

Alfie, Rain, Heaven, Hail

Tiring.
They talk 'til you snooze.
Never, ever realised.
That tide.
Colour, mystery.
You say kids'll tire me.
Couldn't keep.
Couldn't, these strains.
Leave a poor player's life for me.
Wise feet.
Never leave home.
Tracing you down baby,
Cos' I've outgrown.
Summer, new sound.
Seems I wasn't meant for you.
For long.
Feather, you think of.
Maybe then you'll call na-night,
Then go.