

Leafy Mysteries

Paul Weller

And these leafy mysteries
And the silence of the eve
And in the shady tree's I swing
And in the dappled orchards heat

Where I lie and wait
Wait for the breeze
To carry me

To a place I can lose myself
No time just somewhere else
With a face I can recognize
I forget sometimes, that's always been here

And all these leafy mysteries
And the changing of the seas
And all the secrets of the tide
Just open up the world I find

So small to me
When there's so much to see
So much to be

Day up and the grasses hiss
Get up, like sweet lips they kiss
See now that you're part of it
I forget sometimes, that's always been here

And all these leafy mysteries
Have always been and always will
And in the shady trees I swing
And in the dappled orchard's heat

Where I lie and wait
Wait for the breeze
To hunger me

Wait for the trees
To breathe in to me