

I walked in my greatcoat
Down through the days of the leaves.
No before after, yes after before
We were shining our light into the days of blooming wonder
In the eternal presence, in the presence of the flame.

Didn't I come to bring you a sense of wonder
Didn't I come to lift your fiery vision bright
Didn't I come to bring you a sense of wonder in the flame.

On and on and on and on we kept singing our song
Over Newtonards and Comber, Gransha and the
Ballystockart Road.
With Boffyflow and Spike
I said I could describe the leaves for Samuel and Felicity
Rich, red browney, half burnt orange and green.

Didn't I come to bring you a sense of wonder
Didn't I come to lift your fiery vision bright
Didn't I come to bring you a sense of wonder in the flame.

It's easy to describe the leaves in the Autumn
And it's oh so easy in the Spring
But down through January and February it's a very different thing.

On and on and on, through the winter of our discontent.
When the wind blows up the collar and the ears are frostbitten too
I said I could describe the leaves for Samuel and what it means to you and me
You may call my love Sophia, but I call my love Philosophy.

Didn't I come to bring you a sense of wonder
Didn't I come to lift your fiery vision
Didn't I come to bring you a sense of wonder in the flame.

Wee Alfie at the
Castle Picture House on the Castlereagh Road.

Whistling on the corner next door where
he kept Johnny Mack Brown's horse.
O Solo Mio by McGimsey
and the man who played the saw
outside the city hall.
Pastie suppers down at Davey's chipper
Gravy rings, barmbracks