

# Blues Traveler, 12 Swords

Here I stand and alas  
Of a warrior's class  
Apprentice turned sorcerer I

I've seen many wars end  
Made the battle my friend  
None am I afraid to defy

I've done as I please  
Yet I fall to my knees  
Weak and bleeding sure that I'm through

And as I lay there to die  
I can see the night sky  
And suddenly I'm thinking of you

Does the crescent moon rise  
By the light of your eyes  
Can you see the star that I'm wishing on  
And is it shining as bright  
From where you see it tonight  
And does the love that you feel make you strong  
On my twelve swords I'm yours  
Till you need me no more  
And I'll wish away till morning

Like a harvested husk  
Another city sacked at dusk  
The rampaging conquest goes well  
But I cannot erase  
The memory of our embrace  
Without you I'd have died where I fell

And I must ask again  
Is the battle my friend  
What will my life and sorcery be

I only know this is true  
That indeed I love you  
And I ask by the first star I see

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