

Strawbs, Deadly Nightshade

Waves to Belladonna from the window
In the hope that she will notice
And may wish to know his name.
But cruel Belladonna
Turns to face the waiting sunrise
With its promise of excitement
Thinking little of the game.
Shine your lantern brightly
Do not heed the darkness lightly
We must always talk politely
In the presence of the night
Deadly nightshade
Hear me calling
Shadows of the evening
Falling down.
The quiet prophet
Gathers up his papers for the fire
He alone will read the message
In the words that he has burned.
Belladonna tries the door
To find the room is empty
And she coldly rakes the ashes
For the love that she has spurned.