

## **Thompson Richard**

### **"Beeswing"**

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I was nineteen when I came to town

They called in 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

I fell in love with a laundry girl

Was working next to me

CHORUS

She was a rare thing

Fine as a beeswing

So fine a breath of wind might blow her away

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

Brown hair zig-zag round her face

And a look of half-surprise

Like a fox caught in the headlights

There was an animal in her eyes

She said, young man, O 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

#### CHORUS

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 O man, you foolish man

It surely sounds like hell

You might be lord of half the world

You'll not own me as well

#### CHORUS

We was camping down the Gower one time

The work was pretty good

She thought we shouldn't wait for frost

And I thought maybe we should

We were drinking more in those days

And tempers reached a pitch

Like a fool I let her run

With the rambling itch

Last I hear she's sleeping out  
Back on 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  
She was a rare thing  
Fine as a beeswing  
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  
Then I wouldn't want her any other way

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