

Locust, On The Horizon

Jennifer... where do you go at night?
Is no-one there to hold you tight?
Above your head I see a golden ball
And it catches light from all around you

Jennifer says shel be back when she older
She fixing her wings just to fly
Leaves me a note on her beautiful paper
Fixing her wings just to fly

Closer still, I hear a melody
Singing loud and clear, above the trees
Like a siren call, away on a distant boat
Like a memory that breaks you in two

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She fixing her wings just to fly
Leaves me a note on her beautiful paper
Fixing her wings just to fly