

## Pinches Of Salt

Roy Harper

Arthur read stories he got from the shelf  
In the gingerbread house of the men in between  
Making his mind up to keep to himself  
And somewhere the future had been  
Pinches of salt  
Nobody's fault  
Just the tune of the moon on the ocean  
One year quite suddenly out of the blue  
The phone box grew curtains with Sanderson prints  
And designers of countryside loaded the view  
With 'sort of' decisions and hints  
And Arthur slept in on the edge of his seat  
Way back in his mind where the butterflies flew  
Bread non-committal to live nice and neat  
With lots of his dreams coming true  
Pinches of salt  
Nobody's fault  
Just the tune of the moon on the ocean  
Then came the day of the gig on the stage  
The butterflies fluttered and scenery shook  
Shapes became colours and turning a page  
Wasn't just quite by the book  
But Arthur was sure  
There must be some more  
Pinches of salt  
Nobody's fault  
As the wolves of the law  
Blew down the door  
With the tune of the moon on the ocean