None But the Rain

Townes Van Zandt

We had our day, now it's over
We had our song, now it's sung
Had our stroll through summers clover
Summer's gone now, our walkin's doneSo tell me gently who be your lover
Who be your lover after I'm gone?
Will it be the moon that hears your sighin'?
Will it be the willow that hears your lonesome song?Will it be the rain that clings to your bosom?
Will it be the sunshine that dries your golden hair?
Will it be the wind that warns of my returning
Will a rose be in your arms when I find you waitin' thereNone but the rain should cling to my bosom
None but the moon should hear my lonesome sigh
None but the wind should warn of your returning
Fare thee well, my love, goodbye

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/