

Gravel, sand and clay

She left behind her half life and found somebody new
And asked him at the crossroads to choose the way he'd choose
He answered "straight and narrow", but then did hear her say
"we could try the path less travelled, of gravel, sand and clay".

He said "my shoes would muddy, and that heath wind blows too cold,
We won't need your lucky heather for we're bound for streets of gold
And I might tear my coat on briar rose, we'd surely lose our way,
We'll not take the path less travelled of gravel sand and clay".

I'm glad he was a Dandy
I'm glad she stood her ground
When I met her in the heather I was lost but then was found
And we tore our clothes on briar rose, made sure we lost our way
Upon the path less travelled of gravel, sand and clay.