

Peter Hammill, Touch And Go

Between the light and the shadow,
out of the corner of my eye
I saw your feathers all ruffled,
anticipating the sky...
You've got no reason to stay,
day by day your impatience has grown.
I'm caught between the devil and the deep blue sea, I know.
I'm reaching out
but we are touch and go.

Making a meal of the moment
I might cook up a story or two,
but the dish of the day's getting colder
and I know that, pretty soon,
you'll pick up your bed and walk,
open your wings and fly away from me
across the leaden, hammer-headed sky
while I can't breathe a word,
no matter how I try.

So scared
it shows
that we are touch and go.

I never brought myself to tell you
how you kept all my demons at bay
but my silence came out as indifference
and now my diffidence has driven you away.
You'll be the one with the wings,
I'm going down in flames,
still mouthing out the mystery, my angel, of your name.
How touch and go our tenderness became.

(So scared to show
I know we're touch and go)

So touch and go,
so much I can't explain.

(So much is unexplained.)