

Jet Set Roger

"Pibroch"

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There's a light in the house in the wood in the valley.
There's a thought in the head of the man.
Who carries his dreams like the coat slung on his
shoulder,
Bringing you love in the cap in his hand.
And each step he takes is one half of a lifetime:
No word he would say could you understand.
So he bundles his regrets into a gesture of sorrow,
Bringing you love cap in hand.
Catching breath as he looks through the dining-room
window:
Candle lit table for two has been laid.
Strange slippers by the fire.
Strange boots in the hallway.
Put my cap on my head.
I turn and walk away.

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