

## **Peter Hammill**

### **"My Experience"**

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It was nothing, it came from nowhere at all, it was a  
casual remark,  
not a curtain-call.  
Late for breakfast - black coffee, brandy-laced...  
that look on your face.  
I'll remember last night; I'll look out for the signs;  
You were caught in the light  
Ref.  
time after time  
it's been my experience that when the row gets serious  
a certain silence will fall...  
But I just can't stop it, why don't you tell me what's  
wrong?

My heart goes like a rocket, the feeling's so strong.  
I just can't stop it, why don't  
you tell me what's wrong?  
Don't think about it too long.  
I could argue this another way, but on another day I  
might have to shout.  
You keep your mouth shut, but it's too late for that now:  
the word got out.  
In translation it's lost, in desperation it's mimed;  
is this Paradise lost, or Paradise time after time?  
Ref.

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