

Gene Clark, Kathleen

Ever flaming eyes of green
But the loneliest you have seen
Stands there barefoot by the shore
Like a widows walk that hears their dour

And a voice she's heard not seen
For many years she's sailed alone
Merry but one day when he
Went a-whalin' on and then goes on, his Kathleen

Silently she holds within
Like a proud and beautiful she is
Faith like no-one ever said
And her reasons won't belay her fears

Would the cruel stormy sea
Take her love and just never tell life when
And each day, Kathleen
She will beg the spirits of the wind, for Kathleen

Why she'd be upon her knee
Begs the spirit of the wind
Send him safely home from sea
So that love undecided can bloom again, for Kathleen