

# 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.