

With the eyes of a child the  
wonder of it all. I used to  
search the stars at night and I  
felt so safe and small. Sweet  
sounds from a Merseytown and my  
nursery God. I wanted to ride  
with Yuri Gagarin as he circled  
all around my world. Lying under  
the covers. Radio on. Settle  
down with Caroline as she sailed  
all summer long. Sweetheart of  
the Rodeo. Mining Hearts of  
Gold. I think it was somewhere  
post Rubber Soul. There was the  
first caress. There were the  
Labour years. There was the man  
that walked the moon something I  
never really believed. The Di  
Stefano twists the Charlton  
goals. Now I'm still here with  
the eyes of a child the wonder  
never grows old. Hearthhammer.  
The wonder never grows old.