

This Changing Light

Deacon Blue

I wrote this once before
Long before the summer
You were then a student
And we were dark as angels

We were in the east
Working to the west
The west was looking south
And the south she had no pity

But last night I dreamed
And you were always in it
There were
Hopes and plans and schemes
And the town was full of winners

Oh brother
Oh sister
This changing light
Has lighted things so differently
Has lighted things so differently

I wrote this once before
And we were all then working
We thought we'd stop the flow
Of a cruel and heartless woman

If I'd known this then
What would these wings have done
They'd have beat and flapped and flown
And not done and not done

I wrote it on my hand
I kept it in the dark
I never ran it through my hair
I stuffed it in my pocket

I wrote this on a journey
All the way from Spain
Where our fellows fought
And never came back again

To this changing light
To this changing light