

Emmylou Harris

"Michelangelo"

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Last night I dreamed about you
I dreamed that you were older
You were looking like Picasso
With a scar across your shoulder

You were kneeling by the river
You were digging up the bodies
Buried long ago
Michelangelo

Last night I dreamed about you
I dreamed you were a pilgrim
On a highway out alone to find
The mother of your children

Who were still unborn and waiting
In the wings of some desire
Abandoned long ago
Michelangelo

Were you there at Armageddon?
Was Paris really burning?
Could I have been the one to pull you
From the point of no returning?

And did I hear you
Calling out my name?
Or was it forgotten long ago
Michelangelo?

Last night I dreamed about you
I dreamed that you were riding
On a blood red painted pony
Up where the heavens were dividing
And the angels turned to ashes
You came tumbling with them
To earth so far below
Michelangelo

Last night I dreamed about you
I dreamed that you were dying
In a field of thorn and roses

With a hawk above you crying

For the warrior slain in battle
From an arrow driven
Deep inside you long ago
Michelangelo

Did you suffer at the end?
Would there be no one to remember?
Did you banish all the old ghosts
With the terms of your surrender?

And could you hear me
Calling out your name?
Well, I guess that I will never know
Michelangelo

Last night I dreamed about you
I dreamed that you were weeping
And your tears poured down like diamonds
For a love beyond all keeping

And you caught them one by one
In a million silk bandanas
That I gave you long ago
Michelangelo

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