

Pierce Turner

"Wicklow Hills"

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Spring still paints fire escapes with Hopper shades
Radio's rap and screech like trains
A figure's floating through the sewing set
Some guy walks by suspended by the sky

Takes more imagination
When every thing's remote control
For me it's just a case of what's on the other side of
clothes

Tell everybody I'm gone away for ten years
I'm gone to wander among the Wicklow Hills

New Jersey white kid in his sunday jeans
Stuck to the corner of the street
Fat gypsy lady smacks the window pane
Some guy walks by suspended by the sky

Takes more imagination
When every thing's remote control
For me it's just a case of what's on the other side of
clothes

Tell everybody I'm gone away for ten years
I'm gone to wander among the Wicklow Hills

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