

Dave Reachill

"The Last December"

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Blue and white hotel light photographs cars and
courage

The overgrown hills kiss the warm yellow sky
The long flight home and the long goodbye

Vacant rooms but the car park is full again
on the roof there's no view through the looking glass

A whisper of the calm connecting flight to the place you
call your home
The wonder of a space the great divide the sand inside
your shoes
Where the air is clean and your heart is singing a
lullaby

Polystyrene cups and things the road treats you well
the road gives you diamond rings

Vacant rooms but the car park is full again

And on the roof there's no view through the looking
glass

A whisper of the calm connecting flight to the place you
call your home
The wonder of a space the great divide the sand inside
your shoes
Where the air is clean and your heart is singing a
lullaby

The engine's still warm the highway's so cold in your
dark red cadillac

A whisper of the calm connecting flight to the place you
call your home
The wonder of a space the great divide the sand inside
your shoes
Where the air is clean and your heart is singing a
lullaby

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