Zero She Flies

Al Stewart

She's a mollusk,
A seamstress,
A princess,
A priestess,
A negress,
She knows her position

She's a swallow,
A willow,
A cello,
A pillow,
A bow
And also a physician

She takes your eyes
And mends your head
She draws the wine
And breaks the bread
She has no lies to tell you
And no truths to sell you
She's a girl,
She's almost a woman

And zero she flies as the morning sighs
Spreads her wings like a seagull
From the mountain he watches her,
Biding his time
But his eyes are the eyes of an eagle

He's a hawthorn,
A raven,
A scarecrow,
A haven
For moon-blessed thought and opinion
He will laugh like the fountains,
The bones of the mountains
Lie deep in his forest religion

You will call his name when evening falls
And the ground sets hard and the night wind calls

You will feed him and heed him,
At times you will need him
Say you were almost his woman

And zero she flies as the morning sighs
Spreads her wings like a seagull
From the mountain he watches her,
Biding his time
But his eyes are the eyes of an eagle
In the shuddering mad red blood-let sunset
A tired man is leaving his cover
And the soft eyes of zero
Are cut by the sounds
Of the vanishing feet of her lover

And the door slams shut
And the air grows tight
And her throat is gripped
By the hands of night
And all that is left
Is the clock on the shelf
As it ticks one day into another

And zero she sighs as the morning dies
With the broken wings of a seagull
From the mountain he watches her, sensing his time
But his eyes are the eyes of an eagle
At the pall of the day the man of the mountain
Is nearing the end of his travel
And the fence is down
On the westland bounds
And a footfall pounds in the gravel

Comes a knock three times
And the air grows still
As he steps inside from the sudden chill
And the moment is caught in the net of the night
For the coming of dawn to unravel

And zero she flies as the morning sighs
Spreads her wings like a seagull
From the mountain he's coming,
Judging his time
And his eyes are the eyes of an eagle

Oh zero she flies as the morning dies

Spreads her wings like a seagull
From her window he watches her,
A man in his time
But his eyes are the eyes of an eagle

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