

The Way The Land Lies

And Also The Trees

The old man's come to see
The way the land lies over
Come to see the way the clouds roll.
He wants to know if cowslips still grow
On the hill where he kissed his girl
And if the sky turns just the same
When the wind blows from the west
Above the old town in the distance
And the village in the field.

He wants to see the graveyard by the church
And watch the clock and see the boys
Throwing stones at the skylarks
Just the way they were.

The old man's come to see
The way the trees fall on the land with the sunset
And smell the grass as it blows through the fields.

The old man's come to see
The way the land lies beneath the sky.

He wants to know if the rain that falls is just the same
And the way the clouds stretch open
And hang there like a veil.

And the ocean to the north
It sings the same song and turns
From blue-grey into green.

The old man's come to see
The way the land lies beneath the sky
To watch the shadows of the clouds racing by.