

## Churlish May

Johnny Flynn

I met Jane in September's throw  
January's grass, we let each other go  
I met Helen on March's back  
She took my coat and she stole my hat  
I met you when the weather got fine  
You said 'I've got yours if you've got mine'

And the worst and best of all we knew  
Stayed out to rust in the morning dew

Didn't take long to sing our love  
Was a harvest feast, was a hand to glove  
When winter came you couldn't stand to sit  
You just the same never burnt but lit  
With a world at war and my thoughts on you  
I didn't care to fall, there wasn't much to do

And the worst and best of all we knew  
Stayed out to rust in the morning dew

Churlish May when the year was fair  
Gone full circle when things went square  
Ate my meal an un-noble beast  
Left me to pay not a movable feast  
Look I got nothing, dunno where I am  
Got a fistful of questions, not an answer to hand

And the worst and best of all we knew  
Stayed out to rust in the morning dew  
Morning dew  
With a blow me down the road, dead in the wood

Further from you now, then the roots from the leaves  
Drunk on the wood, never seen any trees  
My ore's out the water and the lake that I'm sailing  
Is your dear father's daughter and it's cold and I'm ailing  
Are you drowning me slowly, was the school meant to teach  
Are you leaving so slowly, where's the shore, where's the beach  
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Stayed out to rust in the morning dew