

Truly Something Fine

Nanci Griffith

Oh, love is a hand you hold
When you think you've lost your mind
It is bitter as persimmons
Yet as sweet of rose on vine
It's the thorns upon the vines
That sometimes tear two hearts entwined
It's a gentle breath upon your cheek
That is so truly fine

Love is something truly fine
Love is love and truly blind
Love is only human kind
Love is something truly fine
Oh, love is something truly fine
Something never looked to find
Yet truly something fine

You and I are roses
Chose to wither on the vines
With you, you're back to love
With me, I've run from mine
We are some kind of weather
You're the storm blown 'cross my life
I am leaf of autumn
A fallen tear of something fine

From the shallows of the Mekong
To my Liffey, Dublin's wine
The tide turned me around
And brought the taste of something fine
And something's truly lost
As I'll not try to change your mind
The thorns of taking chances
Made it something truly fine