

When I Was a Young Man

When I was a young man
Not old enough to doubt
I took my lover's hand
And walked across the lonely
Silent numbered days
Of which this is but one
Passing by

My love told me to be
A feather in the wind
To blow as easily
As nightingale sings free
With a seamless sound
A bell inside its wing
As time flies

High as an autumn sunrise
Swift as an aeroplane
That's flying low now
Somewhere over this town

Above these little houses
Closer then far away
They give a happy song
To those who'd listen

Flair up those ears in wonder
Hear beauty on the street
It's everywhere for everyone to notice

Workman carry their buckets
Dogs barks along the street
Another old man
Makes a new delivery