

# Gerry Rafferty, Benjamin Day

(partial lyrics)

To a lane called Corrie Wynd there came a peddler  
With his pack and all he called gestedler  
And in his bag he carried many treasures

Dear old Benjamin Day, I still can hear you say  
Strange things for sale, straight from a fairy tale

He'd open up his bag, and take out what he had  
An amethyst ring, a puppet on a string  
A piece of crystal glass, a thing that's meant to last.

I still recall the stories he would tell us....