

Bob Dylan, Golden Loom

Smoky autumn night, stars up in the sky,
I see the sailin' boats across the bay go by.
Eucalyptus trees hang above the street
And then I turn my head, for you're approachin' me.
Moonlight on the water, fisherman's daughter, floatin' in to my room
With a golden loom.
First we wash our feet near the immortal shrine
And then our shadows meet and then we drink the wine.
I see the hungry clouds up above your face
And then the tears roll down, what a bitter taste.
And then you drift away on a summer's day where the wildflowers bloom
With your golden loom.
I walk across the bridge in the dismal light
Where all the cars are stripped between the gates of night.
I see the trembling lion with the lotus flower tail
And then I kiss your lips as I lift your veil.
But you're gone and then all I seem to recall is the smell of perfume
And your golden loom.