

Allan Taylor

"The Lady"

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The lady gave me flowers and I refused them
For flowers will not grow among the weeds
And the kindnesses she offered, I abused them
My wants were always greater than my needs

And she tried so very hard, but I didn't hear a word
For I was far away and couldn't hear her cry

My lady took her troubles and deserted
To take a strangers arm to lean and cry
And suddenly my senses were reverted
But slowly all her feelings passed me by

And she tried so very hard to choose a friendly word
For I was closer now and tried to hear her cry

And when she comes to me in dreams, I find I'm
turning
To face her, when before I turned away
When before I wouldn't listen, now I'm learning
To hear the gentle words she had to say

And now I try so very hard to hear her every word
But all the time I seem to hear her cry

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