

Neil Innes

"Quiet Talks and Summer Walks"

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They pass me by in quiet talk
Hand in hand on a summer walk

sorry you don't have java They don't think they're
overheard
But I hear their every word
She wants to know if he will love her
'til the day he dies
But how can he see the future
when he's looking in her eyes?

I was born in the spring of this year
Warmed by the sun and the wind
that brought me here

There's no expression on my face
And no footsteps leave my trace

They pass me by in quiet talk
Hand in hand on a summer walk...

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