

# Beeswing

Richard Thompson

I was nineteen when I came to town, they called it the Summer of Love  
They were burning babies, burning flags. The hawks against the doves  
I took a job in the steamie down on Cauldrum Street  
And I fell in love with a laundry girl who was working next to me  
Oh she was a rare thing, fine  
as a bee's wing  
So fine a breath of wind might blow her away  
She was a lost child, oh she was running wild  
She said "As long as there's no price on love, I'll stay.  
And you wouldn't want me any other way"  
Brown hair zig-zag around her face and a look of  
half-surprise  
Like a fox caught in the headlights, there was animal in her eyes  
She said "Young man, oh can't you see I'm not the factory kind  
If you don't take me out of here I'll surely lose my mind"  
Oh she was a rare thing, fine as a bee's wing  
So fine that I might crush her where she lay  
She was a lost child, she was running wild  
She said "As long as there's no price on love, I'll stay.  
And you wouldn't want me any other way"  
We busked around the market towns and picked fruit  
down in Kent  
And we could tinker lamps and pots and knives wherever we went  
And I said that we might settle down, get a few acres dug  
Fire burning in the hearth and babies on the rug  
She said "Oh man, you foolish man, it surely sounds like hell.  
You might be lord of half the world, you'll not own me as well"  
Oh she was a rare thing, fine as  
a bee's wing  
So fine a breath of wind might blow her away  
She was a lost child, oh she was running wild  
She said "As long as there's no price on love, I'll stay.  
And you wouldn't want me any other way"  
We was camping down the Gower one time, the work was pretty good  
She thought we shouldn't wait for the frost and I thought maybe we should  
We was drinking more in those days and tempers reached a pitch  
And like a fool I let her run with the rambling itch  
Oh the last I heard she's sleeping rough back  
on the Derby beat  
White Horse in her hip pocket and a wolfhound at her feet  
And they say she even married once, a man named Romany Brown  
But even a gypsy caravan was too much settling down  
And they say her flower is faded now, hard weather and hard booze  
But maybe that's just the price you pay for the chains you refuse  
Oh she was a rare thing, fine as  
a bee's wing  
And I miss her more than ever words could say  
If I could just taste all of her wildness now

If I could hold her in my arms today  
Well I wouldn't want her any other way

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>