

Looking Inside

(Richard Lamplough)

...

*There's a small wooden box at my fingertips,
As promises of trust come from my lips.
There's mother of pearl in a rosewood case,
And two cross lions sick of handle taste.
The lid stays closed, the key stays turned.
When the stories have been told and the lessons learned,
The box comes down, the word comes through.
But it still won't open till a wish comes true.*

*I know I should be looking inside,
I know I can't be running blind.
I know I should be looking inside,
But I'm kind of scared of what I'll find.*

*There's an old piano in a music room,
With eighty-eight notes but just one tune.
It's split seconds behind the beat,
But it still sounds rich and it still sounds sweet.
For a year the lid was closed, the key was lost,
And the left hand pedal's still a touch too soft.
But its' back on song, or so it seems,
The same safe haven for hopes and dreams.*

Let love through

*There's a big white house at the end of the street,
It's divided into two but the two don't meet.
When the house is quiet the house is quaint,
But it needs new windows and a coat of paint.
The door handle's brass and it serves its use,
But it's the wrong way round and the screws are loose.
There's a high-walled yard at the back of the house,
So the rubbish blows in but it can't get out.*