

Squirrel

Anthony Phillips

There was once a man he met
Who walked in fields of silk and burr, so light
And then the darkness came upon me
I woke, I could not see her face
Her voice across dark waters stole
Please turn on the light, it's growing cold
She was once my lady friend
I loved her countless times before, so light
Then the darkness crept upon her
I woke, I could not hear her voice
She left no sign or souvenir
Please turn on the light, it's cold in here
Something tells me we burned out all our boats
Setting sail upon storm-ridden sea
And putting faith in the gods of ancient times
I had believed we could be strong and supine
She was like a breath of light oh
She fell like the chesnut leaf
So the moons rise slowly now
In swirling mists I dimly see God leave
Trapped in calm, left her no darkness
Still as then, I cannot see her face
Her voice is still accosting me
Please turn out the lights, the last to leave