

# Me And My Woman

Roy Harper

I never know what kind of day it's been on my battlefield of ideals  
But the way she touches and the way it feels, must be just how it heals  
And it's got a little better since I let her sundance

I never know what time of year it is living on top of the fire  
But the robin outside has to hunt and hide in the cold and frosty shire  
Ah but he knows just what goes in between his cold toes and his warm eaars  
And he's got no disguise in his eyes for his love as she nears

He spreads her a shelter  
She takes the tall skies  
As they helter skelter  
Along the same sighs

She wakes my days with a glad face  
She fakes and says I'm a hard case  
She makes and plays like a bad ace  
Carrying my ways into scarred space  
And she knows me well  
Ah but what the hell  
Only time can tell, where we're going to

Me and my woman

And the Lord speaks out and the pigpens fawn  
The sword slides out and the nations mourn  
The hoard strides out and the chposen spawn  
The devil rides out and the heavens yawn  
And he knows me well  
Only time can tell, Only time can tell, where we're going to

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What a lovely day  
What a day to play at living  
What a mess we make  
What a trust we break  
Not giving our wings to our children  
O how we fail them  
O how we nail them

Am at 5th fret  
Sunset my colour  
And king is my name  
Darkness my lover  
And we live in shame

Too far away  
From the light of the day  
And so near, and so here  
Can i break through the silence that has taken my place  
On the plains of the morning that i just could not face

Asking you these questions  
telling you these lies  
Enveloping directions  
Developing disguise

Open to suggestion[s]  
But closed to all my eyes  
Dead on arrival, right where I stand  
Space is just an ashtray  
Flesh is my best whwwl  
The atmosphere's my highway  
And the landscape's my next meal  
I need my own Good Friday  
And I'm trying to fix the deal  
Dead on arrival, right where I stand  
I am the new crowned landlord  
Of all beneath my star  
Queueing up for doomsday  
In my homesick motor car  
Born before my mother  
Died before my Pa  
Dead on arrival, right where I stand

And the cuckoo she moves through the dawn fanfare  
The dew leaves the rooves in the magic air  
I feel a finger running through my nightmares lair  
I feel most together with my nowhere stare  
and you know me well  
Ah but what the hell  
Only time can tell, where we're going to

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