

# Beeswing

Richard Thompson

[capo on 2]

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

[chorus]

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"

[chorus]

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 busked around the market towns and picked fruit down in Kent  
And we could tinker pots and pans and knives wherever we went  
And I said that we might settle down, get a few acres dug

G C G D C  
Fire burning in the hearth and babies on the rug  
Em D G  
She said "Oh man, you foolish man, it surely sounds like hell.  
G C G D C  
You might be lord of half the world, you'll not own me as well"

[chorus]

Em G  
Oh she was a rare thing, fine as a bee's wing  
Em D C  
So fine a breath of wind might blow her away  
Em G  
She was a lost child, oh she was running wild  
Em D C  
She said "As long as there's no price on love, I'll stay.  
Am D G  
And you wouldn't want me any other way"

G C G C G  
We was camping down the Gower one time, the work was pretty good  
G C G D C  
She wouldn't wait for the harvest and I thought maybe we should  
G C G C G  
We was drinking more in those days and tempers reached a pitch  
G C G D C  
And like a fool I let her run when she got the rambling itch

[chorus]

Em G  
Oh she was a rare thing, fine as a bee's wing  
Em D C  
So fine a breath of wind might blow her away  
Em G  
She was a lost child, oh she was running wild  
Em D C  
She said "As long as there's no price on love, I'll stay.  
Am D G  
And you wouldn't want me any other way"

G C G C G  
Oh the last I heard she's sleeping rough back on the Derby beat  
G C G D C  
White Horse in her hip pocket and a wolfhound at her feet  
G C G C G  
And they say she even married once, to a man named Romany Brown  
G C G D C  
But even a gypsy caravan was too much settling down  
Em D G  
And they say her flower is faded now, hard weather and hard booze  
G C G D C  
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