Beverley Craven, In Those Days

There's a blanket of mist on the dew coverded fields Far in the distance church bells peal And a hazy white sunlight breaks through the dawn Catching the cobwebs spun on the lawn And in through the curtains, a thin shaft of light Capturing diamonds of dust in their flight In those days, long before you were born Those days, when I was a child As I look back it seems like only yesterday When I was your age

As a golden red sun sets in a mackerel sky
On long summer evenings in twilight
Riding home on your shoulders, holding your hand
Watching the hourglass filling with sand
And I still remember the stories you read
And being carried back to my own little bed

In those days, long before you were born Those days, when I was a child As I look back it seems like only yesterday When I was your age

And I still remember the stories you read And being carried back to my own little bed

In those days, long before you were born Those days, when I was a child As I look back it seems like only yesterday When I was your age

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