

Peter Hammill, Curtains

Well, Tommy woke that morning
with a headfull of rocks
and Sylvia was in shock.
The story they'd been faking
had frozen on their lips
and fallen through the brush of fingertips
and though they packed their bags,
ready for the road,
the curtains and the bedroom door
stayed closed.
For Sylvia and Tommy
this is a curtain call
they've been running away for years
but pride in flight
precedes a certain fall.

So Tommy rubs his stubble
as if to check his face is there
and Sylvia combs her hair
just like nothing really happened
they'll carry on as before...
but this thing won't work, will it, any more.
And though the bags are packed
ready for the road
the curtains and the bedroom door
stay closed.
For Sylvia and Tommy
there's nowhere left to hide...
they've been running for years
to find some kind of thrill
to take away the emptiness
that they both feel inside.

Making the fictional
out of the matter of fact;
masquerade the picture
but now the frame's all cracked.

For Sylvia and Tommy
there's nothing left to try
they've been running for years
to find some kind of life
that offers an excitement
that the rest of us pass by.

So Tommy woke that morning
with a headfull of rocks
and Sylvia was in shock.
This story they'd been faking
was frozen on their lips
and falling through the brush of fingertips
and though the bags are packed
ready for the road
the curtains and the bedroom door
stay closed.

For Sylvia and Tommy
there's nowhere left to go
they've been running away so long
there's just no strength to carry on
they can't get back to what they knew
a life abandoned once and long ago.