

## Ruthie

Murray Head

Ruthie in your petal overcoat  
Ruthie let down your wistful hair and float  
Across the drawbridge to my mind  
Come waft into my crimson moat  
I'd rather you did that  
Than let the older men stand and gloat  
Although I'm so much younger in my eyes  
My thoughts are so much older than the  
Lies my face seems to tell

Ruthie you must let me turn you on  
Ruthie, quick before your change has gone  
I see a world of lemon smiles  
On people crossing gates and stiles  
To clamber into fields of love  
And dance with grass and scattered dove  
O come and share a moment with me Ruth  
While material older eyes look down aloof  
For we've found Elysium...  
Ruthie you must let you turn you on  
Ruthie before your chance has gone...