

Attack In Black, 1950

Cold, cold 1950

a year from now I'll be away
a year from now you'll hear from me
my chin on the water in the darkest time
I'll cut through country, country bound
with foot in mouth before the town
that looks of shadow and of cloud
and looking back be damned
just underneath the line of visible (and well)
before I'm found and cast to hell
when minutes turn to months and kill
my hopes of coming home
I'll have a life somewhere, I know
I'll have a life somewhere, I know