

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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