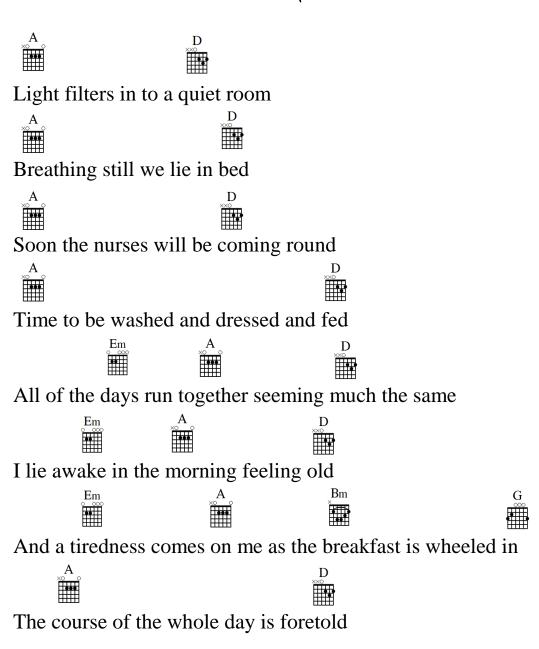
## A SONG FOR ANNE



It seems my companions are just like me

Lost in the memories in our heads

Memories so distant, so difficult to hold

Faded like the pictures by our beds

Only a thread now we dangle on our dignity

Each in her own way to face the muffled days

And we look at each other from the depths of dreamy heads

As the breakfast dishes are all cleared away

Sometimes I wonder why I carry on
Going through the motions of the day
I get so sleepy I want to lie down
And let the quiet carry me away
Outside the window the winter sun invites the Spring
One or two snowdrops I'm told are coming through
And if you can come to see me son, I couldn't speak for joy
It seems like years since I last heard from you.