

Townshend Pete

"Hiding Out"

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From my window I see roads
Lead to darkness, leading home
In the midnight of a soul's unsleeping
Hear the waterfall of women weeping
Hear the distant noise of traffic stalling
Hear the prostituted children calling
>From the barred and mess-floor street
Of a winter's night, without a moon,
I am safe-hidden here.
Hiding out
I look over chequered fields
And the towering web of steel
Young and old will sit and judge unfeeling
While the empty churches' bells are pealing
And the green hills lay ignored, untended
Lonely watchers remain unfriended
And out in the one-way streets
Is a swelling maze, without a door
I am safe-hidden here
Hiding out

