

## Christy Moore "Beeswing"

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I was 18 when I came to town  
They called it the summer of love  
Burning babies, burning flags  
The hawks against the doves

I took a job at the steaming way  
Down on Caltrim St  
Fell in love with a laundry girl  
That was workin' next to me

Brown hair zig zagged across her face  
And a look of half surprise  
Like a fox caught in the headlights  
There was animal in her eyes

She said to me  
"Can't you see I'm not the factory kind?  
If you don't take me out of here  
I'll surely lose my mind"

She was a rare thing, fine as a bee's wing  
So fine, a breath of wind might blow her away  
She was a lost child, she was runnin' wild  
(She said)  
"So long as there's no price on love, I'll stay  
You wouldn't want me any other way"

We busked around the market towns  
Fruit pickin' down in Kent  
We could tinker pots and pans  
Or knives, wherever we went

We were campin' down the Gower one time  
The work was mighty good  
She wouldn't wait for the harvest  
I thought we should

I said to her we'll settle down  
Get a few acres dug  
A fire burning in the hearth  
And babies on the rug

She said, "Oh man, you foolish man  
That surely sounds like hell  
You might be lord of half the world  
You'll not own me as well"

She was a rare thing, fine as a bee's wing  
So fine, a breath of wind might blow her away  
She was a lost child, she was runnin' wild  
(She said)  
"So long as there's no price on love, I'll stay  
You wouldn't want me any other way"

We were drinking more in those days  
Our tempers reached a pitch  
Like a fool I let her run away  
When she took the rambling itch

Last I heard she was living rough  
Back on the Derby beat  
A bottle of White Horse in her pocket  
A Wolfhound at her feet

They say that she got married once  
To a man called Romany Brown  
Even a gypsy caravan  
Was too much like settlin' down

They say her rose has faded  
Rough weather and hard booze  
Maybe that's the price you pay  
For the chains that you refuse

She was a rare thing, fine as a bee's wing  
I miss her more than ever, words can say  
If I could just taste all of her wildness now  
If I could hold her in my arms today  
I wouldn't want her any other way

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