Marianne Faithfull, Come My Way (Version 1)

The wild mountain thyme that grows around my door
Has grown there for two score years or more
And I've grown weary waiting for love to say
"come my way, come my way."

The brook that sings and twinkles in the sun
Has danced this mercy dance since time begun

But o how weary and how long the day will he say
"come my way."

Lovers all around, I wish you joy
Happiness to every girl and boy.
But sometimes spare a thought of me and say
"love come her way," come my way.