

Bob Dylan

"Golden Loom"

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Smoky autumn night, stars up in the sky
I see the sailin' boats across the bay go by
Eucalyptus trees hang above the street
And then I turn my head for you're approachin' me

Moonlight on the water
Fisherman's daughter
Driftin' in to my room
With a golden loom

First we wash our feet near the immortal shrine
And then our shadows meet and then we drink the wine
I see the hungry clouds up above your face
And then the tears roll down, what a bitter taste!

Driftin' away
On a summer day
Where the wildflowers bloom
With your golden loom

I walk across the bridge in the dismal light
Where all the cars are stripped between the gates of
night
I see the trembling lion with lotus flower tail
And then I kiss your lips as I lift your veil

But then you're gone and then all
I seem to recall
Is the smell of perfume
And your golden loom

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