

The Optimist

Sandy Denny

The steps he took were nice and easy
He never knew he could stumble and go down
As he saw the buildings and the mountains crumble
Over the road he would take to the town
He said, next year I'm coming back, I'll see you later
It takes longer when you're far away

There's a tale which says he was pursued by an assassin
What he knows of that, no-one can tell
How close he came to the trapper
But he stopped by a wishing well
He said, next year there will be many flowers
Each one much brighter than the one before

As he turned he caught the feeling
And he smiled as he walked down the road
All my days they are filled with meaning
But I have yet to fathom the code
But next year I'll call the tune and it won't be easy
The timing's all out of place with how you feel

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