

# Mannam, City spleen

City shrouded in cloud  
Sunless morning light  
Slip down in my bed  
Slip down out of sight  
The air so heavy so heavy  
Dampness on my cheek  
Tatty ratty bird  
Dismal preening beak  
Morning afternoon  
The futile hours pass  
Foolish buzzing fly  
In the spider's grasp  
The sun so high so high  
Shining in the pilot's eye  
Tirelessly ablaze  
Burning in icy space  
I'm waiting right here for the wind  
To blow my shutters away  
Then maybe I can rise  
With the sun in my eyes  
The streets are shrouded in mist  
A key in every door  
Gaze out through my window  
Longing for the storm  
The sun so high so high  
Shining in the pilot's eye  
Tirelessly ablaze  
Burning in icy space  
I'm waiting right here for the wind  
To blow my shutters away  
Then maybe I can rise  
With the sun in my eyes