

Faubush Hill

"Red Mandolin"

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She held a red mandolin, played it like a sin
In a smoky village room where the kisses taste like gin
And stick like fresh marmalade, to the sugar sweet
charade
Far beneath a jealous moon she sings her serenade

I would lay, I would lay, I would lay,
I would lay my life down for you dear
Shelter all your innocence, swallow all your tears
I would lay, I would lay, I would lay,
I would lay my life down for you love
Because tonight, you're the only dream I'm dreaming
of

Her melody so serene, Picasso painted her in greens
With envy of the passion that she kissed on every
string
And every note tied the tune, to the rainy afternoons
Her daydreams, songs and poetry all washed away too
soon

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It seems all of her fantasies were tied by insecurities
And hung beneath a willow tree, she swore she'd never
tell
Her tears filled up a wishing well with tips from passing
fare-the-wells
She played as though her tune would cast a spell
But she never fell

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