

# Mike Scott, Beverly Penn

Girl sleeping on a mansion roof  
Under a wintery sky  
Wrapped she is in furs and sable,  
Starlight in her eye  
And what is the name of this creature ?  
Where did she live and when ?  
Who was she and why was it  
That Peter Lake loved Beverly Penn

Four o'clock on a marble morning,  
Water pouring on her skin  
In fever her life bursts open  
And a hurricane blows in  
When high from the dreams of this creature  
A thief on a horse descends  
It was dawn and it was december  
And Peter Lake loved Beverly Penn

It was all of a windy day  
And the sky was full of crows  
When her lovely soul ascended