

# Mercia

Patrick Wolf

It was a day not to forget  
The sun shone golden apples through the wheatfields  
We wandered dappled lanes  
Up to the house your brother said was haunted  
Someone once had been murdered there  
You gave me kiss I'll never regret

I'll be loving you for all my time  
Be the one that walks beside you  
Mine is yours is mine  
Mine is yours  
Yours is mine

The next day in Wicksteed park  
Your sister-in-law showed us those abandoned thrill rides  
Your eyes could be your mind  
The starlings gathered on the lawns  
For their leaving of the midlands  
These lands you were born and raised in

I'll be loving you for all my time  
Be the one that walks beside you  
Yours is mine

I know you grew up in country  
I grew up in city  
But can we grow both together  
Drive up to the cliffs  
And watch the weather wild and innocent like  
Those days we were younger  
Laugh about the lives we escaped

Mine is yours  
If yours is mine  
So darling come and dance with me  
Gypsy dance with me  
Time to leave behind the midlands