

It's a cold, damp February morning

In ancient Liskeard town.
And a mist clings to the old slate walls
Like a dull grey satin gown.
Lights beam through the stillness
In dancing disarray.
And navigate the thickening gloom
In an eerie car ballet.
While people move like shadows
Through an opalescent dawn,
As Liskeard town awakens
On a cold, damp February morn.