

Kate Rusby "Bitter Boy"

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There was a boy, a bitter boy,
Whos gloden heart I saw gleaming.
I thought I'd win the heart within
But now I know that I was dreaming.

But I will rise and I will sing,
Until the day I can't conceal it,
Because I hold the saddest song,
I wish to god you cannot feel it.

And then the boy, the bitter boy,
He came to me for rest and healing.
He reached in his chest, deep in his breast,
And held out the heart for me still gleaming.

But I will rise and I will sing,
Until the day I can't conceal it,
Because I hold the saddest song,
I wish to god you cannot feel it.

And then the boy, me and the boy,
We walked for miles through stormy weather,
And hand in hand, we roamed the land,
And held the gleaming heart together.

But I will rise and I will sing,
Until the day I can't conceal it,
Because I hold the saddest song,
I wish to god you cannot feel it.

And then the boy, the bitter boy,
He came to take the gleaming treasure.
He reached in my chest, deep in my breast,
And took the gleaming heart forever.

But I will rise and I will sing,
Until the day I can't conceal it,
And then I'll sing the saddest song,
I wish to god you cannot hear it.

Oh and then I'll sing the saddest song,
And wish to god you cannot hear it.

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