

Cousteau, Last Good Day Of The Year

don't tell me
that you get sick of living
when the summer's so forgiving although we have stolen
all of the things that we thought we had owned then
have disappeared

all these things in flavour
won't do you no favours
when the summer's light is fragrant with scents of returning
you relent, you resent, now you're burning
for nothing to change....

there's something there...
(amongst the fallen fruit and flowers)
won't rest
(only minutes, only hours)
unless
(now the morning breaks in showers)
I guess
we'll remember this all of our lives
on the Last Good Day of The Year

all the leaves are turning
Autumn's fingers burnished
furnished here in hope and in faith in the meantime
kinda working my way through a dream
I was having alone

there's something there...
(amongst the fallen fruit and flowers)
won't rest
(only minutes, only hours)
unless
(now the morning breaks in showers)
I'm left
with the North Wind breathing down my neck...

on The Last Good Day of The Year.....

(don't know where I end and where you begin...)