

Sandy Denny

"Late November"

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(Sandy Denny)

The wine it was drunk
The ship it was sunk
The shot it was dead
All the sorrows were drowned
The birds they were clouds
The brides and the shrouds
And as we drew south
The mist it came down
The wooded ravine
To the wandering stream
The serpent he moved
But no one would say
The depths of the waters
The bridge which distraught us
And brought to me thoughts
Of the ill-fated day
The temples were filled
With the strangest of creatures
One played it by ear
On the banks of the sea

That one was found
But the others they went under
Oh, the tears which are shed
They won't come from me
The methods of madness
The pathos and the sadness
God help you all
The insane and wise
The black and the white
And the darkness of the night
I see only smoke
From the chimneys arise
The pilot he flew
All across the sky and woke me
He flew so low
On the mercury sea
The dream it came back
All about the tall brown people
The sacred young herd
On the phosphorus sand

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