

Linda Ronstadt, Burns' Supper

(Richard Thompson)

Oh you speak the words
Locked in my breast
But it's late for me
Let an old man rest
One more black and tan on the barricade
To keep me safe from loving

Well I close my eyes, close my eyes
To the cold flame of the Northern Lights
Well I close my eyes, close my eyes
And I see you still in the shuttered night

What a newfound friend is honesty
To see ourselves as others see
To see the shy boy inside the man
Is that all I am, just starved of loving?

Well I close my eyes, close my eyes
To the cold flame of the Northern Lights
Well I close my eyes, close my eyes
And I see you still in the shuttered night