

The October Country

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Have you ever seen the fairies dance?
Grease on their heels and ants in their pants,
Jumping off the mushrooms, spinning on their heads,
Bumping into trees like reckless kids.
Arms and legs all over the place
And nothing you'd ever call style or grace.
Still, if ever you get the chance
You owe it to yourself to see the fairies dance.

Have you ever heard the griffin speak?
With a plug of tobacco stuffed in his cheek
He's often huffy and hard to please
And his cussing could peel the bark off trees.
He'll tell you more than your mama knows
How the red-tail flies, how the mustard grows,
Why the orange is orange. It'll take a week,
But anyhow, go and hear the griffin speak.

BRIDGE:

Left at the traffic light, right at the store,
Underneath the broken heart, over the war.
It's a different picture though you've found the frame,
And the song never does remain the same.
Not for the grown are the airs and grasses,
The sweet summer daisies, the bright-faced lasses.
Take the flytrap and the tarnished face,
You can go back again but it's a different place.

Have you ever seen the playground dark,
Shadows and leaves blowing round the park
The swings and castles looks stained and small
And the secret tunnel isn't there at all.
Lift up the shadow-curtain, find the key
And you'll see what your eyes have learned to see.
It's an ugly magic but it's got the spark
And it's still there waiting when the playground's dark.

Well, Time is subtle as a sidelong glance
But come with me to watch the fairies dance.

Naomi set me the fascinating task of writing the music for this one.

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