

## Deacon Blue

# "A Week In Politics (Is A Long Time)"

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(Undiscovered Kingdom)

In a windy street in a bitter morning  
a seagull flies into a fire of blazing sun  
in the minutes after midnight  
when humans let go  
only cat and litter move without fear

Undiscovered Kingdom

Underneath an awful stern  
above dark dock water  
and anchor hangs wounded from a ragged body  
in a seething pub at midday  
a boy has lost his way  
from a hundred empty faces  
a hundred gazes glare

Undiscovered Kingdom

Sometimes I touch  
sometimes I see  
sometimes I feel  
sometimes I really know

Undiscovered kingdom

In an angry alley  
the paints been left to run  
from a daubed swastika on an abandoned VW  
a cathedral door is opened  
a woman wipes away a tear  
sunlight streams in  
as a priest puts out a brief candle

Undiscovered Kingdom

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