

Seachange, Anglokana

On a hillside in the meadows
By the old copse ring of oaks
They lay down there as lovers
But no words of love were spoke

They had drunken all her daddy's wine
Stole her mothers pills
The sun had burned her brittle
She had taken more than her fill

So as she lay there sleeping
He snapped a thick branch from a tree
Took it too her pretty soft head
Spilled her blood onto the green

Dragged her body through the woods
With his bare hands dug a grave
Fell down across the fresh mound
He was too drunk to pray

On a hillside in the meadows
By the old copse ring of oaks
Are the graves of two young lovers
Of which no more words are spoke

Once the discoveries made its locked down permanent
People ahead of their games get it wrong with bold claims
She says the naivety of the seventies meant we
Could take up torches and run into fields without fears
And she talks in a way, all bookish, sincere
And you wonder have you ever been there in your heart?
There comes a point when you need something to hold onto
The whole free love thing only works with some people

Camera picks up on rude
Camera picks up extreme
Camera picks up confused
Camera picks up on a boy

If I came out to meet you
Maybe if I made it clear
Maybe if we waited a season
Or just another year

Midsummer night and the fires alight
Deep in the shadows the shadows of the copse
And she's dancing circles around
Singing songs she had no right to know
Get home late the house is dark
Sun still on your skin but there's a chill in your heart
I should have known
I should have known