

Beeswing

Christy Moore

I was 18 when I came to town they called it the summer
of love
Burning babies burning flags the hawks against the
doves
I took a job at the steaming way down on Caltrim St,
Fell in love with a laundry girl that was workin next
to me.
Brown hair zig zagged across her face and a look of
half surprise,
Like a fox caught in the headlights there was animal in
her eyes,
She said to me can't you see I'm not the factory kind,
If you don't take me out of here I'll surely lose my
mind
Chorus:
She was a rare thing fine as a bee's wing
So fine a breath of wind might blow her away
She was a lost child, she was runnin' wild (she said)
So long as theres no price on love I'll stay
You wouldn't want me any other way.
We busked around the market towns fruit pickin down in
kent
We could tinker pots and pans or knives wherever we
went.
We were campin down the Gower one time, the work was
mighty good.
She wouldn't wait for the harvest, I thought we should.
I said to her we'll settle down, get a few acres dug,
A fire burning in the hearth and babbies on the rug.
She said Oh man you foolish man that surely sounds like
hell,
You might be lord of half the world, You'll not own me
as well
Chorus
We were drinking more in those days our tempers reached
a pitch
Like a fool I let her run away when she took the
rambling itch.
Last I heard she was living rough back on the Derby
beat
A bottle of White Horse in her pocket, a Wolfhound at
her feet
They say that she got married once to a man called
Romany Brown
Even a gypsy caravan was too much like settlin' down
They say her rose has faded, rough weather and hard
booze,
Maybe that's the price you pay for the chains that you
refuse
She was a rare thing, fine as a bee's wing
I miss her more than ever words can say
If I could just taste all of her wildness now
If I could hold her in my arms today.....
I wouldn't want her any other way