

Harper Roy "Pinches Of Salt"

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Arthur read stories he got from the shelf
In the gingerbread house of the men in between
Making his mind up to keep to himself
And somewhere the future had been
Pinches of salt
Nobody's fault
Just the tune of the moon on the ocean
One year quite suddenly out of the blue
The phone box grew curtains with Sanderson prints
And designers of countryside loaded the view
With 'sort of' decisions and hints
And Arthur slept in on the edge of his seat
Way back in his mind where the butterflies flew
Bread non-committal to live nice and neat
With lots of his dreams coming true
Pinches of salt

Nobody's fault
Just the tune of the moon on the ocean
Then came the day of the gig on the stage
The butterflies fluttered and scenery shook
Shapes became colours and turning a page
Wasn't just quite by the book
But Arthur was sure
There must be some more
Pinches of salt
Nobody's fault
As the wolves of the law
Blew down the door
With the tune of the moon on the ocean

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