

Van Morrison, Golden Autumn Day

Well I heard the bells ringing, I was thinking about winning
In this God forsaken place
When my confidence was well, then I tripped and I felt
Right flat on my face
Now I'm standing erect, and I feel like coming back
And the sun is shining gold
Put a smile on my face, get back in the human race
And get on with the show

And I'm taking in the Indian Summer
And I'm soaking it up in my mind
And I'm pretending that it's paradise
On a golden autumn day, on a golden autumn day
On a golden autumn day, an a golden autumn day

In the wee midnight hour I was parking my car
In this dimly lit town,
I was attacked by two thugs, who took me for a mug
And shoved me down on the ground
And they pulled out a knife, and I fought my way up
As they scarpered from the scene
Well this is no New York street, and there's no Bobby on the beat
And things ain't just what they seem

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Who would think this could happen in a city like this
Among Blake's green and pleasant hills,
And we must remember as we go through September
Among these dark satanic mills
If there's such a thing as justice I could take them out and flog them
In the nearest green field
And it might be a lesson to the bleeders of the system
In this whole society

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On a golden autumn day, on a golden autumn day, golden autumn day ...