

Dar Williams

"Holly Ann"

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She is a weaver, through her hands the bright thread
travels

Blue green water, willows weeping, silver stars
She sings and sighs as the shuttle flies
Through the yarn like a Kerry dancer
Pink and purple velvet red for a lover's bed

Living north of San Francisco
With a man who build his house alone
Living peaceful in the country
The lights of the Golden Gate will lead her home

She is a spinner, in her hands the wooden wheel
Turns the wool around and around again
The gypsy from Bolinas sits and plays the mandolin
Faces smile in the firelight of a foggy night

Living north of San Francisco
Sometimes it's nice to be alone
She says it's peaceful where she is living
The lights of the Golden Gate will lead her home

You can see the bridges of the city
Hanging in the air by steel and stone
She says it's peaceful where she's living
The lights of the Golden Gate will lead her home

She is a weaver, through her hand the bright thread
travels
Blue green water, willows weeping, silver stars
She is my sister, the baby born when I was older
Her hands are light, her hair is bright as the summer
sun

Living north of San Francisco
Sometimes it's nice to be alone
She says it's peaceful in the country
The lights of the Golden Gate will lead her home
The lights of the Golden Gate will lead her home

