

Dar Williams

"Holly Ann (The Weaver Song)"

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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

