

Beeswing

Richard Thompson

I was nineteen when I came to town
They called in the Summer of Love
They were burningbabies, burning flags
The Hawks against the Doves

I took a job in the STEamie
Down on Cauldrum Street
I fell in love with a laundry girl
Was working next to me

She was a rare thing
Fine as a beeswing
So fine a breath of wind might blow her away
She was a lost child
She was running wild, she said
As long as there's no price on love, I'll stay
And you wouldn't want me any other way

Brown hair zig-zag round her face
And a look of half-surprise
Like a fox caught in the headlights
There was an animal in her eyes

She said, young man, O can't you see
I'm not the factory kind
If you don't take me out of here
I'll surely lose my miind

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We busked around the market towns
And picked fruit down in Kent
And we could tinker lamps and pots
And knives wherever we went

And I said that we might settle down
Get a few acres dug
Fire burning in the hearth
And babies on the rug

She said O man, you foolish man
It surely sounds like hell
You might be lord of half the world
You'll not own me as well

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She was running wild, she said
As long as there's no price on love, I'll stay

And you wouldn't want me any other way

We was camping down the Gower one time
The work was pretty good
She thought we shouldn't wait for frost
And I thought maybe we should

We were drinking more in those days
And tempers reached a pitch
Like a fool I let her run
With the rambling itch

Last I hear she's sleeping out
Back on Derby beat
White Horse in her hip pocket
And a wolfhound at her feet

And they say she even married once
A man named Romany Brown
But even a Gypsy caravan
Was too much settling down

And they say her flower is faded now
Hard weather and hard booze
But maybe that's just the price you pay
For the chains you refuse

She was a rare thing
Fine as a beeswing
And I miss her more than ever words could say
If I could just taste
All of her wildness now
If I could hold her in my arms today
Then I wouldn't want her any other way