

## Fingertips

## Strawbs

Her hair the weeping willow  
At the water's edge  
And from my windy crag  
Above the moorland sedge  
I see the willow fronds  
Caress the ripples  
I feel her nipples  
At my fingertips  
Her breasts are gentle snowdrifts  
In an open field  
The supple fingered winter wind  
The grass concealed  
And though the winter wind  
May be deceiving  
I feel her breathing  
At my fingertips  
Her legs the spreading branches  
Of the tree of life  
The willow wand will bend  
Before the woodman's knife  
The tangle thicket parts  
Before the forest fire  
Her warm desire  
Is at my fingertips