

Cherishing the Lonesome

Roy Harper

Here comes the patter of rain on my window
I've woken again to the world on my pillow
Wondering how I can beg, steal or borrow
A girl who won't fight me but quietly follow.

Straight as a die and as clear as a crystal
I come from a temple as trod as a footstool
To hiding a brothel inside a cathedral
The man in the mirror, the fool in the ideal.

Pulling apart with a speechless unweaving
Dignity reels in the hearts of the grieving
Walking the touch line twixt truth and deceiving
A tear in a smile and a while wrenching leaving.

Oh help me now, my long lost love, the dusk has drawn
my soul
Relishing the autumn
Maybe it's the tragedy in loving that I live
Cherishing the lonesome.

I'd like to dance and sing my song upon a summer
mountain
With just a quiet girl along for daisy petal counting
To set our sails into the West, the dream of all our
forebears
To where the sun is at his best, gathering us lovers.

Oh help me now, my long lost love, the dusk has drawn
my soul
Relishing the autumn
Maybe it's the tragedy in loving that I live
Cherishing the lonesome.

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You stand in the doorway with tears in your sorrow
Saying there must be some way to tomorrow
And just for a few hours I think I can borrow
A girl who won't fight me but quietly follow.