

Bitter Boy

Kate Rusby

There was a boy, a bitter boy,
Who's golden heart I saw gleaming,
I thought I'd win the heart within,
But now I know that I was dreaming.

But I will rise, and I will sing,
Until the day I can't conceal it,
Because I hold the saddest song,
And wish to God I cannot feel it.

Then the boy, the bitter boy,
He came to me for rest and healing,
He reached in his chest, deep in his breast,
Held out the heart for me still gleaming.

But I will rise, and I will sing,
Until the day I can't conceal it,
Because I hold the saddest song,
And wish to God I cannot feel it.

Then the boy, me and the boy,
We walked for miles through stormy weather,
Hand in hand, we roamed the land,
And held the gleaming heart together.

But I will rise, and I will sing,
Until the day I can't conceal it,
Because I hold the saddest song,
And wish to God I cannot feel it.

Then the boy, the bitter boy,
He came to take the gleaming treasure,
He reached in my chest, deep in my breast,
And took the gleaming heart forever.

But I will rise, and I will sing,
Until the day I can't conceal it,
Because I hold the saddest song,
And wish to God I cannot feel it.