

## 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  
©1966 Warner-Tamarlane Publ. Co. BMI  
Recorded on *Cross the Water*  
Cindy Kallet and Grey Larsen  
2007 Sleepy Creek Music SCM105  
[www.cindykallet.com](http://www.cindykallet.com)