

## Irma Thomas

### "Her Tea Leaves"

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And come the evening of my day  
The dark birds in the tree  
And in her garden

I think I'll be there somewhere too  
The yarrow by my head  
Where are you fallin'

And she will lick her thinner thumb  
And ringless finger too  
And douse a candle

And though she never gave a thing  
The way she said my name  
We'll be together

When autumn comes  
She'll be there  
Jazmine still in her hair  
Her tea leaves drying by the sea

And many men behind her door  
Haev heard the bathtub run  
And longed to love her

And though she never waits for me  
We never ask the time  
When we're together

When autumn comes  
She'll be there  
Jazmine still in her hair  
Her tea leaves drying by the sea

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