

# Your Eyes Will Taste Of The Flowers

Phil Ochs

I'm a leavin' on the morning railroad  
in the drizzlin' darkness of the rain  
and I hear with every wheel a turning  
secrets sounding of your name.  
And your eyes will taste of the flowers  
your lips of the morning dew  
and your hair will taste of the meadow  
and all the world will taste of you.

I can't tell the reason why I'm leaving  
I don't know just what I'm heading for  
I just know with every mile I wander  
I'm needing you another mile more.  
\*chorus\*

Oh if you never get my letter  
you know your memory will stay  
with every song that I am singing  
with every word that I say.  
\*chorus\*

I'll carry your picture in my pocket  
when times are good or times are bad  
and if I chance to meet another  
it won't take away the good times that  
  
singin' all the world will taste of you.