

Remembering

Strawbs

Hawken / Cousins

I sometimes sit and think about our evenings in the firelight
You and I when we were young
Laughing at the crazy-
patterned shadows that were dancing on the wall.

Without a care, with time to spend
Hardly speaking for hours on end
That was you and I when we were young.

Walking hand in hand beside the river at the weekends, you and
I
When we were young
Children with their fishing nets were laughing as they took the
ir catches home.

Caterpillars in paper bags
Knees tied up with dirty rags
That was you and I when we were young.

Brushing through the fallen leaves together in the autumn, you
and I
When we were young
Planning for the future without knowing what it held for us at
all.

The road to nowhere never climbs
We changed direction a dozen times
That was you and I when we were young.