

## Columbine

Townes Van Zandt

Tossin' hair a-ravin'  
Eyes of flashin' blue  
All the livin' that you're savin'  
Won't buy you dreams for you

Cut yourself a columbine  
Tear it from the stem  
Now breathe upon the petals fine  
And throw them to the wind

Watch the petals dancin'  
See them twirl and sing  
All your pride and prancin'  
How much does it mean?

Watch the petals start to fly  
And then come falling down  
Hear the wind begin to cry  
As she sees some touch the ground

Ah, lady, like the flower fair  
Some day you'll have to fall  
And you can find me standin' there  
To catch you if you crawl

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