

Paul Weller, Leafy Mysteries

and these leafy mysteries
and the silence of the eve
and in the shady tree's I swing
& in the dappled orchards heat
where I lie & wait
wait for the breeze
to carry me
to a place I can lose myself
no time just somewhere else
with a face I can recognise
-I forget sometimes
that's always been here
And all these leafy mysteries
& the changing of the seas
& all the secrets of the tide
just open up the world I find-
so small to me
when there's so much to see
so much to be
day up & the grasses hiss
get up! Like sweet lips they kiss
see now that you're part of it
I forget sometimes
That's always been here
And these leafy mysteries
Have always been & always will
& in the shady trees I swing
& in the dappled orchard's heat
-where I lie & wait
wait for the breeze
to hunger me-
wait for the trees
to breathe in to me