

Buffalo Tom, Under Milkwood

In the sad blue light, in the deepest shade
Margaret Mary saddles, all our love away

The shallow moonlight sips her milky eyes
And underneath the ground, the mother sends the child

And the rain buries the lonely night
And the rain buries the lonely night
And the rain buries the lonely, lonely august night

Makes a crossing sign, of the Catholic kind
Have the neighbors heard, what our hero enshrines

The shallow moonlight sips her milky eyes
And underneath the flowers, the mother sends the child

And the rain buries the lonely night
And the rain buries the lonely night
And the rain's very cold , the rain's very cold, cold out tonight