

My Experience

Peter Hammill

It was nothing, it came from nowhere at all, it was a casual remark,
not a curtain-call.
Late for breakfast - black coffee, brandy-laced...
that look on your face.
I'll remember last night; I'll look out for the signs;
You were caught in the light
Ref.
time after time
it's been my experience that when the row gets serious
a certain silence will fall...
But I just can't stop it, why don't you tell me what's wrong?
My heart goes like a rocket, the feeling's so strong.
I just can't stop it, why don't
you tell me what's wrong?
Don't think about it too long.
I could argue this another way, but on another day I might have
to shout.
You keep your mouth shut, but it's too late for that now:
the word got out.
In translation it's lost, in desperation it's mimed;
is this Paradise lost, or Paradise time after time?
Ref.