

## Swan

The house is quiet, and I'm not wondering  
about the changes taking place  
and my edges changing colour  
and my thoughts needing space  
for a trip along in the hollow race.  
And I trip and fall and stumble in space,  
and there's nothing that keeps  
the day in place like you.

The place is quiet and I'm remembering  
how you looked in that perfect spring  
of our arrivals  
and now the innocence and the light  
in almost everything,  
and I trip... (Chorus)

And there's laughter,  
she has that perfect glow,  
like a swan  
with them in tow  
all round the place  
and the silence gone.  
But it doesn't matter,  
they move like song..  
And I trip... (Chorus)

- Graeme Lockhart -