

# Badfinger, Blodwyn

I put away the knife, the chisel and the saw  
I've locked away my life behind this old oak door  
To make a simple spoon, a token of my love  
In hope that maybe soon, it's me you're thinking of  
So take my spoon, Blodwyn  
Make it soon, Blodwyn  
The valley knows the way I feel today  
So take my spoon, Blodwyn  
Make it soon, Blodwyn  
Before some other spoon takes you away  
My life may not be long, was working down below  
For so much can go wrong, but what else do I know?  
So take these precious years and make them precious too  
And say you'll take from me what I will give to you

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