

The Punch House

Andrew Bodnar

A clear wind rustled the treetops dead leaves swirled in circles like a scene from a storybook
who's that over there waiting in the rain waiting for the rain that never stops
the virgin said he'd meet her at the punch house bugles sounding the hunt in a picture by
hogarth when the bell struck three waiting in the sun waiting for the sun that never goes down
no-one here knew what he was trying to say his words just fell to pieces on the floor
and johnny-head-in-air was swept up in the sky he cried like he never had before
johnny turned and faded in the distance he's not looking back now she drank one more glass
of wine while the snow fell softly waiting for the day waiting for a day that never ends.

*written, recorded & produced by
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