

# Steve Hackett, Serpentine Song

As the rainfall  
Drums it's own tune  
On the roof of the bandstand  
Keep off the grass sign  
By the lakeside  
Where it leaves you Autumn

In the meanwhile  
The hours seem to fly  
With busy days and nights  
Take it in your stride  
As worrying is interest paid on trouble  
Long before it's due  
Passing through

Silver snowstorm  
Music without words  
Blowing through the airwaves  
Head in sunshine  
Under fire now  
Even when you're dreaming

Crystal fountains  
Peter Pan stares  
Over the landscape  
Without motion  
On pencil grey days  
To a Door Marked Summer