

Peter Hammill, Autumn

So here we are, alone -
our children have grown up and moved away.
living their own lives, they say...
it all seems very strange to me.
I don't understand their ways:
our children amaze me all the time
and I often wonder why they make me feel
so sad and suddenly old.
Now we're left with an empty home,
from our nest all the birds have flown for foreign skies.
We're discarded, of no further use,
though we gave our kids all our youth and all our lives -
we really tried.
Now there's only my wife and me;
we used to have a family - now that's gone
and only memories linger on...
it all seems very wrong to me.
To our sorrows they were quite deaf
and as soon as they could they left us to our tears.
We always tried to teach what was good -
yes, we gave our kids all we could through all the years.
So here we are at last;
the time has gone so fast and so have my dreams.
I simply don't know what it all means,
this pointless passage through the night,
this autumn-time, this walk upon the water....
I wonder how long
it will be till this song
is sung by our own sons and daughters?