Toast

Quimby

I thought it was Easter time
The way the light rose, rose that morning
Lately you've been on my mind
You showed me the rope, ropes to climb
Over mountains and to pull myself
Out of a landslide, of a landslide
I thought it was harvest time
You always loved the smell of the wood burning
She with her honey hair, Dalhousie Castle
She would meet you there
In the winter, butter-yellow
The flames you stirred, yes, you could stir
I raise a glass, make a toast, a toast in your honor
I hear you laugh and beg me not to dance
'Cause on your right standing by
Is Mr. Bojangles with a toast
He's telling me it's time to raise a glass
Make a toast, a toast in your honor
I hear you laugh and beg me not to dance
'Cause on your right standing by
Is Mr. Bojangles with a toast
He's telling me it's time
To let you go, let you go
I thought I'd see you again
You said you might do
Maybe in a carving in a cathedral
Somewhere in Barcelona

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