

Strange Street Affair Under Blue

Tim Buckley

Just for you with your open hands
Waiting for the touch of man
Clutching with your blackened gloves
You try to capture all the doves That flee into
The forest before you You wish to catch and cage me now
I wonder if you remember how
Hard it was to say the names
Of mirror dreams and cheated games And on the wall
You framed your first lover Your form intrigues me with its glow
I'll remember you I know
Though I forgot to lock the chain
Around you with a prayer for rain To bring the call
To drive you back into my bed She turns away
Telling me to follow for a while
She waits You'd be touched if you would touch
But you only reach and taunt
Will my taste, stay gray and blue
If I try to turn from you

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>