

# The Golden Salamander

Strawbs

The bird had silver wings, my friends,  
And reached out for the sky;  
It found its wings were broken,  
It had lost the right to fly.  
The pink-eyed salamander  
Changed its colours for the day;  
It changed from white to purest gold  
And left the stag at bay.  
Now I am but a poor man  
In the apple blossom state,  
I choose to fly where'er I please,  
The stag must needs a mate.

My golden salamander,  
You must take me as I am.  
I cannot change my colours,  
I am but a simple man.

The golden salamander  
Had become the rite of spring;  
The silver bird made promises  
That scarcely meant a thing;  
They told the wicked huntsman  
Where the stag had run to rest.  
Now the elderly survivor  
Knew this was not for the best;  
He opened up his heart  
And prayed for peace for all mankind.  
He asked a fortune teller  
But found out that she was blind.

The clouds were passing over,  
There was little sign of rain;  
The sun was slowly rising  
From its slumberdown again.  
The stag had run to cover  
In a copse beside the lake;  
The huntsman broke the silence  
And the birds began to wake.  
The fortune teller smiled  
As the survivor spoke of fate.  
He thanked her for her interest  
But knew it was too late.