So Clear

The Pentangle

It was in the rainy season, waiting for the train,
Leaving in the afternoon, all on your own again.
Do you really understand it, can you tell me why it is this way
?
Sad lady, at her portmanteau, with no words left to say,
Saving that its only something that can happen any day.

Too loose, circus rider, turn on your childish grin,
Shine on through the long black night, go ride the dawn again.
Your eyes are stars that sweetly twinkle, aureole around your h
ead aflame.
Sad story that you cannot tell, where no one is to blame.
And anyhow its only something sure to come down with the rain.

Would i could hear, your song so clear, the words could touch t
he air,
And catch the moon's reflection in the colour of her hair.
To ease this ache of loneliness and blind the facetious stare.

Even now I do remember one thing more that is not told,
Just a slightly twisted crystal heart to keep you from the cold
.
All up the coast along the highway, nobody there will know your
 name,
So strange how things should work out now, yet still remain the
 same.
And even so you know there's nothing that can ever really chang
e...

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