

# The Corries, The October Song

I'll sing you my October song  
There is no song before it  
The words and tune are not my own  
My joy and sorrow bore it

Beside the sea  
the brambly brier  
In the still of evening  
Birds fly out from behind the sun  
And with them I'll be leaving

The fallen leaves bejewel the ground  
They know the art of dying  
And leave with joy their glad gold hearts  
In scarlet shadows lying

When hunger calls my weary footsteps home  
The morning follows after  
I swim the seas within my mind  
The pine trees laugh green laughter

I met a man who's name was time  
He said "I must be going"  
But just how long ago that was  
I have no way of knowing

Sometimes I could murder time  
When my heart is aching  
But mostly I just like to stroll along  
The path that he is taking