

## Ambergate

*The first of a month's worth of songs in 2017, on a train through the English countryside. It comes in very handy when one's spirits need lifting, or when you're lost and it's getting dark out.*

This is my first song, simple, not elegant  
Simply the first one, waiting for rain  
Eyes sharp and ready for Moorhen and Meadowsweet  
Speeding from Oxford on the 12:40 train  
12:40 train, 12:40 train  
Speeding from Oxford on the 12:40 train

What will I find when I've gone far enough  
How will I know when I am there  
Singsong conductor says, "Treats on the dining cart"  
17 languages swirl in the air

If I was that cow, I'd be home in yon pasture  
If I was that crow, I'd roost in yon tree  
If I were that cloud, I'd float on past Ambergate  
Nestle on into the highest of peaks

Banbury, Birmingham, Leamington, Coventry  
Backpacks and book bags and puzzles and pounds  
Maybe I'll change out to Blackpool or Glasgow  
Or maybe I'll just walk a whistling round

If you wanted to know the story of everything  
I'd start in the middle, and then I'd begin  
Backwards and forwards and round in a circle  
You could peek in the curtain or plow right on in

But for now I'll just sing you from Oxford to Darby  
I can't even think what tomorrow might find  
But I'll dig out this pencil and wide open paper  
And frolic my dreams in the day's morning shine

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This song appears on the album, *Ride in the Light*  
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