

Simon Carly

"The Fisherman Song"

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In a pine forest cooler than the rest of the island,
Lives a young fisherman with eyes like the sea,
He built his own boat, made his own cabin,
And he's broken the hearts of the likes of me.

Now you must understand he made me a promise,
There were secrets we shared, we planted a tree,
We lived in his cabin, I fished along side of him
I fell under the spell of his scorcery.

When he cast me adrift at the end of the summer,
It was not for another but his own privacy,
I fell apart like a rose, but the scent of my longing,
Remains and it weeps like an old willow tree.

At night when its still with a yellow moon rising,
When his candle is snuffed and hes deep in a dream,
I move like a cat and crawl in to his window,
And lie down beside him in a golden moonbeam.

The smell of his skin was just like the summer,
When our love was as fresh as the grass in the fields,
And ever so softly, I kiss his eyelids
Before slipping away, my secret concealed.

Though I'm in it alone, I'm still in it in love,
And love can be lonely like a sweet melody,
But just maybe he feels me like a whisper inside him,
Like an angel beside him deep in him company.

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