

Townes Van Zandt

"Many a Fine a Lady"

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It's many a fine lady that's walked along beside me
With their flesh made of velvet and their eyes made of
rain

Some tried to hold me to hurt me to hide me
And some turned away not to look back again

One stood among them I remember most clearly
Her sorrows were heavy and her laughter was slow
I courted her gently and I loved her most dearly
And I came her majestic reflections to know

Her words like the mountain stood lonely and lofty
With her face like daydream and her hair like the shawl
worn by a mourner As he steals away softly
From those that would have him mourn nothing at all

Endlessly sorrow rode high on the north wind
Slashing and slicing to take him his toll
And endlessly creatures of darkness were cuttin'
Their paths through the walls that sheltered her soul

But no longer gypsy lie sadness unending
Her eyes they lay hollow and her face petrified
The sun will go laughin' and others condemn him
But who there among you could have told her goodbye

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