

Thompson Richard

"How Will I Ever Be Simple Again"

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Oh she danced in the street with the guns all around
her

All torn like a rag doll, barefoot in the rain

And she sang like a child, toora-day toora-daddy

Oh how will I ever be simple again

She sat by the banks of the dirty grey river

And tried for a fish with a worm on a pin

There was nothing but fever and ghosts in the water

Oh how will I ever be simple again

War was my love and my friend and companion

And what did I care for the pretty and plain

But her smile was so clear and my heart was so
troubled

Oh how will I ever be simple again

In her poor burned-out house I sat at her table

The smell of her hair was like cornfields in May

And I wanted to weep and my eyes ached from trying

Oh how will I ever be simple again

So graceful she moved through the dust and the ruin

And happy she was in her dances and games

Oh teach me to see with your innocent eyes, love

Oh how will I ever be simple again

Oh how will I ever be simple again

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