

October Song

Bert Jansch

I'll sing you this October song
There's no song before it
The words and tune are none of my own
For my joys and sorrows bore it Beside the sea the brambly briars
In the still of evening
Birds fly out behind the sun
And with them I'll be leaving The fallen leaves that jewel the ground
They know the art of dying
And leave with joy their glad gold hearts
In scarlet shadows lying When hunger calls my footsteps home
The morning follows after
I swim the seas within my mind
And the pine trees laugh green laughter I used to search for happiness
I used to follow pleasure
But I found a door behind my mind
And that's the greatest treasure For rulers like to lay down laws
And rebels like to break them
And the poor priests like to walk in chains I met a man whose name was time
He said I must be going
But just how long ago that was
I have no way of knowing Sometimes I want to murder time
Sometimes when my heart's aching
But mostly I just stroll along
The path that he is taking I'll sing you this October Song
There is no song before it
The words and tune are none of my own
For my joys and sorrows bore it Beside the sea the brambly briars
In the cool of evening
The birds fly out behind the sun
And with them I'll be leaving

Songwriters

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