

Idle Race, The "Bitter Green"

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Upon the bitter green she walked the hills above her town

Echoed to her footsteps, as soft as eiderdown
Waiting for her master to kiss away the tears
Waiting through the years

Bitter green they called her walking in the sun
Loving everyone that she met
Bitter green they called her waiting in the sun
Waiting for someone to take her home

Some say he was a sailor who died away at sea
Some say he was a prisoner who never was set free
Lost upon the ocean, he died there in the mist
Dreaming of her kiss

Bitter green they called her walking in the sun
Loving everyone that she met
Bitter green they called her waiting in the sun
Waiting for someone to take her home

But now the bitter green has gone
The hills have turned to rust
There comes a weary stranger, his tears fall in the dust
Kneeling by the church yard, in the Autumn mist
Dreaming of her kiss

Bitter green they called her walking in the sun
Loving everyone that she met
Bitter green they called her waiting in the sun
Waiting for someone to take her home

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