

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??