

## 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