

## October To May

Strawbs

Summer's gone come chill October days  
We will stroll through russet trees  
Through the fallen leaves of oak and sycamore  
That carpet earth through harsh December freeze.

Fireworks and children with eyes that sparkle bright  
In November's Guy Fawkes flames  
Parents thinking of their forgotten years  
As they join in with their children's games.

December brings nostalgic Santa Claus  
Toys and shining Christmas trees  
Families huddled round their open fires  
As they wait for winter's grip to ease.

Seaside piers, iron girders gaunt and still  
Gone the crowds of yesterday  
Icy fingers in the sea at night  
Sad and empty tears the first of May.