

Little Lady

Roy Harper

I once held a lantern of love in my hands
She was all I could see
Kicking the brown leaves of childhood around us
We danced the deep sea
That welled from the spring of the boy that I was
Held in her flame
Feeling her learning
Watching her burning
To see the first man I became
Little lady
Who made me
Was it you
Or is it that old unforgiveness
That I can't forget
I was her warchild and she was my wildcat
We lived in a dream
Broke up for summer unfolding the secret
And woke up downstream
Facing the current that said that we couldn't
Go on
Tearing the seed out
With sharp tongues
And no doubt
Before it was born
Little lady, etc
Sometimes I cry in the flood of my guts
Laughing in sadness
Bursting with rage in the wounds of revenge
Bleeding forgiveness
It isn't you love or anything new
I just tasted
It's myself standing
Standing watching me,
Getting hung up
Spaced and wasted
Little lady, etc