

Four Colours
The Kelly Song Collective
John Kelly © Audsongs

We sat on the cape and watched the sky rape the future with fuel and smoke.
And I saw you stare at the white in the air. And the punch line's consoling the joke.
Strong metal's flying like birds that are dying, turning their eyes to the south.
We stood in the sand. They silenced the band. You put your hand to your mouth.

Ah Jane, how can it be? You only used four colours on me.

Dark Tuscan ground we look for and found in a pail that once bore water
was dug from a spot and put in a pot that held the remains of her father.
The earth played it cool. That note from her school that sat like a butterfly's wing
softer than oil, gave shade to the soil, but could not bring her to sing.

The more I grow older, the less I'm a soldier. That portrait of Frederick the Great
we saw on the wall in a Brandenburg hall of an army that once had a state.
That little piss thunder that blew her from under the reign of centuries' parade
fed on the sadness, blew like the madness in the wind of the love that she made.

There's blood in the sun, and the moon has begun gripping the hours to pull
my hands from your hips and my mouth from your lips and the picador's lance form the bull.
My shoulders are stained with the blood of your name and the seal of your heart.
The seas are not dry and the rocks are still high, but Jane, we're apart.