

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