

# Edgar Broughton Band, Evening Over Rooftops

The air was thick like honey  
Looking from the room  
The room had open windows  
To let the springtime through  
Evening stood by watching  
At the side of summer's promise  
The flowers in her garden  
Were the envy of her friends

How far are we from dying  
Is it nearly at an end?  
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The smoke hung on the skyline  
The city fell in silence  
The sunset ripe and mellow  
Was the light to write some thoughts by  
Her children watched for father  
From their window in the wall  
Said a prayer for Grandpapa  
And maybe many more  
Somewhere in the distance  
On a road so far away  
I heard the sound of life  
Though the people left for home

Three birds flew off a building  
Standing proud against the sky  
Many more flew with them  
Spiralled upward like laughter  
Faster, harder,  
They rose up in a column  
Hundreds upon hundreds  
Twice that many wings beat  
Four miles across  
Stretched a million miles high  
The living pulsing column  
In the lady of the sky  
Feathers thrashed together  
Locked in that huge one  
I knew no-one could see it  
And now that it was gone  
I rubbed my eyes and tried to find  
A reason for the flight  
Exodus, escape, or was it just for me to see  
Like the mating of the earth and air  
Like water is to flowers  
The envy of her friends  
How far are we from dying  
Is it nearly at an end?