

# Al Stewart, Silver Kettle

And in the last days of the world of plastic records  
He takes the car into town  
He hears the voices of salvation through the static  
Just turns the volume down  
A chain link fence round a boarded up arcade  
Towers of glass that petroleum has made  
But he wouldn't have been born  
At any other moment in the world  
And in the morning he will hear the silver kettle  
Calling him out of his sleep  
The world outside goes by in plastic and in metal  
He's got his secrets to keep  
The daily news forms a pattern on TV  
Violence first, then a cat stuck up a tree  
But he wouldn't have been born  
At any other moment in this world  
One o'clock and the office empties out  
He watches as they pass  
Nostalgic for something intangible  
A time that never was  
There is a crack along the plaster in the kitchen  
It forms the shape of her face  
Just for a moment he will trace it with his finger  
One day he'll paint her away  
He sees her now - she's got a clean white shirt on  
She's someone he'd just love to get the dirt on  
And she couldn't have been born  
At any other moment in the world