Like a Summer Thursday

Townes Van Zandt

Her face was crystal, fair and fine
Her breath was morning, her lips were wine
Her eyes were laughter, her touch divine
Her face was crystal and she was mineIf only she could feel my pain
But feelin' is a burden, she can't sustain
So like a summer Thursday, I cry for rain
To come and turn, the ground to green againIf only she could her my songs
'Bout the empty difference
'Tween the rights and wrongs then I know that I
Could stand alone as well as they, now that she's goneHer face was crystal, fair and fine
Her breath was morning, her lips were wine
Her eyes were laughter, her touch divine
Her face was crystal and she was mine

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