

Beeswing

G
I was 18 when I came to town they called it the summer of love
D C
burning babies burning flags the against the doves
G
I took a job at the steaming way down on caltrim street
G D C
fell in love with a laundry girl that was working next to me
G
brown hair zig zagged across her face and a look of half surprise
G D C
like a fox caught in the headlights there was animal in her eyes
G
she said to me cant you see im not the factory kind
D C
if you dont get me out of here il surely lose my mind

CHORUS

EM G
she was a rare thing fine as a bees wing
EM D C
so fine a breath of wind might blow her away
EM she was a lost child she was[Gshe said
running wild
EM D C
so long as theres no price on love il stay.

we busked around the market towns fruit picking down in kent
we could tinker pots and pans or knives wherever we went
we were camping down the gower one time,the work was might good
she could,nt wait for the harvest I thought we should
i said to here we,il settle down,get a few acres dug
a fire burning in the heart and babbies on the rug
she said oh man you foolish man that surely sounds like hell
you might be lord to half the world you,il not own me as well
chorus

we were drinking more in does days our tempers reached a pitch
like a fool I let her run away when she got the rambling itch
last I heard she was living rough back on the derby beat
a bottle of white horse in her pocket,a wolfhound at her feet
they say she got married once to a man called romanie brown
even a gypse caravan was to much like settling down
they say here rose has faded,rough weather and hard booze
maybe thats the price you pay for the chains that you refuse

she was a rare thing fine as a bees wing
i miss her more than ever words can say
if I could just taste all her wildness now
if I could hold her in my arms today
Am Em C
i wouldnt want her any other way