

Brendan Perry, Saturday's Child

Farewell my child it's time
To leave this all behind
Changing rivers for the sea
Farewell to Saturday's child
Cut loose before his prime
Set adrift in the city

Speak to me now of isolation
Feel your way home in the dark

Here comes the old grey man
Back bent before his time
Tracing figures in the sand
He has no more crosses to bear
Sat upon his rocking chair
Gazes out toward the sea

Speak to me now in visions
Seen through a looking glass mind

Speak of your inhibitions
You still have your mountain to climb