

## Burns Supper

Richard Thompson

Oh you speak the words locked in my breast  
But it's late for me, let an old man rest  
One more black and tan on the barricade  
To keep me safe from loving  
When I close my eyes, close my eyes  
To the cold flame of the Northern Lights  
When I close my eyes, close my eyes  
And I see you still in the shuttered night

What a new-found friend is honesty  
To see ourselves as others see  
To see the shy boy inside the man  
Is that all I am? Just starved of loving

When I close my eyes, I close my eyes  
To the cold flame of the Northern Lights  
When I close my eyes, close my eyes  
And I see you still in the shuttered night