Leafy Mysteries

Paul Weller

And these leafy mysteries
And the silence of the eve
And in the shady tree's I swing
And in the dappled orchards heatWhere I lie and wait
Wait for the breeze
To carry meTo a place I can lose myself
No time just somewhere else
With a face I can recognize
I forget sometimes, that's always been hereAnd all these leafy mysteries
And the changing of the seas
And all the secrets of the tide
Just open up the world I findSo small to me
When there's so much to see
So much to beDay up and the grasses hiss
Get up, like sweet lips they kiss
See now that you're part of it
I forget sometimes, that's always been hereAnd all these leafy mysteries
Have always been and always will
And in the shady trees I swing
And in the dappled orchard's heatWhere I lie and wait
Wait for the breeze
To hunger meWait for the trees
To breathe in to me

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