

word by word  
she spoke to me  
hidden neath a mess of bygone linnen  
she listens as to dry a thousand tongues  
my love is thin and thinning  
some cherised flower  
flutters through  
gentleborn beloved you  
kindness always  
kindness always

i hear the sound  
the sound she's left me  
i stood her ground  
no  
they've swayed me

i hear the sound  
the sound she's left me  
i stood her ground  
i hear the sound  
the sound she's left me

wrapped tight  
inside your shawl  
we wander round this dingy hall  
softly spoken  
shaken tree  
the ash grove we come to be  
the blood run  
the blood run away  
from arm and leg to a warm heart  
all our colors agree  
in the dark

but no man lives upon that land  
far enough for us to see  
i hear your voice yeah  
in the hum of this machine

i hear the sound  
the sound you've left me  
i stood her ground

i hear the sound  
the sound she's left me