October

The nights are drawing in
I close the curtains against the world
And we are cocooned
With one another
And the glow of the TV

Bruised apples from the tree
Litter the lawn
All too soon the frost will come
We must try to save the flowers
Before it is too late

Outside
In our streets
They are still marching
Tearing down the yellow ribbons
And spewing their hate
When will the Saturday demos cease
Will we have peace
And will it come too late

My summer tan will fade
And this too will fade
The hate, the lies, the fear
Another year will soon be here
Meanwhile
The nights are drawing in.