

Autumn Song

Cloud upon cloud blackening stubble
Lingering, spicing the air
Cloud upon cloud men toil unceasing
Reaping and burning another year turning
Autumn's here

I can recall all the girls of the Summer,
Cider-sweet every one
Wayward and dancing laughing and glancing
Reapers have taken them every one

My tiny World is all bars and barriers
Each step ten thousand miles
Every journey has ends and beginnings
Pauses are many in each thousand miles

Friends become younger; they understand me
Simple simply to be
Showing delight in their pleasures and treasures
That wintry prison seems further from me

Bill Godfrey lived next door but one from me in Ware. Ex-poacher, maltster, gardener and butcher, he had a fund of stories about the town and would sit on my wall (the limit of his journeys) to tell them to anyone who'd listen. I tried to imagine what he thought about.

TV Hero

We've known each other off and on for many lonely years
I've never shouted out, but I've hidden all the tears
Though you say you're fond of me and I suppose I should be glad
I'm no TV hero
Just another working man
I'm no TV hero
Just another working man

I find it hard to understand the difference it makes
How you reason right or wrong see pro and con check how they weigh
But I'm in at the deep end so remember if you can
I'm no channel swimmer
Just another drowning man
I'm no channel swimmer
Just another drowning man

We've been around this course before and I recognise it well
The audience's muted roar, the sights, the sounds, the smell
But I must go on singing though sometimes I hardly can
I'm no main attraction
Just an ordinary man
I'm no main attraction
Just an ordinary man

This started off as a sort of love song and developed along the way.....

Pole Star

Must we have journeyed so long to come to this
But our method of travelling isn't the same
And I fear that our paths sometimes miss
And I get so lonely just waiting to arrive
But the train's always late and I suffer the fate
Of the one who could never cry
You're looking for the Pole Star
But I can see the Moon
And though the Moon is so far away
I know we'll be there soon

The whys and the wherefores really concern us now
We've played all our parts and we've broken our hearts
To find not just one more silly row

We talk to each other but I swear we don't hear a word
Our talking is lies you can see in our eyes
We know that we're being so absurd

Want to reach out and hold you and tell you how I feel
But I'm nervous as hell and you know very well
That my nerves are hardly made of steel
And then when I touch you I feel you're trembling still
We might meet on the ledge but we're close to the edge
Oh God let the music help my will

I need to be needed but I can't say how
There's so much to do and I never get through
The line is always busy now
So I write you these few lines and say I want to be free
But there's no need to look at this different book
Under the cover it's still me

Written in 1984 (?) after a Cropredy Festival