

DAYS OF THE LONG SHADOWS

D A D G D
The nights are drawing in; back at home the wood fire's burning
The dry leaves coat the ground in shades of gold and burnt sienna

G D Asus4 - A
The summer swallows long ago have flown
When all the other colours long have gone

G D Bm
And the clouds are casting shadows on the fields and in the valleys but
And a group of shaggy ink caps is the only thing still growing but

D G D A D
These days of the long shadows will be gone

D A D G D
And I look out to the hillside to the trees all black and barren
I stop beside the pasture where the cattle once were grazing

G D Asus4 - A
Silhouettes of strength stripped to the bone
The grassland now as wet and cold as stone

G D Bm
And I think about the springtime with the woodlands filled with bluebells when
And high above a buzzard circles ----- searching for survival but

D G D A D
These days of the long shadows will be gone

D A D G D
And this country's facing ruin now its heart is lying bleeding
But I walk down to the meadow where the butterflies once lingered

G D Asus4 - A
While the people do their best to struggle on
Where foxgloves and forget-me-nots have grown ----- and I know that

G D B
Our wealth has all been plundered and it's hard to keep believing that
One day they'll be seen again, these trees will all be green again and

D G D A D
These days of the long shadows will be gone