

John Wesley Harding "Peeling Bark"

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Yesterday he was walking through the park
On the way back from work it was getting dark
He saw autumn trees with their peeling bark
She was sitting on a bench
He didn't think she'd look twice you see
But she looked three times or so it would seem
The rain started up it began to teem
And she was getting drenched

She started to run but he caught up quickly
And he was wearing sunglasses it was hard to see
Then she hit him with a moving plea
Could I please share your umbrella
Well he just smiled and he let her in
And they walked through the rain like Siamese twins
He doesn't normally pick up girls he thinks it's a sin
He just not that sort of fella

She told him where she lived and she told him her name
And he tried her patience, she tried to play games
He wanted to be with her though his excuse was lame
I was going that way anyway
Her flat in a house it was three miles out
Right next to a train track and he had to shout
She said I'm a dancer, she twirled about
And asked him if he wanted to stay

His clothes were really wet he should have taken them off
But he was embarrassed cos he thought she'd laugh
But then she insisted when she heard him cough
She went to make some tea
And he was wearing just a towel to keep him warm
And he saw that she liked Somerset Maugham

She took the Guardian so she could be better informed
But she wasn't interested politically
She seemed rather nonchalant

Time went fast, time came to leave
But in that room he thought he was Adam, she was Eve

He wasn't lying and she wasn't deceived
And neither knew what to say
But everything seemed to be going down fine
Til she gave him a leaving sign
And he asked her 'Why?', he said 'Is the fault all mine?'
She just said 'No, I've had a bad day'

So he wandered back to town in the drizzling rain
And he wondered if he'd ever see her again
He wanted to walk with her down lover's lane
And it started to make him cry
Cos his life was turning cartwheels, all his cards were
down
In the circus of existence, he always played a clown
He wanted a slice of forever as he turned into town
And he felt her memory die

But today he was walking through the park
On the way back from work it was still getting dark
He saw autumn trees with their peeling bark
And she was still sitting on that bench

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