

## Vashti Bunyan "Iris's Song For Us"

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I climbed the peaks of glass with you  
And walked a world of brass with you  
And gladly left the glaring streets  
To share a bed of grass with you

You made the elder burn for me  
And cut the bird filled thorn for me  
And through the ripening summer days  
You bade the white road turn for me

Lock up the lark, love  
And pin back the sky  
We need a space in which to work  
And sing and die

I rode the dark green deep with you  
And drove our dreams like sheep with you  
And now, my love, please let me cross  
Brown boundaries of sleep with you

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