

Townes Van Zandt, Sixteen Summers, Fifteen Falls

by Townes Van Zandt

Let me tell you a story 'bout a girl I knew
fairest skin with eyes of blue
I swear to the Lord that I loved her true
it's a year now she's been gone

Her spirit was as bright as the soft sunshine
lips the color of strawberry wine
I wish to God she still was mine
The chance won't come again

After first we lay in love's sweet bed
with one look at her eyes I might have read
all the pain that was flying through her head
through my guilt I could not see

I turned to her when the morning came
hungry thoughts racing through my brain
but the knife in her heart screamed herself she'd slain
and a note whispered love too soon

Her old man screamed and her mother cried
all I could do was to wonder why
a girl in her youth was forced to die
is loving such a crime?

She died [few in the years] with breasts still small
seeing sixteens summers and fifteen falls
me and my blindness never realized all
the fear she kept inside

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