

# Withered And Died

Richard Thompson

This cruel country has driven me down  
Teased me and lied, teased me and lied  
I've only sad stories to tell to this town  
My dreams have withered and died

Once I was bending the tops of the trees  
Kind words in my ear, kind faces to see

Then I struck up with a gal from the west  
Played run and hide, played run and hide  
Count one to ten and she's gone with the rest  
My dreams have withered and died

Silver moon sail up and silver moon shine  
On the waters so wide, waters so wide  
Steal from the bed of some good friend of mine  
My dreams are withered and died

If I was a butterfly, live for a day  
I could be free, just blowing away

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