

Standing up on Castle Hill with The World beneath my feet,  
Below lies the city of jumbled grey, where my past and future meet...  
In this city they can measure to the n'th degree,  
They can tear any atom apart;  
Where they've sung every song in The Universe...  
But no-one knows....my heart....

*Bicycle City, can I call you my home?  
In my heart, I hope you're hiding good news...  
I know The World thinks it's brighter out there...  
But I've got....The Bicycle City Light Blues*

Never found a place where I belonged...went followin' a wanderin' star...  
Then I heard, pretty city, that you take folk in, however strange they are.  
I'm the centre of a sky that's standing still,  
It's me that's spinning round;  
I'm a stone that's rolling down the hill....  
A cri-de-coeur...no sound....

Bicycle City, can I call you my home?.....

If I could see a picture of the puzzle of Life, why, maybe, then I'd win...  
But the pieces of the jigsaw keep on changing shape when my fingers try to fit them in...  
I'm the silence of the river as it floats in the dark,  
I'm the first leaf blown on the breeze;  
I'm a hint of the future and a shadow of the past....  
I'm a soul...no-one sees....

Bicycle City can I call you my home?.....

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