

Word by word she spoke to me  
Neath a mess of bygone linen  
She listens as to dry a thousand tongues  
My love is thin and thinning

Some cherished flower  
Flutters through  
Gentle born beloved you  
Kindness always  
Kindness always

I hear the sound  
The sound she's left me  
I stood her ground no  
They've swayed me

Wrapped tight inside your shawl  
We wander round this dingy hall  
Softly spoken shaken tree  
The ash grove we've come to be

The blood run the blood run away  
From arm and leg to a warm heart  
All our colors agree in the dark

But no man lives upon that land  
Far enough for us to see  
I hear your voice  
In the hum of this machine

I hear the sound  
The sound she's left me  
I stood her ground