

# Peter Hammill, Friday Afternoon

Why wait for life to happen,  
when right before our eyes  
blind fate unwraps its patterns?  
I just said "See you soon";  
My piano was in tune  
when you walked out of the room.  
It felt like any normal Friday.

At concert pitch, 440  
the pressure's many tons;  
the weight of life befalls me.  
I wish I could pretend  
my piano's on the mend.  
You treated it like a friend, left it to settle down over the weekend.

You've got a ticket on the terraces for the game on Saturday  
and afterwards you might go for a beer.  
On Sunday afternoon you'll take the family to the park  
and later, when it's getting dark  
you'll say "We've still got that old spark";  
you'll say "Oh, aren't we just so lucky to be here...";

So stupid and so senseless...  
Sometimes we're pulled up short, quite shockingly defenceless.  
I don't know what to do: my piano's out of tune...  
it's not as if I can assume that it's ever going to get any better now.

A liquid lunch appointment when the working week is done,  
there's time for one more just before he goes.  
A quick glance at the watch and now it's time to head for home.  
And so it's goodbye to the ladies,  
grabs the keys to his Mercedes,  
thinking "Maybe I should get a cab...";  
But no.

Blind drunk, he met you head on.  
On a normal Friday afternoon.