

Tim Buckley

"Lorca"

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Let the sun sing in your smile
Let the wind hold your desire
Let your woman's voice run through your veins
Let her be your blood, don't feel ashamed

She's your home when no one wants you
She'll give you life when you're so tired
She'll ease your fears, ah, when you're a stranger
She's born to give faith to you
Oh, just to you

You're just a man on death's highways
It's life you owe, you're here to praise it
If love flows your way then be a river
And when it dries just stand and shiver

Oh, let the sun sing in your smile
Let the wind hold your desire
And let your woman's voice run through your veins
Let her be your blood, don't feel ashamed

It's her life you owe
I owe you love, love

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