

# Townes Van Zandt, Our Mother The Mountain

by Townes Van Zandt

My lover comes to me with a rose on her bosom  
the moon's dancin' purple  
all through her black hair  
and a ladies-in-waiting she stands 'neath my window  
and the sun will rise soon  
on the false and the fair

She tells me she comes from my mother the mountain  
her skin fits her tightly  
and her lips do not lie  
She silently slips from her throat a medallion  
slowly she twirls it  
in front of my eyes

I watch her, I love her, I long for to touch her  
the satin she's wearin'  
is shimmering blue  
Outside my window her ladies are sleeping  
my dogs have gone hunting  
the howling is through

So I reach for her hand and her eyes turns to poison  
and her hair turns to splinters,  
and her flesh turns to brine  
she leaps cross the room, she stands in the window  
and screams that my first-born  
will surely be blind

She throws herself out to the black of the nightfall  
She's parted her lips  
but she makes not a sound  
I fly down the stairway, and I run to the garden  
no trace of my true love  
is there to be found

So walk these hills lightly, and watch who you're lovin'  
by mother the mountain  
I swear that it's true  
Love not a woman with hair black as midnight  
and her dress made of satin  
all shimmering blue