

## Lincolnshire Skies

Load your things,  
flickering digits say the tank is filled  
Sleep again,  
missing the dwindling buildings whisper:

*you won't be away for long  
we'll see you back before the autumn's done*

Breathe it in:  
mist and the musk of brown and broken ground  
So, horizons stretch –  
still there's a voice insisting surely:

*you won't be away for long  
we'll see you back before the autumn's done*

Roads roll on,  
somewhere along the way the light descends  
Destinations pass,  
Lincolnshire skies will always be with you