

Richard Thompson, How Will I Ever Be Simple Again

(Richard Thompson)

Oh she danced in the street with the guns all around her
All torn like a rag doll, barefoot in the rain
And she sang like a child, toora-day toora-daddy
Oh how will I ever be simple again

She sat by the banks of the dirty grey river
And tried for a fish with a worm on a pin
There was nothing but fever and ghosts in the water
Oh how will I ever be simple again

War was my love and my friend and companion
And what did I care for the pretty and plain
But her smile was so clear and my heart was so troubled
Oh how will I ever be simple again

In her poor burned-out house I sat at her table
The smell of her hair was like cornfields in May
And I wanted to weep and my eyes ached from trying
Oh how will I ever be simple again

So graceful she moved through the dust and the ruin
And happy she was in her dances and games
Oh teach me to see with your innocent eyes, love
Oh how will I ever be simple again
Oh how will I ever be simple again