

She Cut Off Her Long Silken Hair

Richard Thompson

Midnight in her room
There was music and incense and mirrors all round
By the light of the moon
Her silver dress slipped to the ground
Then she knelt like St Joan
And invisible armies attended her there
And her knife brightly shone
As she cut off her long silken hair

Trapped, I suppose
Lied for my sake
Crushed like the rose
That somebody picked by mistake

Oh I knew it would come
I knew she would leave me for some better start
Oh I knew it would come
She was too well rehearsed in her part
And I measured my life
And my heart fairly broke with the sorrow and care
As she took down the knife
And she cut off her long silken hair

Oh there's some who believe
Oh there's some who believe there are reasons to lie
And there's some who deceive
And the truth is right there in their eyes
Oh but I don't see why
In all of my life I've seen nothing so fair
And I don't see why
She cut off her long silken hair

I don't see why
I don't see why