

Samuel, Oh How You've Changed

Al Stewart

Most of the better bred
Woollen toys have gone to bed
And the teddy bear is a-sleeping in the cupboard
And the wooden soldiers all
And the rubber bouncing ball
Are list'ning to the tales of mother Hubbard

But the fairy lights are dark
On the Christmas tree as restlessly
I stand here forgotten and alone
I've been too long on the floor,
I can't stay here any more
So Jenny won't you please take me home.

Oh the statues that I see
Are made out of blackest ivory
But I pass them by never guessing of their meaning
And a million voices cry
As I walk across the sky
Though it's restless here, why it's only in-betweening

For the journey that I'm on
Is incomplete so to my feet
I must rise now and travel on alone
Ah, but if you've got some time to spend
In between now and the end
Oh Jenny won't you please take me home.

Now almost every word that I've said that you have heard
Hides another thought left unspoken
And if I may not reach it through the gutter of my speech
Then it best be left unsaid than lie unbroken
And if you wish to see, then from time to time
Look in my eyes
Oh the gold is not far beneath the stone
If that will not say, it doesn't matter anyway
Jenny won't you please take me home.