

For Emily, Whenever I May Find Her

David Essex

What a 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.