

## Bells of the Evening

Gordon Lightfoot

Bells of the evening, O sing to my love  
Tell her I miss her, my own turtledove  
The streets of the old town are covered with rain  
I think I might never know true love again

I'm lost with no road signs to guide me  
A slave to my whiskey and dreams  
Bells of the evening, O bells that I love  
I've got some feelings I long to be rid of

I'm not one to ramble, I'm not one to boast  
Though I had one lover more lovely than most  
She was a country girl born to be free  
Who took to the city by chance there to find me

Bells of the evening go pealin'  
I'm down here listenin' to you  
Bells of the evening, O bells of the sea  
Tell her that I miss her, that I'm lost and so lonely

Bells of the evening, your sweet Sunday sound  
Reminds me of the redwoods and moss covered ground  
So if I should wander on back to the coast  
Tell her to remember it's her I need the most

I'm caught by the minstrel's misfortune  
Of being forever displaced  
Bells of the evening, O bells of the sea  
Tell her that I miss her, that I'm lost I'm so lonely