Memories

John Mayall

When I was a boy of eleven years I never saw my pa Never understood what divorces were I hadn't grown that far Loading our belongings on a little horse and cart Mama said that she and daddy were now apart These are the things I still remember from so long ago Going to the seaside once a year, castles in the sand Going to the fairground with my pennies counted in my hand Going to the circus crying if I saw a clown Walking on my six foot stilts and never falling down These are the things I still remember from so long ago Yelling at my brother, he's in hiding, won't play in the snow Everything I do he just won't follow, doesn't want to go Playing in the fields pretending I'm a Buccaneer Threw a sword, accidentally hit him in the ear These are the things I still remember from so long ago Playing up the garden always building huts of turf and mud Playing in the woods when an owl attacked me, mopped away the b lood Blowing up a rubber boat and patching up the holes Falling in the water, dripping wet and catching colds

These are the things I still remember from so long ago