

## Rive Droite

## And Also The Trees

I felt her hand open in mine  
It made me think of another time.  
Sunday bells float through my house  
On the steady wind that's blowing to the south  
Trails of smoke rise in the air  
From the bonfires in the orchards  
I see you standing on the stairs  
And the house it roars like a shell.  
And one thing that's strange to me it seems  
Is though you're by the window  
When the gate it Swings I feel your hand in mine.  
Walk through the door my love to me  
Where the dry roots reach for the shallow stream  
And on the hill the chapel lies  
The bones of our families side by side  
In crooked lines.  
Down there beneath my house  
In the vale there's a man who's wading  
The water's up around his waist  
I see his face but I don't hear what he's saying  
And now night falling down  
Heavy as a cloth around your shoulders  
I see you smile in faded light  
So come to me  
Come to me.