

Townes Van Zandt

"Many a fine lady"

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It's many a fine lady has laid down 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
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, for 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 a daydream and her hair like the
shawl
Worn by a mourner, who 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
Endlessly creatures of darkness were cutting
Their paths through the walls that shelter the soul

No longer gypsy-like sadness unending
Her eyes they lie hollow and her face petrified
Some will go laughing and others condemning
But who there among you could have told her goodbye

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