

Oh, Agamemnon

Crooked Still

Oh my darling
Lay yourself down
Ill tell you a sad sad tale of the love that I hadnt found
Till you whispered to me your sweet sound Oh my lady
Put your hand in mine
Ill pull you in to me for a dance that has no time
To a song that doesnt rhyme All I can give you is this pool Im in
And I forgive you if you find that you cannot swim
Stop me from thinking of what I once knew
Save me from sinking in the river of your eyes so blue
Sit down beside me
Sing to me a song
Play me a fiddle tune and forget about what we did wrong
How we stayed away too long Draw me a picture of a lonesome turtle dove
Write me a line of verse that was sent from heaven above
And youll win back my love All I can give you is this gentle heart
And I forgive you if it rips your world apart
All I can say dear, is take me to your bed
Just let me stay here and rest my aching head

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