

# Cherishing the Lonesome

Roy Harper

Here comes the patter of rain on my window  
I've woken again to the world on my pillow  
Wondering how I can beg, steal or borrow  
A girl who won't fight me but quietly follow.

Straight as a die and as clear as a crystal  
I come from a temple as trod as a footstool  
To hiding a brothel inside a cathedral  
The man in the mirror, the fool in the ideal.

Pulling apart with a speechless unweaving  
Dignity reels in the hearts of the grieving  
Walking the touch line twixt truth and deceiving  
A tear in a smile and a while wrenching leaving.

Oh help me now, my long lost love, the dusk has drawn  
my soul  
Relishing the autumn  
Maybe it's the tragedy in loving that I live  
Cherishing the lonesome.

I'd like to dance and sing my song upon a summer  
mountain  
With just a quiet girl along for daisy petal counting  
To set our sails into the West, the dream of all our  
forebears  
To where the sun is at his best, gathering us lovers.

Oh help me now, my long lost love, the dusk has drawn  
my soul  
Relishing the autumn  
Maybe it's the tragedy in loving that I live  
Cherishing the lonesome.

Cherishing the lonesome  
Cherishing the lonesome.

You stand in the doorway with tears in your sorrow  
Saying there must be some way to tomorrow  
And just for a few hours I think I can borrow  
A girl who won't fight me but quietly follow.