

Flying High, Flying Free

Leon Rosselson

The red sun is sinking and the sky is on fire.
Swallows line up on the telegraph wire.
I think they've decided it's time to be gone.
For the days are now shrinking. The summer's moved on.

*Swallow, swallow I wish I could follow you,
over the deserts, the mountains, the seas.
South to the colours and sunshine of Africa.
Flying high, flying free.*

Swallow I don't understand how you know
how far you will fly to and which way you will go.
Resting at night time and flying by day,
with no map or compass to show you the way.

And I wish you could stay here the whole winter through,
just as the robins and chaffinches do.
But I know that you can't for when frost grips the year,
the insects you feed on will all disappear.

*Swallow, swallow I wish I could follow you,
over the deserts, the mountains, the seas.
South to the colours and sunshine of Africa.
Flying high, flying free.*

Butterfly, dragonfly, salmon and seal,
whale and reindeer, cuckoo and eel,
each of them doing the migration dance
and I'd do it too if they'd give me the chance.

Clock in the kitchen and clock in the hall,
clock on the mantle piece and clock on the wall,
tocking and ticking me off when I'm late,
but no clock to tell me it's time to migrate.

*Swallow, swallow I wish I could follow you,
over the deserts, the mountains, the seas.
South to the colours and sunshine of Africa.
Flying high, flying free.*

And I'll miss your forked tails as you swoop through the air.
Your nests will be empty that you built with such care.

But I know you'll return as you have done before
and your nests will be filled with your young ones once more.

So when winter departs with his mantle of snow
and the plum tree's in blossom and the days start to grow.
When the summer sun rises and the sky is on fire.
I will see you again on that telegraph wire.