

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