

White Morning

Happy New Year's, baby, Christmas too.
Count down the seconds, there's nothing left to do.
Have a drink, have a smoke, have one last Old Year's kiss.
I expected some changes, but not this.

We'll meet old friends on new streets
Under this fire-filled sky so sweet.
They're wearing the clothes they had on when we first met.
But memory and infinity aren't reconciled yet.

I light a long blue candle in the room.
We all tell our secrets of what and of whom.
Our rock 'n' roll New Year carols play again
As we whisper of where and of when.

Oh, and this long dark night leads to white morning.
And these slowly, slowly ticking hands keep the calendar turning.
And here is the heart, and here is the hope that will help us all to reveal
Who we were to what we are in this white morning.

So until next year, darling
Keep safe, keep warm, keep me wondering.
We'll talk again of these things, dearest
Before the sun rises and after it sets.