

Sandy Denny, Makes Me Think Of You

No use knocking at my door,
I don't think I live here anymore.
I live in the past you see
I think of the last time we were there
Before you went with her.

All my letters lie unopened,
Along with calling cards and tokens.

I cannot read, you see,
I think of the need to be by you now
If I could only move somehow.

The albums strewn without their clothes
Gather dust among the grooves.
The only one I play is "blue",
It makes me think of you.