

# Marianne Faithfull, The Absent Touch

The cat sleeps in the red chair  
My lover combs her jet black hair  
There's mystery in a way of walking  
It's witching hour no need to talk

And there are diamonds in our bed  
I put your hands about my head  
My lover worships the sun  
Her body is the amazon

My lover is of royal birth  
My lover smells of the good earth

I give my love my life to wear

I taste my life in that black hair  
At three o'clock it's time to say  
Rest you love till break of day  
Rest you love till break of day

Though I won't phone nor will I write  
I wish you happiness tonight  
I thank you for this witching hour  
I give you love, I give you power

I run my fingers through your soul  
I know my love you make me whole  
Forgive me if I say too much  
I am in love with absent touch