

## Tim Buckley

# "Strange Street Affair Under Blue"

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Just for you with your open hands  
Waiting for the touch of man  
Clutching with your blackened gloves  
You try to capture all the doves  
That flee into  
The forest before you

You wish to catch and cage me now  
I wonder if you remember how  
Hard it was to say the names  
Of mirror dreams and cheated games  
And on the wall  
You framed your first lover

Your form intrigues me with the glow  
I'll remember you I know  
Though I forgot to lock the chain  
Around you with a prayer for rain  
To bring the call  
To drive you back into my bed

Ahhh....  
She turns away  
Telling me to follow for a while  
Ahhh....  
She waits

You'd be touched if you would touch  
But you only reach and taunt  
Will my taste stay grey and blue  
If I try to turn from you

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