Time For the Leaving

Magna Carta

The wind blows the ashes of summer,
and pulls the tar paper face on the pudding
the marmalade cat, with dark mangled ears
slips through the fence without pausing
this is my world and home
football and marbles and coming home late if you dare
I look at the face in the mirror,
I know it so well, but I don't know at alland the child books are weary, and fade on the shelves
with things that were precious now dusty
this was my yesterday
and the friends that I knew, have all gone
now is the time
for the leavin'in a corner she sits, by the fire
she seeks the words that somehow elude her
and the yesterday face, a picture with moustache
looks down to the ground from the mantelpiece
this is my world alone
the blue cotton dress and the man on the cross on the wallthen why must you go, are the words that she's found
there's a job in the paper, that's firm
five minutes away from the place that you built
and the prospects get better, they say
how can I tell you now
good-bye must be all I can say
now is the time
for the leavin'now is the time
for the leavin'
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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