

Donovan

"Writer In The Sun"

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The days of wine and roses
Are distant days for me
I dream of the last and the next affair
And of girls I'll never see

And here I sit
The retired writer in the sun
The retired writer in the sun and I'm blue
The retired writer in the sun

Tonight I trod in the starlight
I excused myself with a grin
I ponder the moon in a silver spoon
And the little one 'live within

And here I sit
The retired writer in the sun
The retired writer in the sun

The magazine girl poses
On my glossy paper aeroplane
Too many years I spent in the City
Playing with Mr. Loss and Gain

And here I sit
The retired writer in the sun
The retired writer in the sun and I'm blue
The retired writer in the sun

I bathe in the sun of the morning
Lemon circles swim in the tea
Fishing for time with a wishing line
And throwing it back in the sea

And here I sit, the retired writer in the sun
The retired writer in the sun and I'm blue
The retired writer in the sun

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