

L Ballade

Shawn Phillips

In the consecrated chambers
Of a mountain's winter day
I left her at the turning
To go on her seeking way
To pass o'er meadows green and bare
Or brown as her auburn hair
O'er all the waters on the face of the earth
To find that I really care
And the myriad reflections of myself
In her buttons on her oversize navy coat
But only reflections and never an image
In her mind's unfathomable moat
But some castles where she wanders
Are yet crumbling into dust
In this house of visions, on top of the hill
The glass has turned to rust
So never again will I look in her eyes
Nor shall she hear my voice
But I hope she will find a better man
To love him and rejoice
And he will turn the secret key
Nay, I know it's not up to him
But somehow in his words and love
Answer her every whim
So seek ye lass for what you wish
But in your troubled heart
And let not your mind race ahead of your breast
For the quicker shall you part
And wait for the click that you speak dear of
And never will you run
Light will splinter through open clouds
And you'll look straight at a face like the sun

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