

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.