

Vashti Bunyan, Turning Backs

Indifference is the hardest blow
It is the wind and icy snow
That falls on green shoots as they grow
In winter when the spring's too slow

Indifference is the coldest hand
It is the wave that clears the sand
Of castles built by baby hands
Before the gulls come in to land

Indifference is the hardest ground
It is the stony silent sound
Of plainsong echoing unfound
Until the voices have left town