

It starts with distant thunder born under skies  
dressed in ochre  
Pressure rising up and over the anticipating land  
Under layers of white noise  
and through the static, sounds a voice  
I want to hear the song it sings again  
I remained outside, with every nerve alive  
Lightning struck without remorse  
and gave a cue to move indoors  
The TV died, as did the lights  
In the dark the radio came to life  
Under layers of white noise  
and through the static, sounds a voice  
I want to hear the song it sings again  
The secret station of my choice...  
Forgotten music in the noise  
inviting me to dance a minor dance  
Faded and ethereal music that is dying to be heard  
Desperate to mesmerise and capture our hearts  
Wander in beauty, and wonder where I've been...  
Faded and ethereal music that is dying to be heard  
Desperate to mesmerise and capture our hearts (again)  
Aided by a thunderstorm  
I came upon this station from old days  
I intended to seek it out again when I need shelter from the rain  
I wander in beauty, and wander where I've been