

## Golden Loom

Roger McGuinn

Smoky autumn night,  
Stars up in the sky,  
I see the sailin' boats  
Across the bay go by.  
Eucalyptus trees hang above the street  
And then I turn my head,  
For you're approachin' me.  
Moonlight on the water,  
Fisherman's daughter,  
Floatin' in to my room  
With a golden loom.

First we wash our feet  
Near the immortal shrine  
And then our shadows meet  
And then we drink the wine.  
I see the hungry clouds up above your face  
And then the tears roll down,  
What a bitter taste.  
And then you drift away  
On a summer's day where  
The wildflowers bloom  
With your golden loom.

I walk across the bridge  
In the dismal light  
Where all the cars are stripped  
Between the gates of night.  
I see the trembling lion  
With the lotus flower tail  
And then I kiss your lips  
As I lift your veil.  
But you're gone and then  
All I seem to recall  
Is the smell of perfume  
And your golden loom.