

Sandy Denny, Next Time Around

Then came the question and it was about time.
The answer came back and it was long.
The house it was built by some man in a rhyme,
But whatever came of his talented son?
Who wrote me a dialogue set to a tune?
Always you told me of being alone,
Except for the stories about God and you,
And do you still live there in Buffalo?
They put up the walls with no more to say,
Nobody stopped to ask why it was done.
The stream was too far and the rain was too high,
So into the city the river did run.
Because of the architect the buildings fell down,
Smothered or drowned all the seeds which were sown.
I wish I were somewhere, but not in this town.
Maybe the ocean next time around.
I seem to remember the face and the name,
But if it's not you I won't care.
I know of changes, but nothing would change you
To Theo the sailor who sings in his lair.
And then I'll turn and he won't be there,
Dusky black windows to light the dark stair,
Candles all gnarled in the musty air
All without flames for many's the year.