

Viking, The Scarecrow

Walking down Queenstown Road
I come from busy town to unknown world
When it's dark my lonely steps run
like the enthralling evasions of the ingenious mind
At night Battersea Park looks so sensual
When you embrace a tree, will you remember of me?
Like the touch of leaves my hands will be
I will taste you like your bronze ales
like the pastries of the day
I came here to know about love that I had never seen before

I will cover your roads with daisy flowers
and in a night under the moonlit smoke towers
I will teach you how to make love
I will teach you how to make love
I will teach you how to make love

I came here to know about love that I had never seen before

In the shyness of Cringle Street the Goddess is dancing now
Nine Elms Lane brings its desert at her feet
Make silence now on Cringle Street, the Goddess is singing now
On the Thames Battersea is sleeping peacefully

I see the scars on your fairy face
but now the stars will knit a lace
and until I'll be there no one
will ever scorch your bloomy bark
The light will shine again
and brighten your dewy air
The moody times are still too near
but I'm the scarecrow and there's nothing to fear
I came here to know about love that I had never seen before