

Van Morrison "Raglan Road"

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On Raglan Road on an autumn day
I saw her first and knew
That her dark hair would weave a snare
That I may one day rue

I saw the danger, yet I walked
Along the enchanted way
And I said, "Let grief be a falling leaf
At the dawning of the day?"

I said, on Grafton Street in November
We tripped lightly along the ledge
Of a deep ravine where can be seen
The worst of passions pledged

The 'Queen of Hearts' still baking tarts
And I, and I, and I, and I not making hay
Well, I loved too much by such and such
Is happiness thrown away, alright

I gave her the gifts of the mind
I gave her the secret sign
That's known to all the artists who have
Known true Gods of sound and time

With word and tint I never did not stint
I gave her reams of, reams of poems to say
With her own name there and her shiny black hair
Like the clouds over fields of May

On a quiet street where old ghosts meet
I see, I see her walking now
Away from me, away from me so hurriedly
My reason, my reason, my reason, my reason must
allow

For I have wooed, not as I should
A creature made of clay
When the angel woos the clay, he'll lose
His wings at the dawn of the day, alright

