

**Foxx John****"Running Across Thin Ice With Tigers"**

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he said he was a saint

and he had some colour movies

"you will grow older and then younger

tattooed like a loser"

long streams of silence connect hand to hand

with the memories in the car parks

and the flowers and the sand

so here are the wings and the burnt out suits

here are the maps of all your youth

here where the songs are all of longing

here where the skies are always haunting

and I'm running, yes I'm running....

I am running across thin ice with tigers

he was talking as I glanced away

at silver tortures in colour vision

it was a golden time

a time of bones and flowers

there was an angel in a ruined suit

stranded on Broadway

I gave him change and he gave me the time of day

so here are the wings and the burnt-out-suits

here are the maps of all your youth

here where the songs are all of longing

here where the skies are always haunting

and I'm running...yes I'm running

I am running across thin ice with tigers

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