

# Peeling Bark

John Wesley Harding

Yesterday he was walking through the park  
On the way back from work it was getting dark  
He saw autumn trees with their peeling bark  
She was sitting on a bench  
He didn't think she'd look twice you see  
But she looked three times or so it would seem  
The rain started up it began to teem  
And she was getting drenched She started to run but he caught up quickly  
And he was wearing sunglasses it was hard to see  
Then she hit him with a moving plea  
Could I please share your umbrella  
Well he just smiled and he let her in  
And they walked through the rain like Siamese twins  
He doesn't normally pick up girls he thinks it's a sin  
He just not that sort of fella She told him where she lived and she told him her name  
And he tried her patience, she tried to play games  
He wanted to be with her though his excuse was lame  
I was going that way anyway  
Her flat in a house it was three miles out  
Right next to a train track and he had to shout  
She said I'm a dancer, she twirled about  
And asked him if he wanted to stay His clothes were really wet he should have taken them off  
But he was embarrassed 'cause he thought she'd laugh  
But then she insisted when she heard him cough  
She went to make some tea  
And he was wearing just a towel to keep him warm  
And he saw that she liked Somerset Maugham  
She took the Guardian so she could be better informed  
But she wasn't interested politically  
She seemed rather nonchalant Time went fast, time came to leave  
But in that room he thought he was Adam, she was Eve  
He wasn't lying and she wasn't deceived  
And neither knew what to say  
But everything seemed to be going down fine  
Til she gave him a leaving sign  
And he asked her 'Why?', he said 'Is the fault all mine?'  
She just said 'No, I've had a bad day' So he wandered back to town in the drizzling rain  
And he wondered if he'd ever see her again  
He wanted to walk with her down lover's lane

And it started to make him cry  
'cause his life was turning cartwheels, all his cards were down  
In the circus of existence, he always played a clown  
He wanted a slice of forever as he turned into town  
And he felt her memory die But today he was walking through the park  
On the way back from work it was still getting dark  
He saw autumn trees with their peeling bark  
And she was still sitting on that bench

Songwriters

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