

Bob Lind, Dale Anne

Dale Anne is a mermaid on the sand
Reaching out with helpless hands
For someone to understand
Sometimes I get to thinking of the way she used to cry
It makes me want to rise and paint her picture on the sky
So everyone could see how sadly beautiful she is
And bring sunshine to the darkness where she lives

Dale Anne is a bird with frozen wings
She's the queen of everything
That's been forgotten by the spring
She has been deserted by the ones she used to trust
Packing up their promises, they vanished in the dust
Standing at the crossroads of tomorrow and goodbye
She's lost inside of other peoples' lives

Dale Anne is a song that no-one hears
Holding memories like a mirror
Reflecting images of tears
All her faithless vagabonds have finished with their scenes
She remains discarded in the graveyard of her dreams
Whenever I see roses helpless in the rain
My thoughts go turning back to Dale Anne