

Formentera Lady

King Crimson

Houses iced in whitewash guard a pale shore-line
Cornered by the cactus and the pine.
Here I wander where sweet sage and strange herbs grow
Down a sun-baked crumpled stony road.

Dusty wheels leaning rusting in the sun;
Snuff brown walls where spanish lizards run.
Here I'm shadowed by a dragon fig tree's fan
Ringed by ants and musing over man.

I'll unwind my old strings while the sun shine down
Won't climb any high thing while the sun shine.
Formentera lady sing your song for me
Formentera lady sweet lover.

Lamplights glows on old guitars the travellers strum;
Incense children dance to an indian drum.
Here odysseus charmed for dark circe fell,
Still her perfume lingers still her spell.

Time's grey hand won't catch me while the sun shine down
Untie and unlatch me while the stars shine.
Formentera lady dance your dance for me
Formentera lady dark lover.