

Priests

Judy Collins

And who will write love songs for you
when I am lord at last
and your body is some little highway shrine
that all my priests have passed,
that all my priests have passed?

My priests they will put flowers there,
they will stand before the glass,
but they'll wear away your little window, love,
they will trample on the grass,
they will trample on the grass.

And who will aim the arrow
that men will follow through your grace
when I am lord of memory
and all your armour has turned to lace,
and all your armour has turned to lace?

The simple life of heroes,
and the twisted life of saints,
they just confuse the sunny calendar
with their red and golden paints,
with their red and golden paints.

And all of you have seen the dance,
that God has kept from me,
but he has seen me watching you
when all your minds were free
when all your minds were free.

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