The Music Weaver

Sandy Denny

I'm a long way from you
I'm a long way from home
And who cares for the feeling
Of being alone?The notes and the words
They will always unfold
And I'm left with a manuscript
That will grow old
And the secrets all told anywaySo the song, it is yours
And the song, it is mine
And a cold wind, it blows
Through good fortunes of timeThe hobo, he leaves
When the going is bad
And the music he weaves
Is so gentle and sad
But freedom he has anyway

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