

Sweet Sir Galahad

[Joan Baez](#)

Sweet Sir Galahad came in through the window
In the night when the moon was in the yard
He took her hand in his and shook the long hair
From his neck and he told her she'd been working much too hard
It was true that ever since the day
Her crazy man had passed away to the land of poet's pride
She laughed and talked alot with new people on the block
But always at evening time she cried
And here's to the dawn of their days
She moved her head a little down on
the bed
Until it rested softly on his knee
And there she dropped her smile and there she sighed awhile
And told him all the sadness of those years that numbered three
Well, you know I think my fate's belated
Because of all the hours I waited for the day when I'd no longer cry
I get myself to work by eight but oh, was I born too late
Do you think I'll fail at every single thing I try?
And here's to the dawn of their days
He just put his arm around
her and that's the way I found her
eight months later to the day
The lines of a smile erased the tear tracks upon her face
A smile that could linger, even stay
Sweet Sir Galahad went down
With his gay bride of flowers
The prince of the hours
Of her lifetime
And here's to the dawn of their days, of their days

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>