

Mike Scott, Down Through The Dark Streets

Down by old house
over the bridge
down through the dark streets
where we used to live
Out by the cornfield
and the sycamore trees
down to the water
will you come, Lassie please ?

Snow in the town square
December afternoon
Christmas lights
a crescent moon
A boy selling chestnuts
roasted and brown
dropping black cinders
that hiss on the ground
You and I stand like strangers
in our Hokusai clothes
like we come from some strange country
that nobody else knows
And to go where the wind blows
are just the words of thieves
so will you come with me, Lassie
will you come Lassie, please ?

There's a place there by the river
I never showed you before
but when I'm far away
that's where I go
Outside it's lamplight
high time we leave
Winter-a-borning
Will you come Lassie, please ?

The big blue sea between us
is thousands of miles
It's cruel I know
but you just have to smile
I'd be back for you
if I could just believe
that everything is right and pure
that everything is right and pure
that everything is right and pure
will you come, Lassie, please ?