

Bruce Hornsby **"Lady With A Fan"**

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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 from 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.
Down in Carlisle, he loved a lady many years ago.
Here beside him stands a man, a soldier from the
looks of him,
Who came through many fights, but lost at love.

While the story teller speaks, a door within the fire
creaks;
Suddenly flies open, and a girl is standing there.
Eyes alight, with glowing hair, all that fancy paints as
fair,
She takes her fan and throws it, in 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.
The sailor gave at least a try, the 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.

Since the end is never told, we pay the teller off in
gold,
In hopes he will return, but he cannot be bought or sold.

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