

Van Morrison "Golden Autumn Day"

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Well, I heard the bells ringing
I was thinking about winning
In this God forsaken place

When my confidence was well
Then I tripped and I fell
Right flat on my face

Now I'm standing erect
And I feel like coming back
And the sun is shining gold

Put a smile on my face
Get back in the human race
And get on with the show

And I'm taking in the Indian Summer
And I'm soaking it up in my mind
And I'm pretending that it's paradise

On a golden autumn day
On a golden autumn day
On a golden autumn day
On a golden autumn day

In the wee midnight hour
I was parking my car
In this dimly lit town

I was attacked by two thugs
Who took me for a mug
And shoved me down on the ground

And they pulled out a knife
And I fought my way up
As they scampered from the scene

Well, this is no New York street
And there's no Bobby on the beat

And things ain't just what they seem

And I'm taking in the Indian Summer
And I'm soaking it up in my mind
And I'm pretending that it's paradise

On a golden autumn day
On a golden autumn day
On a golden autumn day
On a golden autumn day

Who would think
This could happen in a city like this
Among Blake's green and pleasant hills

And we must remember
As we go through September
Among these dark satanic mills

If there's such a thing as justice
I could take them out and flog them
In the nearest green field

And it might be a lesson
To the bleeders of the system
In this whole society

And I'm taking in, the Indian Summer
And I'm soaking it up in my mind
And I'm pretending like it's paradise

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