

Peter Hammill, Easy To Slip Away

My friends, I never really thought you'd go,
but, then, we know that's the way it happens here.
Now time is like cat's cradle in my hands:
I gather up the strands much too slowly.

The refugees are gone...they take their separate paths,
obliterate the past, figures in an ash shroud.
Susie, I guess you're on your way to be a star,
but I don't know where you are;
the only time I seem to see you is on the TV
It's so easy just to slip away....

Mike!
It's a year or two since I've seen you....
I might have dropped you a line
if I'd had time
or the will.

It's my fault too: I play a hermit's role
of cars and stages, wages, supersoul,
hardly ever seem to get outside these days.
So, dear friends, as we grow on we feel to grow away,
can only live in the hope that some day
it will all return.
It's so easy to slip away....