

Rose Red Highgate Daybreak

Verse

Red sky at morning, sailors take warning

A freezing fog December day

Going down the Archway Mountain

To ply my City trade

Greetings, my fellow traveller

I know your face but not your name

Our paths often cross at Archway station

As we play our daily game

Chorus

Rose red Highgate daybreak

London bathed in pink down below

The clouds paint pastels in the heavens

Over Holy Joe's, Marx and Waterlow

Verse

Fog shines bright on Archway Mountain

A crisp and quiet winter morn

It prompts a mood of calm reflection

Before the moment's glow is gone

Oh, will I make a difference?

Will this be a better day?

But Archway Station only beckons me

As I go on my way

Chorus

Rose red Highgate daybreak

London bathed in pink down below

The clouds paint pastels in the heavens

Over Holy Joe's, Marx and Waterlow

Verse

The sun cuts through the Highgate morning mist

Providential streams of light

High Street proudly wears her Christmas pearls

The Village becomes bright

I'm sad to go away today

To leave this tranquil place

But I'll be back in Highgate soon,

its civility and grace

Chorus

Rose red Highgate daybreak

London bathed in pink down below

The clouds paint pastels in the heavens

Over Holy Joe's, Marx and Waterlow