

## Golden Loom

Bob Dylan

Smoky autumn night, stars up in the sky,  
I see the sailin' boats across the bay go by.  
Eucalyptus trees hang above the street  
And then I turn my head, for you're approachin' me.  
Moonlight on the water, fisherman's daughter, floatin' in to my  
room  
With a golden loom.

First we wash our feet near the immortal shrine  
And then our shadows meet and then we drink the wine.  
I see the hungry clouds up above your face  
And then the tears roll down, what a bitter taste.  
And then you drift away on a summer's day where the wildflowers  
bloom  
With your golden loom.

I walk across the bridge in the dismal light  
Where all the cars are stripped between the gates of night.  
I see the trembling lion with the lotus flower tail  
And then I kiss your lips as I lift your veil.  
But you're gone and then all I seem to recall is the smell of p  
erfume  
And your golden loom.