

# Paul Weller, Leafy Mysteries

and these leafy mysteries  
and the silence of the eve  
and in the shady tree's I swing  
& in the dappled orchards heat  
where I lie & wait  
wait for the breeze  
to carry me  
to a place I can lose myself  
no time just somewhere else  
with a face I can recognise  
-I forget sometimes  
that's always been here  
And all these leafy mysteries  
& the changing of the seas  
& all the secrets of the tide  
just open up the world I find-  
so small to me  
when there's so much to see  
so much to be  
day up & the grasses hiss  
get up! Like sweet lips they kiss  
see now that you're part of it  
I forget sometimes  
That's always been here  
And these leafy mysteries  
Have always been & always will  
& in the shady trees I swing  
& in the dappled orchard's heat  
-where I lie & wait  
wait for the breeze  
to hunger me-  
wait for the trees  
to breathe in to me