

October To May

Strawbs

Summer's gone come chill October days
We will stroll through russet trees
Through the fallen leaves of oak and sycamore
That carpet earth through harsh December freeze.

Fireworks and children with eyes that sparkle bright
In November's Guy Fawkes flames
Parents thinking of their forgotten years
As they join in with their children's games.

December brings nostalgic Santa Claus
Toys and shining Christmas trees
Families huddled round their open fires
As they wait for winter's grip to ease.

Seaside piers, iron girders gaunt and still
Gone the crowds of yesterday
Icy fingers in the sea at night
Sad and empty tears the first of May.