

Phil Ochs, Your Eyes Will Taste Of The Flowers

I'm a leavin' on the morning railroad
in the drizzlin' darkness of the rain
and I hear with every wheel a turning
secrets sounding of your name.

And your eyes will taste of the flowers
your lips of the morning dew
and your hair will taste of the meadow
and all the world will taste of you.

I can't tell the reason why I'm leaving
I don't know just what I'm heading for
I just know with every mile I wander
I'm needing you another mile more.
chorus

Oh if you never get my letter
you know your memory will stay
with every song that I am singing
with every word that I say.
chorus

I'll carry your picture in my pocket
when times are good or times are bad
and if I chance to meet another
it won't take away the good times that
singin' all the world will taste of you.