

Richard Thompson, Bathsheba Smiles

(Richard Thompson)

Bathsheba smiles
She smiles and veins turn to ice
She smiles and heads bow down
She works the room
Air-kisses every victim twice
She spreads her joy around

Do you close your eyes to see miracles
Do you raise your face to kiss angels
Do you float on air to hear oracles
Bathsheba smiles, smiles
Bathsheba smiles, smiles
No doubt can cross her mind
Cross her mind

Bathsheba knows
She knows you better than yourself
Confess it on your knees
She shares her love
And sharing love is sharing wealth
Dig in your pockets please

Do you close your eyes to see miracles
Do you raise your face to kiss angels
Do you float on air to hear oracles
Bathsheba smiles, smiles
Bathsheba smiles, smiles
No doubt can cross her mind

No pain no gain's a strain
But she never seems to hurt
Catwalk pilgrims sing this song
Hello heaven, goodbye dirt
And no hair shirt

Do you close your eyes to see miracles
Do you raise your face to kiss angels
Do you float on air to hear oracles
Bathsheba smiles, smiles
Bathsheba smiles, smiles
No doubt can cross her mind

Do you close your eyes
Do you raise your face
Bathsheba smiles, smiles
Bathsheba smiles, smiles
Bathsheba smiles