

# The Sound Collector

A stranger came this morning Dressed all in black and grey	Fabric Lights out Torch
Put every sound into a bag And carried them away	Bag
The whistling of the kettle The turning of the lock	Whistle sound
The purring of the kitten The ticking of the clock	Fur fabric
The popping of the toaster The crunching of the flakes	flakes
When you spread the marmalade The scraping noise it makes	Marmalade
The hissing of the frying-pan The ticking of the grill	timer
The bubbling of the bathtub As it starts to fill	Bubbles
The drumming of the raindrops On the window-pane	Umbrella and rice
When you do the washing-up The gurgle of the drain	Water and funnel
The crying of the baby The squeaking of the chair	Baby oil
The swishing of the curtain The creaking of the stair	fabric
A stranger called this morning He didn't leave his name Left us only silence Life will never be the same.	Sound of silence