

I'll just step out for a breath of air,
No, no, I'm fine, there's nothing wrong.
I'll get the post, shall I, while I'm there?
I won't be long.

I'll just step down to the marketplace,
It's not so far, perhaps a mile.
I need some distance and breathing space;
I may be a while.

I'll just step down to the edge of the sea.
There's really nothing I need to pack.
Don't trouble your head with thoughts of me;
I won't be back.