

Townes Van Zandt, Like A Summer Thursday

by Townes Van Zandt
Her face was crystal
fair and fine
her breath was morning
her lips were wine
her eyes were laughter
her touch divine
her face was crystal
and she was mine

If only she
could feel my pain
but feelin' is a burden
she can't sustain
so like a summer thursday
I cry for rain
to come and turn
the ground to green again

If only she
could hear my songs
'bout the empty difference
'tween the rights and wrongs
then I know that I
could stand alone
as well as they
now that she's gone

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fair and fine
her breath was morning
her lips were wine
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her face was crystal
and she was mine