

Lucy Simon

"Round Shouldered Man"

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COLIN:

Some nights I dream
That a round-shouldered man
Comes in my room
On a beam of moonlight.
He never says what he wants,
He just sits with a book in his handS.

And then I dream
That the round-shouldered man
Takes me off on a ride
Through the moorS by moonlight.
He never says where we'll go,
We just ride 'cross the hills 'till dawn.

And some night I'm going to ask him,
Is the night sky black or blue?
I know the answer's in his book
Of all that's good and true.

And once I dreamed
That the round-shouldered man
Took my hand and we walked
To a secret garden.
I never knew where we were,
We just sat in the crook of a broken tree.

And some night I'm going to ask him
How the old moon turns to new.
I know the answer's in his book
Of all that's good and true.
I'm sure the answer's in his book
Of all that's good and true.

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