

The Hills of Lancashire

Dear Mabel, you'll be wondering what's has been happening to me
I'm a lucky man to be alive not drowned in the sea
The Memories still linger what I saw and heard last night
But I need to feel your closeness so this letter I will write

Just to say I'm thinking of you make my feelings crystal clear
Once again we'll walk together, through the hills of Lancashire

Though I'm glad to be alive you know its hard to raise a smile
I'm scarred and bruised and beaten and I'll be in here for a while
A shipmate brought this paper and a pen to me today
But please read between the lines for what I really need to say

I dreamed a dream last night, that I was home again back there
That little row of cottages a table and 4 chairs
With the door that's always open by the day and through the night
The children playing in the street, the home fires burning bright

This war was made by fools they say who don't know wrong from right
Like I know some guardian angel saved my life that stormy night
Breaking waves they stood between us, 'til fate took my dying hand
Put me safe into a lifeboat rowed by angels to the land

They say that I can leave here in a week or maybe two
Take a train across the moor and hill I'm coming home to you
With a kit bag full of memories and my comrades far behind
The boatmen and the angels and the many ties that bind

Words & Music Richard Grainger 2014

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