

Kettle Drum (I Left A Note)

Pale Young Gentlemen

Grass fought through the snow.

Just like the rest, it grew to
grow. And somewhere, on some
doorstep, a few curious knocks
filled an empty house.

I left a note, and I hope you found
it my old friend.

Alone I headed through with all I
ever had and all I knew. And as I
walked along, the wind through the
leaves in the trees built like a song.
And I like to sing, so I sang along.

Banging on a kettle drum an army's
gone a war was won, and we could
talk for hours or even not at all.

Once I ached for something,
something good and whole and true
and all my own. Didn't I tell you, if
I could find it, I'd leave a note?

I left a note.