

## **Kaleidoscope**

# **"Days In The Rain"**

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Days in the rain  
Down to Josephine's house for tea  
French toast and Elvis  
French kisses for a boy called me

Scrumping apples in Harrow  
Throwing fallers at black Austin cars  
Lemon-ices at De La Mura's  
Plotting my life by the stars  
And I remember the scent of my father's Christmas  
cigar

Traces of lives  
Like gold -dust in a museum of rooms  
In the corner the black and white television  
blinking like a prophet of doom  
And I remember my father falling like a stone from the  
moon

It's all in the past  
It's all in the photographs  
It all looks familiar, but we don't know the places  
We know that we love them  
But we cannot put names to the faces  
Those faces -- those beautiful faces

Days in the rain  
Bruises and powerful scars  
I swallowed a sixpence  
Someone said: " Who'd you think you are? "  
And I remember the scent of my father's Christmas  
cigar

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