

## **The night before (John Baker)**

The furniture kept revolving, even as I lay down,  
The tables that kept on turning, spinning my head around,  
From out of a nearby window, a song fell into my head,  
The words were a little hazy, but I think this is what they said.

You may be kind, you may be cruel,  
But most of your reasons are hidden from you  
Was it by design, or is it by chance  
You ended up here and, flat on your back

A couple were ballroom dancing, on the TV upon the shelf,  
I marvelled at their reactions, I wondered just how that felt  
A woman was making faces, in a mirror I could not see  
She turned and then wandered over, and whispered into my ear

You have been kind and you have been cruel,  
but this time your reason is hidden from you  
It looks like design and not much of chance,  
You ended up here and back in my flat

I thought of the human library, we're only just starting to spell  
And the dazzling architecture locked up in every cell,  
The way that a flock of birds move, as if they had just one mind,  
The flight of imagination I can see now behind your eyes

You have been kind and you have been cruel,  
but this time your reason is hidden from you  
It looks like design and not much of chance,  
You ended up here and back in my flat