

## **Blackmores Night "Wind In The Willows"**

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As I went a walking  
One morning in spring  
I met with some travelers  
On an old country lane  
One was an old man  
The second a maid  
The third was a young boy who smiled as he said

"With the wind in the willows  
The birds in the sky  
There's a bright sun to warm us wherever we lie...  
We have bread and fishes and a jug of red wine  
To share on our journey with all of mankind".

So I asked them to tell me their name and their race  
So I could remember each smile on their face  
"Our name, they mean nothing...  
They change throughout time  
So come sit beside us and share in our wine"

So I sat down beside them  
With flowers all around  
We eat from a mantle  
Spread out on the ground  
They told me of prophets  
And peoples and kings  
And all of the one god that knows everything  
"We're traveling to Glaston  
Over England's green lanes  
To hear of men's troubles  
To hear of their pains  
We travel the wide world  
Over land and the sea  
To tell all the people  
How they can be free..."

So sadly I left them  
On that old country lane  
For I knew that I'd never see them again  
One was an old man  
The second a maid  
The third was a young boy who smiled as he said...

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