

Memories

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