

The Incredible String Band, Queen Of Love

A strong power calls from the left hand
Across the waters deep
a strong power calls from the left hand
let all things sleep or weep

oh the queen of love, you have unwove my eyes
and my heart will not sleep

the eye would sleep but the mind would rise
I must needs walk down God's eyebrows
and along the street of his eyes
look for me and you will see me in my red cloak
swimming determined
as God's blood flows

creatures of grief you beg from the thief
I will not carry home your sacks of sorrow
but I will pay the fiddler good silver if he smiles
pray God he see tomorrow

and the fine fine girls that are into it
and my eyes with salt water swim
and we disputing with a brittle gaiety
upon the world's rim
if I sought to love you with my body
it would be with a bent back
unto the day of doom

Oh the Queen of Love
I am in her heart
she is in my room

and together alone we clasp hands
and in each other's eyes walk the endless shore
and below I have my duty to perform in the song
and that that I was
you will see it no more

the snow is on the hills of my heart
and to speak is to die
the men at arms do seek to mark me
and the monks raise hue and cry
seek me in vain on Golgotha
or in fear's hollow
for the way I take today
only the true may follow

the ancestors in stone armour
calling for loyalty untrue
seek to make a zigzag of the arrow's flight
it is so swaddled in the bands of form
but I am girdled with the storm
and cloaked with the night
I am not to be seen or found
save only in what I cause
standing outside on the inside outside
perfectingness and flaws

how will I say where I end
or where you begin
how will I say, what shall I play
shall it be you or the wild wind
as Pan with the unsane eyes
or with the wild horns

or when I am crowned with the paper crown
or with the crown of thorns

a strong power compels distortion from the right hand
fleece to the grey wolves
fangs to the grey sheep
but the Queen of Love she strokes
my body alive, that I do not sleep.
The doctor brews potions and pills
to open his own front door
and the locksmith makes strong bolts
to bar his gates to every new breeze that blows
shall I now put lion's ears upon my ears
hear every sound as a roar
shall I now put mouse's eyes upon my eyes
gauge the moon for size against my paw

while the Queen of Love
she sings to me
from above and beyond the world

and I observe my mind
it is playing ignorant boy
while at her feet I am curled

and I remember all female movements so well
of such a form to bring much joy and ease much care
to perfume and let fall the coloured gown
and to let down the curling hair.

But now I play seed thrower
and I will play three-legged man
I will play dream weaver and day bringer
and catch as catch can

While the Queen of Love
she swims like a silver dove in my mind's room
and my body sleepwalks down the road
in a warm dark swoon