

# Slapp Happy, Dawn

Dawn he's in a postcard of the dawn,  
Where the knives of light  
have left the dark night tattered & torn  
The firmamental cars  
on the highway of the stars are doing ninety  
(for your love) - He's in a corner on the right,  
the sole survivor of the night -  
& it's you he's thinking of.  
And you, you only think of him,  
dropping him a line 'cos he's got no time to swim  
They're closing all the doors to his existential shores  
- they'll leave him naked & alone  
- & you can't help him now, he's in the waters of the south  
- sinking like a stone...  
Running from the snapping jaws,  
You knows he ain't got time to pause  
- there's one last door between him & you  
- look out babe, he'll be coming through  
(as soon as you admit that you're the cause).  
Gone, with a squad of crooked creatures -  
You saw a film of his escape  
But you hardly recognized his features.  
His seer's sight had lied about the other side  
No one was waiting when you arrived.  
You dared not hesitate - even so, you got there late -  
Who takes who for one last ride??