

## Come My Way

Marianne Faithfull

The wild mountain thyme that grows around my door  
Has grown there for two score years or more  
And I've grown weary waiting for love to say  
"Come my way, come my way."

The brook that sings and twinkles in the sun  
Has danced this mercy dance since time begun  
But o how weary and how long the day will he say  
"Come my way."

Lovers all around, I wish you joy  
Happiness to every girl and boy.  
But sometimes spare a thought of me and say  
"Love come her way," come my way.