

Peeling Bark

John Wesley Harding

Yesterday he was walking through the park

On the way back from work it was getting dark

He saw autumn trees with their peeling bark

She was sitting on a bench

He didn't think she'd look twice you see

But she looked three times or so it would seem

The rain started up it began to teem

And she was getting drenched

She started to run but he caught up quickly

And he was wearing sunglasses it was hard to see

Then she hit him with a moving plea

Could I please share your umbrella

Well he just smiled and he let her in

And they walked through the rain like Siamese twins

He doesn't normally pick up girls he thinks it's a sin

He just not that sort of fella

She told him where she lived and she told him her name

And he tried her patience, she tried to play games

He wanted to be with her though his excuse was lame

I was going that way anyway

Her flat in a house it was three miles out

Right next to a train track and he had to shout

She said I'm a dancer, she twirled about

And asked him if he wanted to stay

His clothes were really wet he should have taken them off

But he was embarrassed cos he thought she'd laugh

But then she insisted when she heard him cough
She went to make some tea
And he was wearing just a towel to keep him warm
And he saw that she liked Somerset Maugham
She took the Guardian so she could be better informed
But she wasn't interested politically
She seemed rather nonchalant

Time went fast, time came to leave
But in that room he thought he was Adam, she was Eve
He wasn't lying and she wasn't deceived
And neither knew what to say
But everything seemed to be going down fine
Til she gave him a leaving sign
And he asked her 'Why?', he said 'Is the fault all mine?'
She just said 'No, I've had a bad day'

So he wandered back to town in the drizzling rain
And he wondered if he'd ever see her again
He wanted to walk with her down lover's lane
And it started to make him cry
Cos his life was turning cartwheels, all his cards were down
In the circus of existence, he always played a clown
He wanted a slice of forever as he turned into town
And he felt her memory die

But today he was walking through the park
On the way back from work it was still getting dark
He saw autumn trees with their peeling bark
And she was still sitting on that bench