



Down by the river, a field of bluebells grow
The peace there overwhelms me, like medicine for the soul
I woke early this morning, turned to my husband sleeping soundly
Another restless night of his dreams conflicting with reality
Before the world awakens, this could be my chance
To sneak away to the river and allow my mind to cleanse
The days are so long and tiring, I get bored of my own surrounds
I feel like a captive bird sometimes longing for release
My favourite time of the day is taking a walk to the river, where the bluebells grow

While the world still sleeps, that's where you'll find me

I can go home again with energy and vigour, ready to face another day
Of caring for the man who needs me more than ever now
Am I breaking a rule to stray from my garden for a moment's sanctuary?
A choice I make for a more balanced, and capable mind
To feel free for just a little bit of the day, it's my therapy,
it's my escapism, it's my right.