

The Plainsman

Fairport Convention

I come from the moor and the mountain, from the waterfall and stream.
I've turned my back on the mountain track; I'm walking in a dream.
And ev'ry new horizon to mee it looks the same
But ev'rywhere looks old and bare while trav'ling on the plain.
There's no-
one rides this road with me, a plainsman rides alone.
The welcome waits by a city gate, no voice to call me home.
Alone I came into this place, and that is how I will go
And all I learn is the season's turn, that's all I need to know
.
Oh the world is hung with silver tongues with good advice to give.
If you can't show me how to die, don't tell me how to live.
The plainsman's song, though it's seldom long, it's more than meets the ear
And all I believe is the falling leaves at the turning of the year.