

Houses

Judy Collins

You have many houses, one for every season
Mountains in your windows, violets in your hands
Through your English meadows your blue-eyed horses wander
You're in Colorado for the spring

When the winter finds you, you fly to where it's summer
Rooms that face the ocean, moonlight on your bed
Mermaids swift as dolphins paint the air with diamonds
You are like a seagull as you said

Why do you fly bright feathered sometimes in my dreams?
The shadows of your wings fall over my face
I can feel no air, I can find no peace
Brides in black ribbons, witches in white
Fly in through windows, fly out through the night

Why do I think I'm dying sometimes in my dreams
I see myself a child running through the trees
Searching for myself, looking for my life
Looking everywhere crawling on my knees
I cannot see the leaves, I cannot see the light

Then I see you walking just beyond the forest
Walking very quickly, walking by yourself
Your shoes are silver, your coat is made of velvet
Your eyes are shining, your voice is sweet and clear
"Come on", you say, "Come with me, I'm going to the castle"

All the bells are ringing, the weddings have begun
But I can only stand here, I cannot move to follow
I'm burning in the shadows and freezing in the sun

There are people with you living in your houses
People from your childhood who remember how you were
You were always flying, nightingale of sorry
Singing bird with rainbows on your wings