

The Corries

"The October Song"

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I'll sing you my October song
There is no song before it
The words and tune are not my own
My joy and sorrow bore it

Beside the sea
the brambly brier
In the still of evening
Birds fly out from behind the sun
And with them I'll be leaving

The fallen leaves bejewel the ground
They know the art of dying
And leave with joy their glad gold hearts
In scarlet shadows lying

When hunger calls my weary footsteps home
The morning follows after
I swim the seas within my mind
The pine trees laugh green laughter

I met a man who's name was time
He said "I must be going"
But just how long ago that was
I have no way of knowing

Sometimes I could murder time
When my heart is aching
But mostly I just like to stroll along
The path that he is taking

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