

Iris's Song For Us

Vashti Bunyan

I climbed the peaks of glass with you
And walked a world of brass with you
And gladly left the glaring streets
To share a bed of grass with you

You made the elder burn for me
And cut the bird filled thorn for me
And through the ripening summer days
You bade the white road turn for me

I rode the dark green deep with you
And drove our dreams like sheep with you
And now my love please let me cross
Brown boundaries of sleep with you