

Autumn days when the grass is jewelled
and the silk inside a chestnut shell,
jet planes meeting in the air to be refuelled,
all these things I love so well.

*So I mustn't forget. No, I mustn't forget,
to say a great big thank you, I mustn't forget.*

Clouds that look like familiar faces,
and a winter's moon with frosty rings,
smell of bacon as I fasten up my laces
and the song the milkman sings.

Whipped up spray that is rainbow-scattered,
and a swallow curving in the sky.
Shoes so comfy, though they're worn-
out and they're battered, and the taste of apple-pie.

Scent of gardens when the rain's been falling,
and a minnow darting down a stream,
picked-up engine that's been shuttering and stalling,
and a win for my home team.