Pussy Willow

Martin Barre

In the half tone light of a young morning
She sighs and shifts on her pillow
And across her face dancing, the first shadows fly
To kiss the pussy willowIn her fairytale world, she's a lost soul singing
In a sad voice nobody hears
She waits in her castle of make believing
For her white knight to appearPussy willow, down fur-lined avenue
Brushing the sleep, from the young woman eyes
Runs for the train, see eight o'clock's coming
Cutting dreams down to size againPussy willow, down fur-lined avenue
Brushing the sleep, from the young woman eyes
Runs from the train, hear her typewriter humming
Cutting dreams down to size againShe longs for the East and a pale dress flowing
An apartment in old Mayfair
Or to fish the spey spinning, the first run of spring
Or to die for a cause somewherePussy willow, down fur-lined avenue
Brushing the sleep, from the young woman eyes
Runs from the train, hear her typewriter humming
Cutting dreams down to size againPussy willow, pussy willow
Pussy willow, pussy willow
Pussy willow, pussy willow
Pussy willow, pussy willow

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