

On Hyndford Street

Van Morrison

Take me back, take me way, way, way back
On Hyndford Street
Where you could feel the silence at half past eleven
On long summer nights
As the wireless played Radio Luxembourg
And the voices whispered across Beechie River In the quietness as we sank into restful slumber in the silence
And carried on dreaming, in God
And walks up Cherry Valley from North Road Bridge, railway line
On sunny summer afternoons
Picking apples from the side of the tracks
That spilled over from the gardens of the houses on Cyprus Avenue Watching the moth catcher working the
floodlights in the evenings
And meeting down by the pylons
Playing round Mrs. Kelly's lamp
Going out to Hollywood on the bus
And walking from the end of the lines to the seaside
Stopping at Fusco's for ice cream In the days before rock `n' roll
Hyndford Street, Abetta Parade
Orangefield, St. Donard's Church, Sunday six bells
And in between the silence there was conversation
And laughter, and music and singing
And shivers up the back of the neck And tuning in to Luxembourg late at night
And jazz and blues records during the day
Also Debussy on the third programme
Early mornings when contemplation was best
Going up the Castlereagh hills
And the cregagh glens in summer and coming back To Hyndford Street, feeling wondrous and lit up inside
With a sense of everlasting life
And reading Mr. Jelly Roll and Big Bill Broonzy
And "Really The Blues" by Mezz Mezzrow
And "Dharma Bums" by Jack Kerouac over and over again
And voices echoing late at night over Beechie River
And it's always being now, and it's always being now It's always now
Can you feel the silence?
On Hyndford Street where you could feel the silence
At half past eleven on long summer nights
As the wireless played Radio Luxembourg
And the voices whispered across Beechie River
And in the quietness we sank into restful slumber in silence

And carried on dreaming in God

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