

## Adventures In A Yorkshire Landscape

Be Bop Deluxe

Bridges and rivers  
And buildings pulled down  
Time spent in places my footsteps had found  
Mirrors in ballrooms lie smashed on the ground,  
Walking with November mists...

Pathways and windows  
And movies in May  
Quiet old ladies who soon pass away  
Paintings and songs that I'd done in a day...  
Going round in my head...

Fires on spires and chimneys of black  
Fields on horizons with pylons that crack  
With singing sad wires of council house mystics  
To apply their statistics  
And read the tea leaves,  
Time knows no limits for days such as these