

Sandy Denny, The Music Weaver

I'm a long way from you,
I'm a long way from home.
And who cares for the feeling
Of being alone?
The notes and the words
They will always unfold
And I'm left with a manuscript
That will grow old
And the secrets all told anyway.
So the song it is yours,
And the song it is mine.
And a cold wind it blows
Through good fortunes of time.
The hobo he leaves
When the going is bad
And the music he weaves
Is so gentle and sad.
But freedom he has anyway.