

Salad, Overhear Me

The Bechstein was our lifeline
We could see our faces in the shine
And know it wasn't over

You never said you loved me
Even when we crowded out the children from the sofa

I hope you overhear me
I hope you overhear me
When I'm uttering my name for you

In case collected copies of The Times get faded before ninety nine
The trunk will stay locked shut

In the garden the ritual was acted out under every tree
Shame my favourite scenes were cut