St. Malo

Saint Saviour

I've been proud of my place, taking the back streets,
not an easy thing to do, listen to me now
I've been out in a crowd, beating the bounds in andIt's never been easy, bough from the willow tree,
keeping the birch off me, it's never been easyTake me walking if you go, round the walls of St. Malo
Knights in houses either side, one a secret one a bride
tell me stories as we go round the walls of St. Malo
I can hear them whispering as the night bird starts to singI've been counting the worms in the woodwork,
not an easy excercise, listen to me now
I am humble and know keeping my eyes low but
It's never been easy, bough from the willow tree
keeping the birch off me, it's never been easyTake me walking if you go, round the walls of St. Malo
Knights in houses either side, one a secret one a bride
tell me stories as we go round the walls of St. Malo
I can hear them whispering as the night bird starts to singTake me walking, let me go, round the walls of St. Malo
by the window she will stand, broken body in her hand
No more song of sweet sorrow, round the walls of St. Malo
Bind her heart in golden thread, for her nightingale
is dead.

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