

Laurie Lewis

"Who Will Watch The Home Place"

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Leaves are falling and turning to showers of gold
As the postman climbs up our long hill
And there's sympathy written all over his face
As he hands me a couple more bills

Who will watch the home place
Who will tend my hearts dear space
Who will fill my empty place
When I am gone from here

There's a lovely green nook by a clear-running stream
It was my place when I was quite small
And it's creatures and sounds could soothe my worst
pains
But today they don't ease me at all

In my grandfather's shed there are hundreds of tools
I know them by feel and by name
And like parts of my body they've patched this old
place
When I move them they won't be the same

Now I wander around touching each blessed thing
The chimney the tables the trees
And my memories swirl 'round me like birds on the
wing
When I leave here oh who will I be

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