

Townes Van Zandt, None But The Rain

by Townes Van Zandt

We had our day but now it's over
we had our song but now it's sung
we had our stroll through summers clover
but summer's gone now, our walkin's done

So tell me gently who be your lover
who be your lover after I'm gone
will it be the moon that hears your sighin'
will it be the willow that hears your lonesome song

Will it be the rain that clings to your bosom
will it be the sunshine that dries your golden hair
will it be the wind that warns of my returning
will a rose be in your arms when I find you waitin' there

None but the rain should cling to my bosom
none but the moon should hear my lonesome sigh
none but the wind should warn of your returning
Fare thee well, my love, good-bye