

# Linda Ronstadt, King Of Bohemia

(Richard Thompson)

Let me rock you in my arms  
I'll hold you safe and small  
A refugee from the Seraphim  
With your rich girl rags and all

Did your dreams die young  
Were they too hard won  
Did you reach too high and fall  
And there is no rest  
For the ones God blessed  
And he blessed you best of all

Your eyes seem from a different face  
They've seen that much that soon  
Your cheeks too cold, too pale to shine  
Like an old and waning moon

And there is no peace  
No true release  
No secret place to crawl  
And there is no rest  
For the ones God blessed  
And he blessed you best of all

If tears unshed could heal your heart  
If words unsaid could sway  
Watch atch you melt into the night  
With adieu and rue the day

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Did you reach too high and fall  
And there is no rest  
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And he blessed you best of all