

Jackson C. Frank, Marcy's Song

Well she, she's just a picture
Who lives on my wall
Well she, she's just a picture
And the reason, reason, reason it is so small
With a smile so inviting and a body so tall
She, she's just a picture
Just a picture
That's all
Well you stand there, stand there with the nightshade
Her dripping ripping down your hands
And you ask me, ask me about the lightning
And the lady, lady, lady she understands
It's a dream for the future and the water for the sands
And the strangeness is wandering
Through many callin' lands
I'd give you, give you quite freely
All the clothes on your gipsy bait
And I'd suffer, suffer so long in prison
If I knew you'd have to wait
With the wind scouring sandstone
And the ashes in your grate
Somewhere no devil emperor
The great whale's gone
The holy plate
And this caravan it becomes an alter
And the priests, the priests are big as none
And I'll share, share our time together
Until our time together is done
But your skin it was pretty
And I loved, I loved another one
Now she, she's just like some picture
That has faded in the sun
Well she, she's just a picture
Who lives on my wall
Well she, she's just a picture
And the reason, reason, reason is so small
With a smile so inviting and a body so tall
Well she, she's just a picture
Just a picture
That's all
Just a picture
That's all