

Robin Williamson, Witches Hat

Certainly
The children have seen them
In quiet places where the moss grows green
Coloured shells
Jangle together
The wind is cold, the year is old
The trees whisper together
And bent in the wind they lean

If I was a witches hat
Sitting on her head like a paraffin stove
I'd fly away and be a bat
Across the air I would rove
Stepping like a tightrope walker
Putting one foot after another
Wearing black cherries for rings

If I was a witches hat
Sitting on her head like a telegraph pole
I'd fly away and be a bat
Across the air I would roll
Stepping like a tightrope walker
Putting one foot after another
Wearing black cherries for rings