

Roy Harper

"Me And My Woman"

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I never know what kind of day it's been on my
battlefield of ideals
But the way she touches and the way it feels, must be
just how it heals
And it's got a little better since I let her sundance

I never know what time of year it is living on top of the
fire
But the robin outside has to hunt and hide in the cold
and frosty shire
Ah but he knows just what goes in between his cold
toes and his warm eaars
And he's got no disguise in his eyes for his love as she
nears

He spreads her a shelter
She takes the tall skies
As they helter skelter
Along the same sighs

She wakes my days with a glad face
She fakes and says I'm a hard case
She makes and plays like a bad ace
Carrying my ways into scarred space
And she knows me well
Ah but what the hell
Only time can tell, where we're going to

Me and my woman

And the Lord speaks out and the pigpens fawn
The sword slides out and the nations mourn
The hoard strides out and the chposen spawn
The devil rides out and the heavens yawn
And he knows me well
Only time can tell, Only time can tell, where we're going
to

Me and my woman

What a lovely day

What a day to play at living
What a mess we make
What a trust we break
Not giving our wings to our children
O how we fail them
O how we nail them

Am at 5th fret
Sunset my colour
And king is my name
Darkness my lover
And we live in shame

Too far away
From the light of the day
And so near, and so here
Can i break through the silence that has taken my place
On the plains of the morning that i just could not face

Asking you these questions
telling you these lies
Enveloping directions
Developing disguise
Open to suggestion[s]
But closed to all my eyes
Dead on arrival, right where I stand
Space is just an ashtray
Flesh is my best whwwl
The atmosphere's my highway
And the landscape's my next meal
I need my own Good Friday
And I'm trying to fix the deal
Dead on arrival, right where I stand
I am the new crowned landlord
Of all beneath my star
Queueing up for doomsday
In my homesick motor car
Born before my mother
Died before my Pa
Dead on arrival, right where I stand

And the cuckoo she moves through the dawn fanfare
The dew leaves the rooves in the magic air
I feel a finger running through my nightmares lair
I feel most together with my nowhere stare
and you know me well
Ah but what the hell
Only time can tell, where we're going to

Me and my woman

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