

## Tull Jethro

### "Pussy Willow"

Visit "[Pussy Willow](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

In the half-tone light of a young morning  
She signs and shifts on the pillow  
And across her face dancing, the first shadows fly  
To kiss the Pussy Willow.

In her fairy-tale world she's a lost soul singing  
In a sad voice nobody hears.  
She waits in her castle of make-believing  
For her white Knight to appear.

Pussy Willow - down far-lined avenue  
Brushing the sleep from her young woman eyes  
Runs for the train - see, eight o'clock's coming  
Cutting dreams down to size again.

She longs for the East and a pale dress flowing  
An apartment in old Mayfair  
Or to fish the Spey, spinning the first run of Spring  
Or to die for a cause somewhere.

Pussy Willow - down fur-lined avenue  
Brushing the sleep for her young woman eyes  
Runs from the train. Hear her typewriter humming  
Cutting dreams down to size again

Visit [Tull Jethro](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.