

## Fiddlers Green

Stereophonics

September 17th, for a girl I know it's mothers day,  
Her son has gone alee,  
and that's where he will stay,  
Wind on the weathervane,  
tearing blue eyes sailor mean,  
As Falstaff sings a sorrowful refrain,  
for a boy in fiddlers green,

His tiny knotted heart,  
well I guess it never worked too good,  
A timber tore apart,  
and the water gorged the wood,  
You can hear her whispered prayer,  
for men at mass that always lend,  
The same wind that moves her hair,  
moves a boy through fiddlers green,

Nothing's changed anyway,  
ah nothing's changed anyway, ah anytime, today,

He doesn't know a soul,  
and there's nowhere that he's really been,  
But he won't travel on alone,  
no not in fiddlers green,  
Balloons all filled with rain,  
as children's eyes turn sleepy mean,  
And Falstaff sings a sorrowful refrain,  
for a boy in fiddlers green.