# In Those Days

## Beverley Craven

There's a blanket of mist on the dew coverded fields
Far in the distance church bells peal
And a hazy white sunlight breaks through the dawn
Catching the cobwebs spun on the lawn
And in through the curtains, a thin shaft of light
Capturing diamonds of dust in their flight
In those days, long before you were born
Those days, when I was a child
As I look back it seems like only yesterday
When I was your ageAs a golden red sun sets in a mackerel sky
On long summer evenings in twilight
Riding home on your shoulders, holding your hand
Watching the hourglass filling with sand
And I still remember the stories you read
And being carried back to my own little bedIn those days, long before you were born
Those days, when I was a child
As I look back it seems like only yesterday
When I was your ageAnd I still remember the stories you read
And being carried back to my own little bedIn those days, long before you were born
Those days, when I was a child
As I look back it seems like only yesterday
When I was your ageIn those days, long before you were born
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