

The Last Time I Saw Her

Gordon Lightfoot

The last time I saw her face
Her eyes were bathed in starlight
And her hair hung long

The last time she spoke to me
Her lips were like the scented flowers
Inside a rain-drenched forest

But that was so long ago
That I can scarcely feel the way I felt before
And if time could heal the wounds
I would tear the threads away
That I might bleed some more

The last time I walked with her
Her laughter was the steeple bells
That ring to greet the morning sun

A voice that called to everyone
To love the ground we walked upon
Those were the good day

The last time I held her hand
Her touch was autumn
Spring and summer, and winter too

The last time I let go of her
She walked a way into the night
I lost her in the misty streets

A thousand months, a thousand years
When other lips will kiss her eyes
A million miles beyond the moon
That's where she is

But that was so long ago
That I can scarcely feel the way I felt before
And if time could heal the wounds
I would tear the threads away
That I might bleed some more

The last time I saw her face
Her eyes were bathed in starlight
And she walked alone

The last time she kissed my cheek
Her lips were like the wilted leaves
Upon the autumn covered hills

Resting on the frozen ground
The seeds of love lie cold and still
Beneath a battered marking stone
It lies forgotten