

Donovan

"In An Old-Fashioned Picture Book"

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Come take a look with me in an old fashioned picture
book.
Patience, the girl we see on the sand with the squint
and parasol low.
Sweethearts are sewn 'tween the cloth of her cuff,
A shell in her little tight hand; soon she'll be going
away
With her bottle of sand tomorrow from the shores of
yesterday.
Come see her move and be in our old fashioned
backward look,
Just like an old movie, talking and real like when it was
took.
Bats, balls and Tomboys, cheeky and gruff,
Faint sounds of a distant brass band, who rides the
donkey today,
Will our visions of tomorrow mingle with those of
yesterday ?
Come, close your eyes and hear melodies from an old
music box,
Tinkling as tandems and tears go tumbling like tresses
and small perfumed locks,
Sweet dreams were sewn 'tween the years of her life
A tear in her little kerchief, waving and fading away
With her ottled sand tomorrow, from thnbe shores of
yesterday.
Will her visions of tomorrow mingle with those of
yesterday ?
Come take a look with me in an old fashioned picture
book

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