

October Song

I'll sing you this October song,
There is no song before it.
The words and tune are none of my own,
For my joys and sorrows bore it.
Beside the sea the brambly briars
In the still of evening.
Birds fly out behind the sun
And with them I'll be leaving.

The fallen leaves that jewel the ground,
They know the art of dying.
And leave with joy their glad gold hearts
In the scarlet shadows lying.
When hunger calls my footsteps home,
The morning follows after.
I swim the seas within my mind
And the pine trees laugh green laughter.

I used to search for happiness
And I used to follow pleasure,
But I found a door behind my mind
And that's the greatest treasure.
For rulers like to lay down laws
And rebels like to break them.
And the poor priests like to walk in chains
And God likes to forsake them.

I met a man whose name was Time
And he said I must be going,
But just how long ago that was
I have no way of knowing.
Sometimes I want to murder time,
Sometimes when my heart's aching.
But mostly I just stroll along
The path that he is taking.

by Robin Williamson
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