

Donovan Leitch

"Writer In The Sun"

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From the album mellow yellow

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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