

Bruce Hornsby

"Lady With A Fan (Live)"

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Let my inspiration flow in token rhyme, suggesting
rhythm

That will not forsake you, till my tale is told and done
While the firelight's aglow, strange shadows in the
flames will grow

Till things we've never seen will seem familiar

Shadows of a sailor, forming winds both foul and fair
all swarm

In Carlisle, he loved a lady many years ago
Here beside him stands a man, a soldier by the looks
of him

Who came through many fights, who lost in love

While the story teller speaks, a door within the fire
creaks

And suddenly flies open and a girl is standing there
Eyes alight with glowing hair, all that fancy paints as
fair

Takes her fan and throws it to the lion's den

Which of you to gain me, tell, will risk uncertain pains
of hell

I will not forgive you if you will not take the chance
Soldier gave at least a try, soldier being much too wise
Strategy was his strength and not disaster

The sailor, coming out again, the lady fairly leapt at
him

That's how it stands today, you decide if he was wise
The story teller makes no choice, soon you will not hear
his voice

His job is to shed light and not to master, not to master

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