

Peter Hammill, Lost And Found

(Even the wolf can learn,
even the sheep can turn,
even the frog become at last the prince.)

No more imagined insults
and no more bloated pride -
I'll see you at the wedding,
I'll see you on the other side
and I'll hold my peace forever
but I'll hold my passion more...
I'll be holding the door
and waiting for the princess -
I could say I'm waiting for the world
but when it comes right down to it
I'm simply waiting for the girl.
On through the ring of changes
I'll be at my side in a single bound,
lost and found...
looking to be lost and found.

La Rossa extends her hands -
in the morning light the stigmata don't show.
She's already up, making plans;
she thinks it's maybe time he ought to go.
And she's friendly like it's a service
but she's ringing round his head
though he knows she has no further use for him
still he feels like he's raised from the dead.
Out to the cold grey daylight, never even wondering, of course,
if one moment of perfect passion is worth a lifetime of remorse.

So it's no more empty promises
and no more idle threats;
no more "if only"s
and no more "and yet"s;
no more wishes for the future,
no more denials of the past:
I'm free at last,
I'm in love at last.
I'm lost and found....

(Put on your red dress, baby,
'Cause we're going out tonight,
put on your high-heeled sneakers,
Everything's going to be alright?)