

Thompson Richard

"King of Bohemia"

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Let me rock you in my arms

I'll hold you safe and small

A refugee from the Seraphim

In your rich girl rags and all

Did your dreams die young

Were they too hard won

Did you reach too high and fall

And there is no rest

For the ones God blessed

And he blessed you best of all

Your eyes seem from a different face

They've seen that much that soon

Your cheek too cold, too pale to shine

Like an old and waning moon

And there is no peace

No true release

No secret place to crawl

And there is no rest

For the ones God blessed

And he blessed you best of all

If tears unshed could heal your heat

If words unsaid could sway
Then watch you melt into the night
with Adieu, and rue the day
Did your dreams die young
Were they too hard won
Did you reach too high and fall
And there is no rest
For the ones God blessed
And he blessed you best of all

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