

Bertie Blackman

"Wintersong"

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I wonder how you felt that day
When I passed you by
The street felt amazing
Through my city eyes
It's taken me a few weeks
To get back to routine
Spending time in coffee shops
Reading magazines

All the leaves are brown
The sky is turning grey
Winter's closing in
On this quiet day
Can you hear that sound
Of what's about to start?
Breaking up the sidewalk
In pieces of my heart

People here they walk the same
Like strangers in authors' shoes
Writing up some foreign book
On pressing thoughts and issues
And I look up at the sky sometimes
It moves in such funny ways
Making light and making change
Like midnight on Sundays
Like midnight on Sundays

All the leaves are brown
The sky is turning grey
Winter's closing in
On this quiet day
Can you hear that sound
Of what's about to start
Breaking up the sidewalk
In pieces of my heart

In these days I find
That we are losing time
Making trouble for ourselves
But I'll make it on my own
I will make it all alone

Finally I can be

I wonder what you'd have said
If I'd stopped to say hi
But I'll never know
'Cause I walked ahead
And looked up at the sky
I looked up at the sky

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