The lights are on in Cornwall

By Dean Saccardi

Every light is on in Cornwall
Our low hills are alive
As family crowd the homes once more
Safely shut inside
Tucked away in Cornwall
Sheltered neath our pines
We discover things forgotten
That we had left behind
Left behind in Cornwall
Guarded by its hills
Preserved within its valleys
Within the air as it fills your lungs
when here in Cornwall
As it fills your heart
For what you leave behind in Cornwall
Has been here since the start