Another Country

Plainsong

When we were apprentice to roaming, we trod the hills of spain.
The roads were open, the company good, we rose, where we had lain.
You said we'd take our pleasure again, that our love was not in vain.
But Spanish girls with raven curls would ease me of my pain.When none of our hours were numbered, we strolled on England's shore.
Our steps were anxious, our silences long, we rose by the ocean's roar.
You tried to take my hand in your own and you tried to rule my brain.
But London girls with golden curls would ease me of my pain.When all of our senses were reeling, we sailed to black Tangier.
Our eyes were clouded, our kisses were numb, our time was drawing near.
You searched the ashes and searched the colds, seeking a common name.
But Arabian girls with perfumed curls they ease me of my pain.You sang of lovers as restless as we who in other rooms still lie.
A rolling and tumbling all over the night - so why not you and I?
You asked me once, you asked me twice, the answer was never the same.
While wayfaring girls with ribbon curls would ease me of my pain.

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