

Eddi Reader, The Afton

The dam on our doorstep
Frozen over, undiscovered,
Covered nature's sculptures fine,
And the man-made beauty shines,
For the first time in life,
I behold the Afton's might,
And the waterworks don't blight
Nor the railings mar this sight
To see the joy in the mundane
Feel the life force in the plain
Is that not the why you came?
Still you're leaving.....
Still you're leaving.....
Still you're leaving.....
Still you're leaving.....

To the Afton
Still you're leaving.....

To the Afton
Still you're leaving.....

To the Afton
Still you're leaving.....

Still you're leaving, all the same

For the first time in life,
I behold the Afton's might,
And the waterworks don't blight
Nor the railings mar this sight
To see the joy in the mundane
Feel the life force in the plain
Is that not the why you came?
Still you're leaving.....
Still you're leaving.....
Still you're leaving.....
Still you're leaving.....

To the Afton
Still you're leaving.....

To the Afton
Still you're leaving.....

To the Afton
Still you're leaving.....

Still you're leaving
All the same