

The Pentangle, Train Song

Fair thee well little lady
Trains are gathering in
One and the two, three and the four thousand miles
Miles from you

Lord I tried my best
To be your man
Can you see, can you feel
That burning in the muscles?
Don't you understand?

Love is a basket of light
Grasping so tight
Shining bright, just staying the right to be caught in the night
Caught in the basket of light