

# Ralph McTell, Barges

Me and my brother returned to the water  
I saw a pike that was two feet long.  
Two small magicians, each with a jam jar  
Cast spells on the water with hazel twig wands.

Country boys catch tadpoles, dive into water  
Made shy by their laughter, we wandered down stream  
And summer rolled o'er us with no complications  
'Cept thinking of Mama sometimes in dreams.

Stand by the drawbridge, waiting for barges  
Waiting around for smiles from the man.  
Lifting the bridge whilst watching the horses  
Dragging the slow boats up the canal.

I do remember the times but no number  
After the day, but before evening comes  
Waiting for castles and kettles with roses  
Painted on barges that sailed into the sun.

Oh, see the river run, that was by man begun  
Open the locks, let the boats sail on,  
Taking their castles and kettles with roses  
With summers of childhood leaving smiles on the man.