

# Wishbone Ash, The Ring

The grey mist ushers in the day.  
A beggar walks along the king's highway.  
Where does he come from? Who can tell?  
They can't escape the gaze they know so well.  
The dream came true in far off lands.  
He always knew she'd understand.  
The march of time her love did wane.  
Another's crime played on the lady's pain,  
And now the ring shines in her hand.  
Who's the stranger with her wedding band?  
With faith so true, robbed of his lands  
He always knew she'd understand.