

Marianne Faithfull

"Come My Way"

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The wild mountain thyme that grows around my door
Has grown there for two score years or more
But I've grown weary waiting for love to say,
"Come my way, come my way."

The brook that sings and twinkles in the sun
Has danced this mercy bounce since time begun
But O how weary and how long the day
Will he say, "Come my way."

Lovers all around, I wish you joy,
Happiness to every girl and boy.
But sometimes spare a thought of me and say
"Love come her way," come my way.

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