

Lily lived in a farmhouse at the edge of town
Long black braids like anchor chains
How they weighed her down
Dark eyes, pale skin
Mean dad, she was my second grade friend
My very best friend

She had four older brothers that I sometimes dreamed about
Mennonite children like wild indians
In a one room schoolhouse
At sixteen she ran away
Married, her first chance to escape

Oh Lily, why'd you have to cut your hair
Oh Lily, I loved us just the way we were
Princess of the field and daughter of the moon
Oh Lily

A lifetime later I passed through Buffalo and found her house
Same sweet Lily was looking through the eyes
Of the woman I was talking to now
She gave me a rose she made
Of silk and memories of a lost yesterday

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Oh Lily

Two silhouettes in the afternoon
Princess of the field and daughter of the moon

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