

# 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

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