

# Peter Hammill, Everyone You Hold

Everyone you hold takes a piece of you away;  
everyone you know pricks the image of the human clay  
and everybody's laughing  
the joke goes mouth to mouth and slips away.

Everyone you hold leaves you something of themself;  
everyone you told spreads your secret on the warehouse shelf  
and everybody buys it  
for everyone's in commerce and in trade.

When every sweet embrace has faded  
the voices dip, the faces dim and memory drifts away  
still you stay in everyone you hold.

Everyone you hold, no, they never leave your side;  
everybody knows there are secrets we can't hope to hide.  
If everyone is with you  
then you can never be alone at all  
and everyone forgives you  
accumulated whispers, Chinese walls.

Now everyone you knew  
with smiles that you've seen through  
we flag, it's true...

But you're still in everyone you hold.

Everyone you hold,  
everyone you hold,  
everyone you told  
knows.