

Fingertips

Strawbs

Her hair the weeping willow
At the water's edge
And from my windy crag
Above the moorland sedge
I see the willow fronds
Caress the ripples
I feel her nipples
At my fingertips
Her breasts are gentle snowdrifts
In an open field
The supple fingered winter wind
The grass concealed
And though the winter wind
May be deceiving
I feel her breathing
At my fingertips
Her legs the spreading branches
Of the tree of life
The willow wand will bend
Before the woodman's knife
The tangle thicket parts
Before the forest fire
Her warm desire
Is at my fingertips