

As She Rides By
Words and Music by Tom Paxton

Lord, how I must make a pitiful sight,
Standing alone in the rain tonight
I've abandoned a room that's warm and dry,
To gaze at my love as she rides by.
As she rides by,
As she rides by,
To gaze at my love
As she rides by.

Lord, how I wish I was wealthy and free;
I'd know my love and she'd know me.
I'd build me a tower, I'd build it high,
And smile at my love as she rode by.
As she rode by,
As she rode by,
And smile at my love
As she rode by.

Lord, but a tower needs bricks and lime,
Land for to stand and a host of time,
Men for to raise it to the sky,
And all for my love as she rides by.
As she rides by,
As she rides by,
And all for my love
As she rides by.

Lord, but a dream is a pleasure to find,
I've built a tower in my mind.
And I've only to blink and close my eye
To gaze at my love as she rides by.
As she rides by,
As she rides by,
To gaze at my love
As she rides by.