Joanne

Repertoire

Her name was Joanne, and she lived in a meadow by a pond.
And she touch'd me for a moment,
with a look that spoke to me of her sweet love.
Then the woman that she was drove her on with desperation,
and I saw as she went a most hopeless situation.
For Joanne, and the man, and the time that made them both wrong.

She was only a girl, I know that will, and still I could not see;
That the hold she had was much stronger than the love she had for me.
But staying with her, and my little bit of wisdom,
broke down her desires like a light thru a prism;
into yellows and blues and a tune that I could not have sung.

Tho' the essence is gone,
I have no tear to cry for her
and my only tho't of her is kind.

Her name was Joanne, and she lived in a meadow by a pond.
And she touch'd me for a moment,
with a look that spoke to me of her sweet love.
Then the woman that she was drove her on with desperation,
and I saw as she went a most hopeless situation.
For Joanne, and the man, and the time that made them both wrong.
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