

Burns Supper

Richard Thompson

Oh you speak the words locked in my breast
But it's late for me, let an old man rest
One more black and tan on the barricade
To keep me safe from loving
When I close my eyes, close my eyes
To the cold flame of the Northern Lights
When I close my eyes, close my eyes
And I see you still in the shuttered night

What a new-found friend is honesty
To see ourselves as others see
To see the shy boy inside the man
Is that all I am? Just starved of loving

When I close my eyes, I close my eyes
To the cold flame of the Northern Lights
When I close my eyes, close my eyes
And I see you still in the shuttered night