

Simple Tom And The Ghost Of Jenny Bailey

And Also The Trees

The day flees the town with a drunkard's yell
Silence from the slaughterhouse
And the midnight bell
Shudders down Shambles alley
Slamming shutters
And the market litter flies
Newspaper acrobats, straw and rags
Whirl up to Tom's window...
And away
Simple Tom looks out across the town
Come into my shipwreck room
Creaking beams and tilting shadows
And the tallow-sticks burn
High above the cobble streets
Come into my shipwreck room
Jenny Bailey
We can see Tom's hand only
Pulling horse-hair from the chair
The candle splutters
His pupil shrinks, his pupil grows
You are my ghost Jenny Bailey
Come and dance with me
While the whole town sleeps
Simple Tom looks out across the town
Walk across the scaly roofs
Look into my open window
Oh, my rooftop girl
Rats-tail hair and milky skin
Glinting in the weather-vanes
Jenny Bailey...