## Phillips Anthony "Paperchase (may Never Wears A Frown)"

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Find a way to distinguish patterns in the thread of the living. Pick a path through the rough and tumble look within without misgiving. Darkness falls on December, gathered in, we recall. Wait, don't let it wear you down. Call me, and I'll be right round, come what May never wears a frown. So call me -And we'll treat the world as on wedding-days On and on through the Paperchase. Pitch a ball across a dusky courtyard see the shadows slink away; Toss a coin into a feckless fountain and - brittle hope - it's your lucky day! Winter finds us together Heaven knows our design Wait, don't let it wear you down. Call me, and I'll be right round, come what May never wears a frown. So call me -And we'll treat the world as on wedding-days On and on through the Paperchase.

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