

Singing Man

Austin Lucas

On a long, winding road
'Neath the passing of crows
Sat a girl speaking soft to the heavens
And though so crowned with locks of gold
She was without companion
Though not without hopefuls to walk her home

And as the liberty would be mine
On one night in the Autumn
I took care to be more than a dance
For she'd been courted by kings
But the kings were not worthy
And the path unto her heart would elude them

So I followed her on
Until breathlessly I said
Here's my hand, won't you take, won't you? Oh
I may be small in your eyes
When compared to the mighty
But won't you love this poor singing man?

So like water moves the earth
I was swept up in the current
But I held fast and Lord, I saw her turning
Like some dark and foreign sky
She was fierce and yet silent
As she held this poor singing man

I had followed her on
Until breathlessly she said
Here's my hand, won't you take it, won't you? Oh
You are not weak
And not small
In my eyes you are mighty
I do love you, oh singing man
Said I do love you, oh singing man
Said I do love you, oh singing man

Cause on a long, winding road
'Neath the passing of crows
Sat a girl speaking soft to the heavens