

Holly Ann

Judy Collins

She is a weaver
Through her hands the bright thread travels
Blue green water, willows weeping, silver stars

She sings and sighs as the shuttle flies
Through the yarn like a Kerry dancer
Pink and purple velvet red for a lover's bed

Living north of San Francisco
With a man who built his house alone
Living peaceful in the country
The lights of the golden gate will lead her home

She is a spinner
In her hands the wooden wheel turns the wool around
Then around again

A gypsy from Bolinas
Sits and plays the mandolin
Faces smile in the firelight of a foggy night

Living north of San Francisco
Sometimes it's nice to be alone
She says, it's peaceful where she is living
The lights of the golden gate will lead her home

You can see the bridges of the city
Hanging in the air by steel and stone
She says, it's peaceful where she's living
The lights of the golden gate will lead her home

She is a weaver
Through her hand the bright thread travels
Blue green water, willows weeping, silver stars

She is my sister
The baby born when I was older
Her hands are light, her hair is bright as the summer sun

Living north of San Francisco
Sometimes it's nice to be alone
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The lights of the golden gate will lead her home