



Professor Blue

# 56 Winters Unravelling

We talked through the night of darkness and dogs  
To heal the madness unravelling  
We tried to become the bringers of light  
To guide the road we were travelling

It is my call to do it my way  
The spring and the fall of believing  
My old life is long my breathing is hard  
But my heart is still beating

Back at the fall leaves reddening  
We had it all in dreaming  
Our hope is for spring the reckoning  
Our dreams, our hopes in scheming

Unravelling, unravelling, unravelling, unravelling, unravelling

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Words and Music: Mark Goodman

Photo and art: Runs with Dogs