

## Frames

# "Neath The Beeches"

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Hand me down the picture  
Of you leaving unsaid  
I know how simple it get  
But sat by chance I need you  
Will you always be there  
And I will lie with you neath the beeches  
On the strand again  
I'm learning to hand it over  
To whatever Lord there be  
And in the same old colours  
I'll be dressed for thee  
But it's not about that though is it?  
It's about you and me  
I hung your feet  
That famous painting above my bed  
And you told me a story  
About some guy who kept his head  
He drowned neath the Southport  
Near the pier where we stand

And I will lie with you neath the beeches  
On the strand again

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