

The Afton

Eddi Reader

The dam on our doorstep
Frozen over, undiscovered,
Covered natures sculptures fine,
And the man-made beauty shines,
For the first time in life,
I behold the Afton's might,
And the waterworks don't blight
Nor the railings mar this sight
To see the joy in the mundane
Feel the life force in the plain
Is that not the why you came?
Still you're leaving...

To the Afton
Still you're leaving...

Still you're leaving, all the same

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