

The Jasmine Corridor

Ian Anderson

In all my lives, I never knew anyone like you before.
Woke up one day, swore I heard the sound of heaven knocking on
my door.
And after all these years long passing,
time to reflect, no time for wasting.
Walking down the jasmine corridor.

Reflecting echoes of quiet laughter.

In all my life, I was never better served than I was served by
you.
And in my way, hope you agree I tried to serve you too.
Out on the headland I stepped once unsteady.
You there to catch me , I breathe more freely.
Hand in mine down the jasmine corridor.

Through all my life, I chased flitting illusions at a faster pa
ce.
Never stopped to think: the moment was for seizing, had myself
to face.
You made my bed to lie in, stately.
Mad cats, grandchildren, here more often lately.
The final view from the jasmine corridor.