

# Troubadour

Tim Buckley

As she steps near me, my blood feels the chance  
All spinning and swirling, it yearns for the dance  
To become part of me poor one, to take part of her

Don't say that tomorrow will bring me her love  
Don't let me wait for words undestined from above  
Let me laugh through her fingers and smile through her hair  
Let me love the one I see, for I know that she's there  
For tomorrow and today aren't here anymore

Sing songs for pennies, tip my hat, couldn't get many  
All around the city are the Troubadours  
Sing songs for pennies, tip my hat, couldn't get many  
All around the city see the Troubadours

Singing songs sadly, sing songs so lonely  
All around the city see the Troubadours  
Town town, town, all around the town  
Sing songs sadly

As she steps near me, my blood feels the chance  
All spinning and whirling, it yearns for the dance  
To take part of her fair one, to know part of her