

Clifford T. Ward "A Day To Myself"

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It's all so different now
From just a few weeks ago
When April was about to smile on England
And I had to go.

So here I am again
Far from where the blackbird sings
And lanes I love to walk along
Lost in my thoughts
And what of you my love
Though you're so far away
Yet so close to me in all I do and see.

And so on my day off
I could have chosen monuments
Historic chateau, palaces
Or finding ways of improving my French
Instead I wandered out alone

Here where woods and fields abound
And in a quiet corner found the resting place
Of English soldiers killed in war.

And what of them my love
Who died so far from home
No last farewell kiss
All that remains is this.

It makes me so ashamed to feel alone
Whatever would they think of me
For I shall see my love again.

INSTRUMENTAL

It's all so different now
From those few years ago
When April smiled so sweetly still
And they had to go.

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