

Townes Van Zandt, Columbine

by Townes Van Zandt
Tossin' hair a-ravin'
eyes of flashin' blue
all the livin' that you're savin'
won't buy you dreams for you

Cut yourself a columbine
tear it from the stem
now breathe upon the petals fine
and throw them to the wind

Watch the petals dancin'
see them twirl and sing
all your pride and prancin'
how much does it mean?

Watch the petals start to fly
and then come falling down
hear the wind begin to cry
as she sees some touch the ground

Ah, lady, like the flower fair
some day you'll have to fall
and you can find me standin' there
to catch you if you crawl

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