

# Talis Kimberley, Pale Shamen

I stand by the window - The curtain is open  
I can see further - With my night time eyes  
Something woke me - I was sleeping naked  
There's a kind of sadness - When your garden cries

I can hear you breathing - I can see you're sleeping  
You won't be wakened - You're steady dreaming  
But I 'm awake and this is real -  
And I could tell you tomorrow,  
Tell you tomorrow -

Oh, those white horse women  
No man's forged the chain can keep these women bound  
Oh, those white horse women  
Pale shamen running the Moon to ground  
Pale shamen running the Moon running the Moon to ground

Yes they move me - Just not the whole distance  
I'm somewhat like them - And somewhat... different  
And there are too few - Words in our language  
And that's the lack keeps - So many hearts hostage

Oh she wasn't my type - But that's not the point now  
'Cos when I take risks - I take them just so far  
She takes them further every time  
I could have wept if I'd wanted,  
Wept if I'd wanted to -

Oh, those white horse women  
No man's forged the chain can keep these women bound  
Oh, those white horse women  
Pale shamen running the Moon to ground  
Pale shamen running the Moon running the Moon to ground

So thoroughly poignant  
So thoroughly poignant

Pale shamen, pale shamen  
Running the Moon  
Pale shamen, pale shamen  
Those white horse women

Pale shamen...