

Black Swan

Nina Simone

The sun is falling and it lies in blood
The moon is weaving bandages of gold
Old black swan where oh where is my lover now
Where oh where is my lover now

Torn and tattered is my bridal gown and my lamp is lost
With silver needles and with silver threads
The stars stitch a route for the dying sun
Old black swan where oh where is my lover now

I had given him a kiss and a golden ring
And a golden ring
I had given him a kiss of fire and a golden ring
Oh with silver needles and with silver threads
The stars stitch a route for the dying sun

Black wing o black wing take me down with you
Take me down with you take me down with you
Take me down with you
Old black swan take me down with you
I had given him a kiss of fire
Take me down with you