

Sandy Denny, What Is True?

Silver tongues are speaking long and hard into the night,
I must be myself and I'll do alright.
Oh please my darling do not make me sad,
Late at night nobody really wants to feel that bad.

The rain it beats impatiently upon the window pane,
I must close my ears or I'll go insane.
Can't you be a gentle breeze or silent as a snowfall,
Won't you try and listen for the voice behind the wall.

It cries to you.

Even though it only ever whispers part of what it knows,
And it's never ventured through the locks,
Where the brazen river flows.
It's the fingerprint which is never made.
It's the perfume of a rose.

And it is there if you are searching,
But the moment must be right,
As the night is black, as the day is white.
Please my friend help to make me glad,
Help me find the one and only thing I've never had.

What is true?

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