

# She Must Be Beautiful

Janis Ian

The seagulls of summer have flown  
The sailors have wintered their boats  
Come sit by the fire  
And tell me your secrets  
Love isn't kept easily

The windows are shuttered and closed  
Blankets to keep out the cold  
But you are still restless  
Your heart is enchanted  
Drifting away from me

And is she beautiful  
She must be pretty or worse  
To ride the high seas  
She must be beautiful  
White linen sails  
That have captured your vagrant breeze  
Singing her siren song  
Luring you far from the harbor  
And into the gales  
She must be beautiful  
So beautiful  
To have stolen the wind from my sails

Casting your dreams out to sea  
Will you remember me  
As years go by  
Slipped with the tide  
It was I who set you free

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