

Ruthie

Murray Head

Ruthie in your petal overcoat
Ruthie let down your wistful hair and float
Across the drawbridge to my mind
Come waft into my crimson moat
I'd rather you did that
Than let the older men stand and gloat
Although I'm so much younger in my eyes
My thoughts are so much older than the
Lies my face seems to tell

Ruthie you must let me turn you on
Ruthie, quick before your change has gone
I see a world of lemon smiles
On people crossing gates and stiles
To clamber into fields of love
And dance with grass and scattered dove
O come and share a moment with me Ruth
While material older eyes look down aloof
For we've found Elysium...
Ruthie you must let you turn you on
Ruthie before your chance has gone...