

# Zero She Flies

Al Stewart

She's a mollusk,  
a seamstress,  
a princess,  
a priestess,  
a negress,  
she knows her position

She's a swallow,  
a willow,  
a cello,  
a pillow,  
a bow  
and also a physician

She takes your eyes  
and mends your head  
She draws the wine  
and breaks the bread  
She has no lies to tell you  
and no truths to sell you  
She's a girl,  
she's almost a woman

And Zero she flies as the morning sighs  
Spreads her wings like a seagull  
From the mountain he watches her,  
biding his time  
But his eyes are the eyes of an eagle

He's a hawthorn,  
a raven,  
a scarecrow,  
a haven  
for moon-blessed thought and opinion  
He will laugh like the fountains,  
the bones of the mountains  
lie deep in his forest religion

You will call his name when evening falls  
And the ground sets hard and the night wind calls  
You will feed him and heed him,  
at times you will need him  
Say you were almost his woman

And Zero she flies as the morning sighs  
Spreads her wings like a seagull  
From the mountain he watches her,  
biding his time  
But his eyes are the eyes of an eagle  
In the shuddering mad red blood-let sunset  
a tired man is leaving his cover  
And the soft eyes of Zero  
are cut by the sounds  
of the vanishing feet of her lover

And the door slams shut  
and the air grows tight

And her throat is gripped  
by the hands of night  
And all that is left  
is the clock on the shelf  
As it ticks one day into another

And Zero she sighs as the morning dies  
With the broken wings of a seagull  
From the mountain he watches her, sensing his time  
But his eyes are the eyes of an eagle  
At the fall of the day the man of the mountain  
is nearing the end of his travel  
And the fence is down  
on the westland bounds  
and a footfall pounds in the gravel

Comes a knock three times  
and the air grows still  
As he steps inside from the sudden chill  
And the moment is caught in the net of the night  
For the coming of dawn to unravel

And Zero she flies as the morning sighs  
Spreads her wings like a seagull  
From the mountain he's coming,  
judging his time  
And his eyes are the eyes of an eagle

Oh Zero she flies as the morning dies  
Spreads her wings like a seagull  
From her window he watches her,  
a man in his time  
But his eyes are the eyes of an eagle