

Something Very Special

Gordon Lightfoot

She was something very special to me
The kind of girl you'd like to see
In a movie or a rosary

She could be straight-laced or homespun
Or free and easy on the run
She could be meek and mild or full of fun

She liked country lanes and aeroplanes
And cigarettes would make her strange
And when she wanted you she made it plain

She would never say where she came from
It didn't seem that she had anyone
To answer to or dwell upon

She liked candlelight and good wine
And I would call her any time
Of day or night she didn't mind

There was nothing that I wouldn't do
To prove to her my love was true
And she gave to me a dream or two

There were times when she would never appear
For days and then she'd disappear
But now the days have turned to years

I was something she could use
Like a good friend or a pair of shoes
Or any kind of good news

Now the eastern sky is crimson and red
As I lie here in my lonely bed
And think about the things she said

She said, darling there will come a day
When I must run far away
I will go my love and you must stay

She departed in the early spring
She didn't leave me anything
To follow or to find her

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