

Lucinda Williams

"Copenhagen"

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Thundering news hits me like a snowball
struck in my face and shattering
Covering me in a fine powder and mist
and mixing in with my tears

And I'm 57 but I could be 7 years old,
Cos I will never be able
to comprehend the expansiveness
of what I've just learned

But you, have disappeared
You have been released
You are flecks of light
You are missed

Somewhere, spinning round the sun
Circling the moon
Traveling through time
You are missed

Walking through unfamiliar streets

and I'm shaking unfamiliar hands
and I'm hearing unfamiliar laughs
and lovely language I don't understand

It's late October in Copenhagen
The skies are grey, the snow is falling
I see my breath outside, I'm freezing
I'm motionless, I'm disbelieving

But you, have disappeared
You have been released
You are flecks of light
You are missed

Somewhere, spinning round the sun
Circling the moon
Traveling through time
You are missed

