

# St. Swithin's Day

## Billy Bragg

Thinking back now  
I suppose you were just stating your views  
What was it all for  
For the weather or the Battle of Agincourt  
And the times that we all hoped would last  
Like a train they have gone by so fast  
And though we stood together at the edge of the platform  
We were not moved by them  
With my own hands  
When I make love to your memory  
It's not the same  
I miss the thunder, I miss the rain  
And the fact that you don't understand  
Casts a shadow over this land  
But the sun still shines  
From behind it  
Thanks all the same  
But I just can't bring myself to answer your letters  
It's not your fault  
But your honesty touches me like a fire  
The Polaroids that hold us together  
Will surely fade away  
Like the love that we spoke of forever  
On St. Swithin's Day

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