

A SLIGHT MUD SONG

I picked my way through the crowd,
Along the muddy street - it was a lousy day,
When past me from behind there came a girl.
I grabbed her arm, I held her back,
The bus came past and splashed a dirty
Pool across the path in front of us.

“You saved my stockings from the wet”
She said, and all at once a smile of magic split the rain.
And I knew and she knew,
But what to say, without it being obvious -
We walked together for a little way under her umbrella.

And as I spoke my foot came down
Upon a broken paving stone and splashed a
Dirty pool on both her feet.

Scowling through that smile she said
“We’ve reached the place where I was going” –
And disappeared in a passing cake-shop door.

I picked my way through the crowd,
Along the muddy street - it was a lousy day.

*A “brief encounter” type of song written in 1972.
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