

King Of Bohemia

Richard Thompson

Let me rock you in my arms
I'll hold you safe and small
A refugee from the Seraphim
In your rich girl rags and all

Did your dreams die young
Were they too hard won
Did you reach too high and fall
And there is no rest

For the ones God blessed
And he blessed you best of all
Your eyes seem from a different face
They've seen that much that soon

Your cheek too cold, too pale to shine
Like an old and waning moon
And there is no peace
No true release

No secret place to crawl
And there is no rest
For the ones God blessed
And he blessed you best of all

If tears unshed could heal your heat
If words unsaid could sway
Then watch you melt into the night
With Adieu, and rue the day

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Were they too hard won
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