

## It's Not With A Lover's Lyre / The Muse

Iris DeMent

It's not with a lover's lyre, not at all  
That I go around, attracting a crowd  
It's the rattle with which lepers crawl  
That in my hands keeps singing aloud

Where nothing is needed, I walk like a child  
My shadow serves as the friend I crave  
The wind breezes out of a grove gone wild  
And my foot is on the edge of the grave

All that I am hangs by a thread tonight  
As I wait for her whom no one can command  
Whatever I cherish most—youth, freedom, glory  
Fades before her who bears the flute, in her hand