

The Incredible String Band, Worlds They Rise An

worlds they rise and fall within her eyes
she gives the eagle wings
to fly her skies
upon her breath the four worlds live and die
and sometimes
its all I can do is bow to her

chorus:
but when the moon is misty through the trees
right now she says I want to be
your girl, your little girl

stars they rise and fade, around her dance
for her the steep is climbed
the gulf is spanned
she lives, she lives, the bards sing, around her stand
and sometimes
its all I can do is bow to her

chorus