

Songs Out of Clay

Al Stewart

"Oh I know that you are an artist" she said
"For you make your songs out of clay
You carry the dust on your hands and your face
You never quite brushed it away
You were trying to chisel a perfect truth
When the instrument broke in your hand
Now you sit all alone on the greenhouse roof
With your shoes full of sand"
And the golden rays of the sun divide
In the slanting mists of the rain
And Maggie is on the road again

"Oh I know that you were a sailor" she said
"Till you came too close to the shore
And like any shipwrecked sailor now
You live by an open door
And when evening sails in the masts of the trees
Your feet seem to slip on the ground
And you long for the little ship
In which you can safely drown"
And the silver mounds of the waves divide
At the feet of the wind and the rain
And Maggie is far at sea again

"Oh I know that you were an outlaw" she said
"And you robbed both the rich and the poor
Now you seek my bed like a sanctuary
But you keep one eye on the door
And you press my hand in the dead of the night
And say I can heal all your wounds
In the morning your eyes just look hunted again
You'll be leaving soon"
And the silver rays of the moon divide
In the slanting mists of the rain
And Maggie is on the prowl again

"So I know that you are an artist" she said
"And you make your songs out of clay
For you carry the dust on your hands and your face
You never quite brushed it away
And you work with your back to an open door
While the light is beginning to fade
And the windows are liquid the sky is alive
And the night is jade"

And the silver rays of the moon divide
In the slanting mists of the rain
And Maggie is on the road again

And the silver rays of the moon divide
At the feet of the wind and the rain
And Maggie, I'm at your door again