

She Reached For A Light

Robyn Hitchcock

She reached for a light
I sway in the nightingale's room
Where the broom flit under the brow
She's lost anyhow
She's gone anyhow anywhere
There

She slept on the stones
She slept on the cold marble stones
With the bones
But underneath the garage door
A bright blue light did shine
And though I gaze forever more
I'll never make it mine
Never make it mine