

21 York Street

And Also The Trees

I went to York Street
Saw the house where I was born
And watched the river flow

Under the bridge where
Clocks were turning
Women talking
Dogs were barking
Watched the faces glow

And all the words
Like bubbles rise
Advice and orders
Tender lies the truth
Don't tell me which way I should go

Outside a butchers shop
I saw a girl who looked a lot
Like someone that I used to know

I recognised expressions
Eyes of boys in men
Forgotten now
Gods knows how many years ago

And as I paused
Deep breathing air
My voice it roared
But wavered only softly
Through the town that I call home