

STILL IN DREAMS

Ralph McTell

This morning I am still in dreams
Of you and I both young as Spring
My step is cautious down to breakfast
The floor of dreams is eggshell thin.

There is a green mist in the trees
The toast is burnt to cindered crumbs
The sound of bees hum in my head
And I am all fingers and thumbs.

I've been sleeping now for hours
I can't seem to wake me up
Getting rained on in the shower
Fumbling with the coffee cup

Deep down I know I'm in a mist
And that really I'm not even trying
For I have always been like this
Whenever I've been flying.

I drag a comb through knots of dreams
For when I shave I must address
This image mirrored back at me
That's weathered in time's wilderness,

Whilst yours is fixed in summer light
Not creased or lined and smudged with age
A new print from time's negative
A red dot on a linen page.

There is a green mist in the trees
Along the river known to me
There is blue mist in the grass
And I am lost and all at sea.