

Withered And Died

Kate Rusby

This cruel country has driven me down
Teased me and lied, teased me and lied
I've only sad stories to tell to this town
My dreams have withered and died

Once I was bending the tops of the trees
Kind words in my ears and kind faces to see
Then I struck up with the boys from the west
They'd run and hide, they'd run and hide
Count one to ten and he's gone with the west
My dreams have withered and died

Silver moon sailor and silver moonshine
On the water so wide, the water so wide
Steal from the bed of some good friend of mine
My dreams have withered and died

If I was a butterfly I'd live for a day
I would be free just blowing away
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