

I Followed Her into the West

Words and Music by Tom Paxton

I Followed Her into the West
Where I had never been before.
And never did she see me as
I stood there helplesss, by the door.

Each day my resolution rose,
And every day an oath I swore:
Tonight I'd stand and be a man;
Tonight I'd knock upon her door.

And shaved and pressed and cleaned and dressed,
I'd start upon the quest once more.
But each night ended as the rest:
I could not knock upon her door.

I paced my room and cursed myself;
I swore that I would go no more.
When, as the sun was sinking low,
I heard a knocking at my door.

And standing there with food for me;
Standing there, my heart's delight!
Who said, "I thought you must be ill.
I missed you at my door tonight."

"Now you must rest and you must sleep,
Your resolution to restore.
And when these dishes you return,
Be sure to knock upon my door."