

Bells of the Evening (Album Version)

Gordon Lightfoot

Bells of the evening, O sing to my love
Tell her I miss her, my own turtledove
The streets of the old town are covered with rain
I think I might never know true love again I'm lost with no road signs to guide me
A slave to my whisky and dreams
Bells of the evening, O bells that I love
I've got some feelings I long to be rid of I'm not one to ramble; I'm not one to boast
Though I had one lover more lovely than most
She was a country girl born to be free
Who took to the city by chance there to find me Bells of the evening go pealin'
I'm down here listenin' to you
Bells of the evening, O bells of the sea
Tell her that I love her, that I'm lost and so lonely Bells of the evening, your sweet Sunday sound
Reminds me of the redwoods and moss covered ground
So if I should wander on back to the coast
Tell her to remember it's her I need the most I'm caught by the minstrel's misfortune
Of being forever displaced
Bells of the evening, O bells of the sea
Tell her that I love her; That I'm lost I'm so lonely

Songwriters

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