

Darren Hanlon "Falling Aeroplanes"

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Boy threw his guitar down and started beating his brow,
no matter how hard he tried he couldn't justify.
All a waste of time spent inventing words and rhyme,
as the stars and the planets and the clock did laps.

You see making up songs is for losers.
I should build something she uses,
like a box or a bed or cupboards or shelves.
'Cause songs are made of air, they can't be any use
to her.
Better off try'nna catch falling aeroplanes.

Then girl said:
"Boy don't be so stupid, boy don't be so daft,
You're not even right by half.
And although you say your songs are fundamentally
air,
there's also thousands of vibrations that stimulate the
ear.

In such a way that whenever I hear them

they always make me smile.
They're just as tactile as a box or a bed or cupboards
or shelves.
So boy now stop your moping, cursing and no hoping,
and get back in the saddle."

While she was still speaking,
Towards his feet reaching, where lay his guitar.
His head was swimming in an alphabet,
soup letters swirled and words formed in his heart.

He said:
"I'm gonna build a song for us,
With four verses and a chorus.
On real estate your words inspired.
And there we'll live rent-free,
sleep on beds of melody,
and leave the key-change with the seasons."

And so that song he built was hers,
with a chorus and four verse.
And she woke to find him finally asleep.

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