

# The Incredible String Band, Gently Tender

Gently tender falls the rain,  
washing clean the slate again;  
But leave me please, behind my brain,  
this light doesn't shadow on her  
Shadows dancing through  
the pink milk blankets,  
where my mind  
Lay dreaming gently of my loving you.  
Sometimes I think I was true, but then I loved the  
stone beneath my feet as much, usually.

Gently tender snow-drop grows,  
see the past tense quietly go.  
Kill the chord but let me know this light  
doesn't shadow on her.  
Shadows crawling through the green bush trees  
where my toes crept  
Breathing lightly of my loving you.  
Sometimes I think I was true, but then I loved the  
stone beneath my feet as much, usually.

Slowly spitting crawls the snake,  
see the branches bend and break.  
Venom that might easily shake  
this light doesn't shadow on her.

Good, good loving, she gave me good loving, good,  
good, loving, she gave me good loving,  
Good, good loving, she gave me good.  
And now all my wine is water,  
to her all my wine is water,  
All water, and my pearls are clear.  
And now all my wine is water,  
to her all my wine is water.  
All water, and my pearls are clear.

She gave to me good loving,  
she gave to me good loving,  
Oohhhhhhh good loving.