

## MY FAVOURITE SPRINGS

when the party is over where will we go  
if the shepherd is lost how do we know  
here in the soil of the seeds we sow,  
something is germinating

shiny leaders in a row  
the shiny futures that they bestow  
little sheep learn to 'yes' and 'no'  
as long as they're behaving

stars they glimmer and kingdoms fall  
old papers pile up in the hall  
and when we need it most of all  
the band begins to play ...

*let the flock roam free  
may their every dream be reared  
their fleeces is as white as snow  
when all the chains are sheared*

trinkets and treasures, whistles and bells  
units and measures, heavens and hells  
the buyer he buys what the seller he sells  
but who is stocking the window?

pastures of plenty, fences and pens  
poets and painters and the wounds that they mend  
the respondent receives what the sender he sends  
out for delivery

the sandbox, the village, the drawing of lines  
the spinning of yarns, the aging of wines  
the glorious feast on which all of time dines  
the flax is turning to gold

work boots and slippers, strawberries and thighs  
grist mills and dance halls, scriptures and lies  
the prize fighter fighting for his chosen prize  
a trophy up on the shelf

the heartbeat, the hammer, the tornado, the barn  
from born in the stable until buying the farm  
all of life's treasures protected from harm  
in an old gunny sack ...  
we wont get these days back ...

*let the flock roam free  
may their every dream be reared  
their fleece is as white as snow  
when all the chains are sheared*

springtimes and flowers, the time the clock tells  
field-calls and hollers, earmarks and tells  
a small fortune in coin fills the wishing wells  
the dreams all go a-splashing

crooked old geezers, rosy young tots  
assorted contenders, the haves and have-nots  
the division of labour, the drawing of lots  
the spinner sits a-spinning

the primrose path, the gilded lilies  
one polished prayer on two dusty knees  
a breath of jasmine swept up by the breeze  
like a ship swept into harbour

the morning that's leaving the old night bereft  
a reveler still singing the only song left  
the guillotine tongue and the marks it has cleft  
just pull the wool from your eyes

kites in july, kisses in june  
maybe november beneath the moon  
and september is forever, ever too soon  
what is there left to say ...  
it might as well be may ...

*let the flock roam free  
may their every dream be reared  
their fleece is as white as snow  
when all the chains are sheared*

*let my flock roam free  
may their every dream be reared  
their fleece is as white as snow  
when all the chains are sheared*