

Lily's Ballade

Barry Dransfield

Lily go down by the old river's cold stones and dip your feet in the mellow meadows.
Oh, Lily go sull by the gold honey's ol' combs
And speak of him to your father's widow.
Oh, Lily lay out your hand on the window; see all the fear laying there in man.
Oh, Lily go hide as the bold clever winds blow, and down think about the places you've been.
Go hear echos telling of your bones, all the waters running clean and low.
Go and hear the faint nelling of door tones,
coming from the bells as you walk bound you go.
Oh, Lily line out your grief on the window,
Go and see now to the needs of the rend.
Oh, Lily go hide as the fell clever winds blow and don't think about the places you've been.
Go and speak to the dead fishes' led bones,
Go and cry down to the Townyvan Morgue.
Go and speak to the dread ridden dead ones, to understand all the things you know.
Oh, Lily mis-spout your breath on the window.
Go and splinter up all the bows of young men.
Oh, Lily go hide as the bled clever winds blow and don't think about the places you've been.
Lily leaves pile on the sill of the window in a yellow pyre for the precious wet ren.
Oh, Lily go hide as the dry clever winds blow and now we can think about the places you've been.

*Makes phonetic sense of the album's take

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