

A.C. Newman

"The Troubadour"

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You walk the broken stones still warm, the sunlight
calculates its form
Some quick shadow newly worn, the idea spinning in
your arms
Could it be we've won?

At the various routes of promise have converged
The troubadour is here, you heard, the youngest son,
alive with firsts
About to learn, about to burst, but still turning from the
worst

From the fight and the flight that was too late one night
That stopped me at the door, that stopped me at the
door
Too late to be what you were just before
It stopped me at the door, stopped me at the door
Oh, you couldn't know unless you'd been there before

The child king recklessness it fades, floored like all the
service trays
The nurses take them all away, you're all done
counting what you've made
It is enough and nothing, paid

A kiss is blown, a kiss to cry for till one day it makes
you smile
It will take time, a long, long while, the country's in its
dream of gold
You're flashing young and old

You're going right to your flight, it's leaving tonight
It stopped me at the door, it stopped me at the door
Oh, you couldn't know unless you've been there before
It stopped me at the door, stopped me at the door
Too late to be what you were just before

It stopped me at the door, stopped me at the door

