

Mary Black "Golden Thread"

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I looked into a mirror made of lines
With tiny symbols here and there to make the image
mine
A woman stood and painted, and showed me what to
find
The different parts, the fire, the air,
And where my life would climb:
And where it joins another, and what would always
bind:

Chorus:

It's a golden thread to hold you all of my days,
Hold my head against you, now and for always,
Sewn me up, shown us a long, long time;
Makes you my life, makes you my life.

The moving finger writes and goes away;
I'm weighed upon a balance here
And I'm told that I can stay

The kettle heats, the water speaks up, says I'm not
alone;
My whole life is a tapestry, and hanging in my home.
And here it joins another, by what will always bind:

Chorus

An when you looked your angel flew away
And what it meant was your protection's gone another
day
And what has come to change you,
And have you come what may
Is fashioned by an old triangle, green as april haze,
And blue is just a colour, but blue is here to stay.

Chorus (2)

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