King Of Bohemia

Richard Thompson

Let me rock you in my arms
I'll hold you safe and small
A refugee from the Seraphim
In your rich girl rags and allDid your dreams die young? Were they too hard won?
Did you reach too high and fall?
And there is no rest for the ones God blessed
And he blessed you best of allYour eyes seem from a different face
They've seen that much that soon
Your cheek too cold, too pale to shine
Like an old and waning moonAnd there is no peace, no true release
No secret place to crawl
And there is no rest for the ones God blessed
And he blessed you best of allIf tears unshed could heal your heart
If words unsaid could sway
Then watch you melt into the night
With Adieu, and rue the dayDid your dreams die young? Were they too hard won?
Did you reach too high and fall?
And there is no rest for the ones God blessed
And he blessed you best of all

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