

Kate Bush, An architect's dream

Watching the painter painting
And all the time, the light is changing
And he keeps painting
That bit there, it was an accident
But hes so pleased
Its the best mistake, he could make
And its my favourite piece
Its just great
The flick of a wrist
Twisting down to the hips
So the lovers begin, with a kiss
In a tryst
Its just a smudge
But what it becomes
In his hands:
Curving and sweeping
Rising and reaching
I could feel what he was feeling
Lines like these have got to be
An architects dream
Its always the same
Whenever he works on a pavement
It starts to rain
And all the time
The light is changing