

# Beverly Craven, In Those Days

There's a blanket of mist on the dew covered 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

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