

# JUST A MEMORY

John Mayall

When I was a boy of eleven years I never saw my pa  
Never understood what divorces were I hadn't grown that far  
Loading our belongings on a little horse and cart  
Mama said that she and daddy were now apart

These are the things I still remember from so long ago

Going to the seaside once a year, castles in the sand  
Going to the fairground with my pennies counted in my hand  
Going to the circus crying if I saw a clown  
Walking on my six foot stilts and never falling down

These are the things I still remember from so long ago

Yelling at my brother, he's in hiding, won't play in the snow  
Everything I do he just won't follow, doesn't want to go  
Playing in the fields pretending I'm a Buccaneer  
Threw a sword, accidentally hit him in the ear

These are the things I still remember from so long ago

Playing up the garden always building huts of turf and mud  
Playing in the woods when an owl attacked me, mopped away the blood  
Blowing up a rubber boat and patching up the holes  
Falling in the water, dripping wet and catching colds

These are the things I still remember from so long ago