

## **Richard Thompson**

### **"Beeswing"**

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I was nineteen when I came to town  
They called it the Summer of Love  
They were burning babies, burning flags  
The hawks against the doves  
I took a job in the steamie  
Down on Cauldrum Street  
And I fell in love with a laundry girl  
Who was working next to me

Oh she was a rare thing, fine as a bee's wing  
So fine a breath of wind might blow her away  
She was a lost child, oh she was running wild  
She said, "As long as there's no price on love, I'll stay  
And you wouldn't want me any other way"

Brown hair zig-zag around her face  
And a look of half-surprise  
Like a fox caught in the headlights  
There was animal in her eyes  
She said, "Young man, oh can't you see  
I'm not the factory kind  
If you don't take me out of here  
I'll surely lose my mind"

Oh she was a rare thing, fine as a bee's wing  
So fine that I might crush her where she lay  
She was a lost child, she was running wild  
She said, "As long as there's no price on love, I'll stay  
And you wouldn't want me any other way"

We busked around the market towns  
And picked fruit down in Kent  
And we could tinker lamps and pots  
And knives wherever we went  
And I said that we might settle down  
Get a few acres dug  
Fire burning in the hearth and babies on the rug

She said "Oh man, you foolish man  
It surely sounds like hell  
You might be Lord of half the world  
You'll not own me as well"

Oh she was a rare thing, fine as a bee's wing  
So fine a breath of wind might blow her away  
She was a lost child, oh she was running wild  
She said, "As long as there's no price on love, I'll stay  
And you wouldn't want me any other way"

We was camping down the Gower one time  
The work was pretty good  
She thought we shouldn't wait for the frost  
And I thought maybe we should  
We was drinking more in those days  
And tempers reached a pitch  
And like a fool I let her run  
With the rambling itch

Oh the last I heard she's sleeping rough  
Back on the Derby beat  
White Horse in her hip pocket  
And a wolfhound at her feet  
And they say she even married once  
A man named Romany Brown  
But even a gypsy caravan  
Was too much settling down

And they say her flower is faded now  
Hard weather and hard booze  
But maybe that's just the price  
You pay for the chains you refuse

Oh she was a rare thing, fine as a bee's wing  
And I miss her more than ever words could say  
If I could just taste all of her wildness now  
If I could hold her in my arms today  
Well I wouldn't want her any other way

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