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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Were they too hard won
Did you reach too high and fall
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And he blessed you best of all