

# And Also The Trees, 21 York Street

I went to York Street  
Saw the house where I was born  
And watched the river flow

Under the bridge where  
Clocks were turning  
Women talking  
Dogs were barking  
Watched the faces glow

And all the words  
Like bubbles rise  
Advice and orders  
Tender lies the truth  
Don't tell me which way I should go

Outside a butchers shop  
I saw a girl who looked a lot  
Like someone that I used to know

I recognised expressions  
Eyes of boys in men  
Forgotten now  
Gods knows how many years ago

And as I paused  
Deep breathing air  
My voice it roared  
But wavered only softly  
Through the town that I call home