

The Troubadour

[A.C. Newman](#)

You walk the broken stones still warm, the sunlight calculates its form
Some quick shadow newly worn, the idea spinning in your arms
Could it be we've won? At the various routes of promise have converged
The troubadour is here, you heard, the youngest son, alive with firsts
About to learn, about to burst, but still turning from the worst
From the fight and the flight that was too late one
night
That stopped me at the door, that stopped me at the door
Too late to be what you were just before
It stopped me at the door, stopped me at the door
Oh, you couldn't know unless you'd been there before
The child king recklessness it fades, floored like all the
service trays
The nurses take them all away, you're all done counting what you've made
It is enough and nothing, paid
A kiss is blown, a kiss to cry for till one day it makes you smile
It will take time, a long, long while, the country's in its dream of gold
You're flashing young and old
You're going right to your flight, it's leaving tonight
It stopped me at the door, it stopped me at the door
Oh, you couldn't know unless you've been there before
It stopped me at the door, stopped me at the door
Too late to be what you were just before
It stopped me at the door, stopped me at the door

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