Linda Ronstadt And Ann Savoy "Burns' Supper"

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Oh, you speak the words, locked in my breast But it's late for me, let an old man rest One more black and tan on the barricade To keep me safe from loving

Well, I close my eyes, close my eyes To the cold flame of the Northern Lights Well, I close my eyes, close my eyes And I see you still in the shuttered night

What a newfound friend, his honesty To see ourselves as others see To see the shy boy inside the man Is that all I am, just starved of loving?

Well, I close my eyes, close my eyes To the cold flame of the Northern Lights Well, I close my eyes, close my eyes And I see you still in the shuttered night

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