

MILK FOR ONE  
(STORM IN A TEA CUP)  
Ralph McTell

That was Saturday night, this is Sunday morning  
And anywhere else but here  
I'd be fast asleep with chapel bells  
Ringing in my ears.  
Any other day you couldn't wake me up  
But there's mist on the estuary  
Now I'm going downstairs to put the kettle on.  
I'm going to make you a cup of tea.

There's a mist filling up the kitchen now  
Has it come in from the lake?  
The sun's burnt a hole in the clouds already  
And I'm almost completely awake.  
The kettle is singing, I'm looking for milk  
As I light up my first cigarette  
It was a storm in a teacup, ripples on a pool.  
It can't be over yet.  
This is a night that we can both forget.  
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There's milk for one so I take mine black,  
Rest my head upon my arms  
As the hills emerge and the curtains are pulled  
In the houses and the farms.  
Then I'm woken with tea and the milk's in mine  
And Sunday is burning bright.  
She runs her hands through my hair as she looks at the water  
And says "why did you stay up all night?"