

## For Emily, Whenever I May Find Her

Art Garfunkel

What I dream I had...  
Pressed in organdy;  
Clothed in crinoline of smoky Burgundy;  
Softer than the rain.  
I wandered empty streets  
Down past the shop displays.  
I heard cathedral bells  
Tripping down the alley ways,  
As I walked on.

And when you ran to me  
Your cheeks flushed with the night.  
We walked on frosted fields of juniper and lamplight,  
I held your hand.  
And when I awoke and felt you warm and near,  
I kissed your honey hair with my grateful tears.  
Oh I love you, girl.  
Oh, I love you.