

Timeless Skies

Al Stewart

While travelling northwards
On a back country lane
I came on the village
Where first I grew
And stopped to climb up
The hill once again
Looking down from the tracks
To the grey slate roofs

I watched the village moving
As the day went slowly by
In the field we lay here
Lovers' footsteps went by
In the fields we lay here
My very first love and I
Under timeless arcadian skies
Under timeless arcadian skies

The old canal lies
Sleeping under the sky
The barges are gone to a lost decade
On overgrown banks here
Lovers' footsteps went by
Long before ever the roads were made
And in our turn we passed here
And carved our names on trees
As the days washed by like
Waves of an endless sea
Under timeless arcadian skies
Under timeless arcadian skies

Time runs through your fingers
You never hold till its gone
Some fragments just linger with you
Like snow in the spring hanging on

I left the village behind in the night
To fade like a sail in the darkening seas
The shifts and changes in the patterns of life
Will weather it more than the centuries
And in another village in a far off foreign land
The new day breaks out opening up its hand
And the sun has the moon in his eyes
As he wanders the timeless skies