

## She Reached For A Light

Robyn Hitchcock

She reached for a light  
I sway in the nightingale's room  
Where the broom flit under the brow  
She's lost anyhow  
She's gone anyhow anywhere  
There

She slept on the stones  
She slept on the cold marble stones  
With the bones  
But underneath the garage door  
A bright blue light did shine  
And though I gaze forever more  
I'll never make it mine  
Never make it mine