

**Jackson C. Frank****"Marcy's Song"**

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Well she, she's just a picture  
Who lives on my wall  
Well she, she's just a picture  
And the reason, reason, reason it is so small  
With a smile so inviting and a body so tall  
She, she's just a picture  
Just a picture, that's all

Well you stand there, stand there with the nightshade  
Her dripping ripping down your hands  
And you ask me, ask me about the lightning  
And the lady, lady, lady she understands  
It's a dream for the future and the water for the sands  
And the strangeness is wandering  
Through many foreign lands

I'd give you, give you quite freely  
All the clothes of your gypsy fate  
And I'd suffer, suffer so long in prison  
If I knew you had to wait  
With the wind scouring sandstone  
And the ashes in your grate  
Somewhere no [??] Emperor  
The great whale's gone  
The holy plate

And this caravan it becomes an altar  
And the priests, the priests are big as none  
And I'll share, share our time together  
Until our time together is done  
But your skin it was so pretty  
And I loved, I loved another one  
Now she, she's just like some picture  
That has faded in the sun

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