

Mike Scott, The Girl In The Swing

Do you see them coming through fields of snow?
do you see them riding through fields of snow?
One rides for a woman who has no name
one rides for a king
And one just rides and rides and rides and rides
for the girl in the swing

They race like phantoms in the Belmont light
you see them follow the Belmont light
They ride through places where the walls are white
where the noble voices of women sing
A brace of thanks and silent night
and a song for the girl in the swing

Well, you just asked me do I know what love is
well, sure I know, sure I know what love is
It's the thief of sleep, a boy and his dog
a red rubber ball, these old foolish things
A rain that falls a long, long way from home
it lives in the girl in the swing!
It lives in the girl in the swing...