

## For Emily, Whenever I May Find Her

David Essex

What a dream I had, pressed in organdy  
Clothed in crinoline of smoky Burgundy  
Softer than the rain.

I wandered empty streets, down past the shop displays  
I heard cathedral bells tripping down the alley ways  
As I walked on.

And when you ran to me, your cheeks flushed with the night  
We walked on frosted fields of juniper and lamplight  
I held your hand.

And when I awoke and felt you warm and near  
I kissed your honey hair with my grateful tears  
Oh I love you, girl  
Oh I love you.