

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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