## Cabaret Noir, On A Sunday Morning

In the clear June lighting of a Sunday morning she lies

A soundless dream Blows into her sleeping head

The way she Drops from her chaos And slides to his smiling

A warm wet summer breeze blows Into her lying down head The water, veil Under the unminding sky Now she lies Innocent and still Between two grains of sand

Nothing is there but white sun The silent tide holds her softly Only the waves last forever She's only a watercolour

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