

Churlish May

Johnny Flynn

I met Jane in September's throw
January's grass, we let each other go
I met Helen on March's back
She took my coat and she stole my hat
I met you when the weather got fine
You said 'I've got yours if you've got mine'

And the worst and best of all we knew
Stayed out to rust in the morning dew

Didn't take long to sing our love
Was a harvest feast, was a hand to glove
When winter came you couldn't stand to sit
You just the same never burnt but lit
With a world at war and my thoughts on you
I didn't care to fall, there wasn't much to do

And the worst and best of all we knew
Stayed out to rust in the morning dew

Churlish May when the year was fair
Gone full circle when things went square
Ate my meal an un-noble beast
Left me to pay not a movable feast
Look I got nothing, dunno where I am
Got a fistful of questions, not an answer to hand

And the worst and best of all we knew
Stayed out to rust in the morning dew
Morning dew
With a blow me down the road, dead in the wood

Further from you now, then the roots from the leaves
Drunk on the wood, never seen any trees
My ore's out the water and the lake that I'm sailing
Is your dear father's daughter and it's cold and I'm ailing
Are you drowning me slowly, was the school meant to teach
Are you leaving so slowly, where's the shore, where's the beach
?

And the worst and best of all we knew
Stayed out to rust in the morning dew