

Crimson King

"Formentera Lady"

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Houses iced in whitewash guard a pale shore-line

Cornered by the cactus and the pine.

Here I wander where sweet sage and strange herbs
grow

Down a sun-baked crumpled stony road.

Dusty wheels leaning rusting in the sun;

Snuff brown walls where Spanish lizards run.

Here I'm shadowed by a dragon fig tree's fan

Ringed by ants and musing over man.

I'll unwind my old strings while the sun shine down

Won't climb any high thing while the sun shine.

Formentera Lady sing your song for me

Formentera Lady sweet lover.

Lamplights glows on old guitars the travellers strum;

Insence children dance to an Indian drum.

Here Odysseus charmed for dark Circe fell,

Still her perfume lingers still her spell.

Time's grey hand won't catch me while the sun shine
down

Untie and unlatch me while the stars shine.

Formentera Lady dance your dance for me

Formentera Lady dark lover

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