

New Model Army, First Summer After

After all the days of waiting we were suddenly released
We filled our pockets with good fortune and headed out East
There were rumours on the highways, there were shadows of the war
It was the first summer after and the last summer before

We bought flowers for the wedding from the market in the square
And turned up dressed like pirates, just happy to be there
Among the ghosts of Empire and the legends of the Wall
It was the first summer after and the last summer before

So we listened to the road, we listened to the wind
We listened to the bells, we listened to the trees
There were ripples on the water and ripples in the sheets
There were ripples in our hearts and ripples in the heat

And when the madman stole the keys in the dark dead of the night
Our luck we couldn't believe, like a strange shift of the light
It's the kindness of other people we have built our lives upon
It was the first summer after and the last summer before

There were ripples on the water and ripples in the sheets
There were ripples in our hearts and ripples in the heat
And now the people talk in riddles and drift to silence

And all the colours they were turning, and the land was at rest
And the harvest moon was waning as we headed back West
The dust rising from the fields until we couldn't see at all
It was the first summer after and the last summer before