

## **Martyn John**

### **"London Conversation"**

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In a foreign city once again  
You wave at weakly in the night  
The early sun of London morning  
Burned the darkness with unanswered light  
But morning found you crying  
Waiting for a woman  
Where she left you in an empty state of mind  
Waiting not for her but for relief from passing time  
And a young friend talking softly  
As the mist keep tumbling down  
But the woman waiting for him near  
Stayed and told you of the peace that could be found  
And a fallen heart was woken  
In your tired waiting time  
And you thought you might begin again  
From all the ashes of your mind  
And though he used no poetry  
His words are weaving songs  
And the peace they were recalling  
Were good roads that you might have walked along  
And the skies you saw were all the same

Although his words were not your own  
But the words and images you've spoken  
Are the ashes from a peace you'd never known

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