

Pre)Thing

"The Golden Calf"

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Once upon a time I stalked the streets on raining
evenings
When the distant sea blended with the sky
Past coliseum's filled with brass on pavements carved
from toasted glass
I carried in my heart a word or two

You dashing horseman all gone away
Left you a stable bill to pay
And now the golden calf has turned to clay
All my feelings dressed in gloves
Couldn't touch your windswept harbour love
White and open-necked you would still play

I'd resort to sleepwalking to catch the mood that fills
the sails
With harvest nets and tides don't ever bring
But every night was halloween, and every friend fell in
between
And how capricious nature ruled my mind

You dashing horseman all gone away
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And now the golden calf has turned to clay
All my feelings dressed in gloves
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Once upon a time I stalked the streets on raining
evenings
When the distant sea blended with the sky
Past coliseum's filled with brass on pavements carved
from toasted glass
I carried in my heart a word or two

But you would always make me see today

You dashing horseman all gone away
Left you a stable bill to pay
And now the golden calf has turned to clay
All my feelings dressed in gloves

Couldn't touch your windswept harbour love
White and open-necked you would still play

I sound so different these days, I barely can believe I'm
here
If I didn't know better, I would swear I was someone
else
Lord I can't believe, I don't believe I'm me
But who on earth could I be ?

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Left you a stable bill to pay
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