

Formentera Lady

King Crimson

Houses iced in whitewash guard a pale shore line
 Cornered by the cactus and the pine
Here I wander, where sweet sage and strange herbs grow
Down a crumpled sun baked stony roadDusty wheels leaning rusting in the sun
 Snuff brown walls where Spanish lizards run
 Here I'm shadowed by a dragon fig trees fan
Ringed by ants and musing over manI'll unwind my old strings while the sun shine down
 Won't climb any high thing while the sun shine
 Formentera lady sing your song for me
Formentera lady, sweet loverLamplights glows on old guitars the travellers strum
 Insence children dance to an Indian drum
 Here Odysseus charmed for dark circe fell
 Still her perfume lingers still her spell

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