

Figure By Lace Curtains

Chapman James

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Words & music by Chapman James

She'll never be again
That figure by lace curtains
Vaughn Williams in the air
And a wisp of L'aire du Temps

You lose her in your sleep
And chase her through the graveyards
You made her grow away
And you still don't know she's gone

She haunts your every love
She empties every kiss

I see you through the mist
In all your youthful glory
Heading straight into the fire
And learning nothing real

Those were dimmer days
That told another story
Of superficial falls
And burned out spinning wheels

She haunts your every love
She empties every kiss

There is no excuse for age
And no apparent season
To put your arms on hold
At the thought of one embrace

This Bard is not a Sage
He only stands to reason
How the mating of a soul

Will ever be replaced

Resolving your own past
Resting on dried laurels
A most alluring sleep
A promising mistake

Your one and only hope
Is to think on your beloved
And see her figure float
By curtains made of lace

She'll show you every love
And fill your every kiss

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Lyrics Submitted by Chapman James

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