

## The Second Hand

Mostly Autumn

I caught the morning star hanging in a crystal glass  
Cold grass, fresh on my fingertips  
Warm sun, hung like a melody  
We can be anything, anything at all  
We can be everything, everything and more

North west on a sun-skimmed 66  
Tail lights, hanging like a necklace on the mountains  
Red wine, thying on our senses  
We can do it all  
We can be everything, everything and more

Hanging on the second hand  
Pull me down if you can  
I'm heading for the grey stone mantle cloud  
Sun spills all around  
I'm never going to drop

And the riverbank glows  
Shadows we throw  
The willows and the night wind song  
Golden away from the fireside  
Hold her underneath the evergreen  
We can be anything, anything at all  
We can be everything, everything and more  
Listen to the heart, we can step into the heart  
We can be beautiful, beautiful and more

I am the second hand  
Pull me down if you can  
I'm heading for the grey stone mantle cloud  
Sun spills all around  
I'm falling to the top of the second hand  
Pull me down if you can  
I'm never going to stop  
Just a raindrop hanging on the window sill  
I just can't stay

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