

Ballad To An Amber Lady

Pearls Before Swine

The amber lady seated at her harpsichord in velvet
Room of eastern wonder
Gazing through the verdant window
Wrapped in arms of silk and sorrow

Rebecca sighs perishes beneath the harp
Leila, Leila, she loves anon
On high fields of cinder sun

I see you drifting draped in heavy lace
Where is this place where you stand radiant?
Your hand hides the moon
And you move with crystal grace

Rebecca sighs perishes beneath the harp
Leila, Leila, she loves anon
On high fields of cinder sun

Mmmm...

Stain-glass showering, diamon morning
Soft smiling in the shining hours
Boughs of henna in your hair
Roses in your silent garden

Rebecca sighs perishes beneath the harp
Leila, Leila, she loves anon
On high fields of cinder sun