

I Turn To My Guitar

Jesse Winchester

The woman in my dream, too beautiful to touch,
And I'm afraid to speak, I may say too much.
Then I'll begin to plead and I'll begin to pray,
And show the fool I am and she'll just run away. I turn to my guitar and touch her silver strings,
Oh, the more I hurt, the prettier she sings.
I live on the Earth and love is on a star.
If I can't have love, I'll turn to my guitar. The lovers from my past have vanished in the wind.
But they come to my room to see me now and then.
The kiss me on the cheek and tell me "Please don't cry." They say they love me still and then they say goodbye.
You hold me to the fire and you read me like a book.
I'm older than I act and younger than I look.
And knowing me so well, you know it's no surprise
To see it isn't love but pity in your eyes.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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