

Highland Grace

Hiss Golden Messenger

And then there came a stranger - call her Highland Grace
A rearrangerI'd been searching in the mirror, but seeing my own face didn't make it any clearer
I'd rage against the hard times while others smiled to say, "Hey, take it easy."
And lo, this little angel was standing in the rain
Oh, just what I neededAin't that just like a Saturday child?
Bound for Avalon with the birds 'round her head
She loves with the love of a gentle child
I was a fool of the rule before I met herGood morning, Matokie
Tell me about those great expectations
When I set the river on fire
You laughed in my face
When things got direYea, and sleep went to slaughter
I saw you drift away, farther and fartherMy eyes pinned like diamonds, head of smoke for days
I loved you
Little liarAin't that just like a Saturday child?
Bound for Avalon with the birds 'round her head
She loves with the love of a gentle child
Hey, fool of the rule
Not everything's for saleAnd if you can't buy it
And you stand and deny itAnd if you can't see it
And you refuse to believe it
And if you can't count it
And you can't help but doubt itBut loving her way easy
The easiest thing in the world

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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