## 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?