

Forever Autumn

Jeff Wayne

For three days I fought my way along roads packed with
refugees, the homeless, burdened with boxes and bundles containing their val
uables.

All that was of value to me was in London, but by the time I reached their l
ittle
red-brick house, Carrie and her father were gone.

The summer sun is fading as the year grows old
And darker days are drawing near
The winter winds will be much colder
Now you're not here.

I watch the birds fly south across the autumn sky
And one by one they disappear

I wish that I was flying with them
Now you're not here.

Like the sun through the trees you came to love me

Like a leaf on a breeze you blew away

Through autumn's golden gown we used to kick our way
You always loved this time of year
Those fallen leaves lie undisturbed now
'cause you're not here
'cause you're not here
'cause you're not here

JOURNALIST: Fire suddenly leapt from house to house, the population panicked
and
ran - and I was swept along with them, aimless and lost without Carrie. Fina
lly, I headed
Eastward for the ocean, and my only hope of survival - a boat out of England
.

Like the sun through the trees you came to love me
Like a leaf on a breeze you blew away

A gentle rain falls softly on my weary eyes

As if to hide a lonely tear
My life will be Forever Autumn
'cause you're not here
'cause you're not here
'cause you're not here

JOURNALIST: As I hastened through Covent Garden, Blackfriars and Billingsgat
e,
more and more people joined the painful exodus. Sad, weary women, their chil
dren
stumbling and streaked with tears, their men bitter and angry, the rich rubb
ing shoulders
with beggars and outcasts. Dogs snarled and whined, the horses' bits were co
vered with
foam... and here and there were wounded soldiers, as helpless as the rest.

We saw tripods wading up the Thames, cutting through bridges as though they were paper - Waterloo Bridge, Westminster Bridge... One appeared above Big Ben.

MARTIANS: Ulla!

JOURNALIST: Never before in the history of the world had such a mass of human beings moved and suffered together. This was no disciplined march - it was a stampede - without order and without a goal, six million people unarmed and unprovisioned, driving headlong. It was the beginning of the rout of civilization, of the massacre of mankind.

A vast crowd buffeted me towards the already packed steamer. I looked up enviously at those safely on board - straight into the eyes of my beloved Carrie! At sight of me she began to fight her way along the packed deck to the gangplank. At that very moment it was raised, and I caught a last glimpse of her despairing face as the crowd swept me away from her.

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