Townes Van Zandt, She Came And She Touched

by Townes Van Zandt
She came and she touched me
with hands made of heaven
reflections sent spinnin'
through a face laced in mist
Now I stand where she left me
buried deep 'neath her shadow
and the mirror plead sadly
does it all come to this
and I wonder: Will she call my name?

The wind careens madly
through wide windows paneless
fragrancies mingle
in a room full of shade
The peons pick partners
and waltz cross the ceilings
but the violins whisper
that I've been betrayed
tryin not to look ashamed

The drunkards drink deeply
from cups full of nothingness
ghost lovers laugh
at the games that they play
the moments do somersaults
into eternity
cling to their coattails
and beg them to stay
saying I got nothing to hide

Illusions projected
on walls made of Tiffany
mad men you adds to
a sad satin song
A harlequin mandolins
harmonize helplessly
hoping that endlessly
won't last for long
Praying that their God ain't dying

Then I turn and I see her
in a dress made of moonlight
teardrops like diamonds
run slow down her face
her arms surround me
like chains made of velvet
and the demons fall faithfully
into their place
and the rivers run with jewels

Now the morning lies open
the night went quite quickly
memory harmlessly
fractures and fades
All the poets do push-ups
on carpets of rubber foam
loudly they laugh
at some joke that's been made
and the wise men speak like fools