

## Little Lady

Roy Harper

I once held a lantern of love in my hands  
She was all I could see  
Kicking the brown leaves of childhood around us  
We danced the deep sea  
That welled from the spring of the boy that I was  
Held in her flame  
Feeling her learning  
Watching her burning  
To see the first man I became  
Little lady  
Who made me  
Was it you  
Or is it that old unforgiveness  
That I can't forget  
I was her warchild and she was my wildcat  
We lived in a dream  
Broke up for summer unfolding the secret  
And woke up downstream  
Facing the current that said that we couldn't  
Go on  
Tearing the seed out  
With sharp tongues  
And no doubt  
Before it was born  
Little lady, etc  
Sometimes I cry in the flood of my guts  
Laughing in sadness  
Bursting with rage in the wounds of revenge  
Bleeding forgiveness  
It isn't you love or anything new  
I just tasted  
It's myself standing  
Standing watching me,  
Getting hung up  
Spaced and wasted  
Little lady, etc