

Blue Rodeo, Phaendra's Meadow

I was walking thru the forest
One cold and dreary morn
My heart sick with jealousy
And memories I need no more
No I could never kill a man
But I would do him harm
Knowing that you're there
Lying in his arms
My flesh was ripped and torn
By the bramble and the thorn
I was lost but well-prepared
To offer up my soul
Because the greater misery
Is to live with what I know
The moon concealed by April's storm
No bearing I could find
Until I fell into a clearing
And a road I recognized
I was far
Far from my home
Further from her smile
Not sure if I would return
Or just lay down and die
As I stood in Phaendra's Meadow
Well the dawn did break the sky
And from the highest up in heaven
The Weaving Star fell into my eyes