

Townes Van Zandt, Many A Fine Lady

Well it's many a fine lady that's walked along beside me
With their flesh made of velvet and their eyes made of rain
Well some tried to hold me to hurt me to hide me
And some turned away not to look back again

One stood among them I remember most clearly
Well her sorrows were heavy and her laughter was slow
Well I courted her gently and I loved her most dearly
And I came her majestic reflection to know

Her words like a mountain stood lonely and lofty
With her face like a daydream and her hair like the shawl
Worn by a mourner as he steals away softly
From those that would have him mourn nothing at all

Endlessly sorrow rode high on the north wind
Slashing and slicing to take him his toll
And endlessly creatures of darkness were cuttin'
Their paths through the walls that shelter the soul

But no longer gypsy lie sadness unending
Well her eyes they lay hollow and her face petrified
Well, the sun will go laughin' and others condemn him
But who there among you could have told her good-bye