

# 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.