

## Singing Man

Austin Lucas

On a long, winding road  
'Neath the passing of crows  
Sat a girl speaking soft to the heavens  
And though so crowned with locks of gold  
She was without companion  
Though not without hopefuls to walk her home

And as the liberty would be mine  
On one night in the Autumn  
I took care to be more than a dance  
For she'd been courted by kings  
But the kings were not worthy  
And the path unto her heart would elude them

So I followed her on  
Until breathlessly I said  
Here's my hand, won't you take, won't you? Oh  
I may be small in your eyes  
When compared to the mighty  
But won't you love this poor singing man?

So like water moves the earth  
I was swept up in the current  
But I held fast and Lord, I saw her turning  
Like some dark and foreign sky  
She was fierce and yet silent  
As she held this poor singing man

I had followed her on  
Until breathlessly she said  
Here's my hand, won't you take it, won't you? Oh  
You are not weak  
And not small  
In my eyes you are mighty  
I do love you, oh singing man  
Said I do love you, oh singing man  
Said I do love you, oh singing man

Cause on a long, winding road  
'Neath the passing of crows  
Sat a girl speaking soft to the heavens