My Antonia

Spoonboy

He said "Oh my love. Oh my Antonia
You with the dark eyes and palest of skin
Tonight I am going from Santa Maria
Wait for me till I'm in your arms once again"

She held me, she kissed me, begged me not to leave her
To cross on 1he mountain my fortune to win
But a letter now tells me she died of a fever
I'll never see her in this world again

You are my sorrow, you are my splendor
You are my shelter through storm and through strife
You are the one I will always remember
All off the days of my life

I curse the ambition that took me far from her
For a treasure not ever so fine or so fair
As the flash of her smile or the touch of her fingers
The fire in her heart and the smell of her hair

She left me a note that cried "Do not weep for me
Behold you are with me as sure as the stars
That rise in the evening to shine down upon me
Behold I am with you wherever you are"

I can still hear him. he calls to me only
What once was begotten shall come to no end
But the road is so long and the nights are so lonely
My soul just to hold him in this world again

You are my sorrow, you are my splendor
You are my shelter through storm and through strife
You are the one I will always remember
All of the days of my life

Oh my love, Oh my Antonia
You with the dark eyes and palest of skin
How could I know that night in Santa Maria
I'd never see you in this world again

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