Among the Gorse, Among the Grey

Richard Thompson

Once there was a son
Among the gorse, among the grey
And wondrous dreams he spun
Among the gorse, among the grey
And he chased the clouds and
He kissed the wind
Barefoot and bloody at the knee
It is, he said,
As if the world were made for meAnd the elders gathered round
Among the gorse, among the grey
And they staked him to the ground
Among the gorse, among the grey
And they sucked the joy
From his beating heart
Washed his eyes with rue
Now come, they said,
Come to the world we made for you

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/