



And go with her as she makes her rounds[/tab]  
[tab] **F** **C** **Bb** **F**  
And falls with her hair as it comes down[/tab]  
[tab]**F**  
With burning candle and the store window[/tab]

Hard to believe there could be more  
[tab]**C**  
All the poets complained of the cold[/tab]  
[tab]**C**  
But they only did what they were told[/tab]  
[tab]**C**  
Searching so hard for a satisfied mind[/tab]  
[tab]**C** **C7**  
While she walked by with a satisfied soul[/tab]  
[tab]**F** **Eb**  
Ah I wish I could be her lover[/tab]  
[tab]**F** **Eb**  
And go with her as she makes her rounds[/tab]  
[tab] **F** **C** **Bb** **F**  
And falls with her hair as it comes down[/tab]  
[tab]**F**  
A radio played on to almost no one[/tab]  
[tab]**F**  
Attention was payed only to dawn[/tab]  
[tab]**C**  
As she stopped and bent to touch her nylons[/tab]

And felt in the air for a post to lean on

No one could ever know her outside  
[tab] **C7**  
In the take of an instant she had passed by[/tab]  
[tab]**F** **Eb**  
Ah I wish I could be her lover[/tab]  
[tab]**F** **Eb**  
And go with her as she makes her rounds[/tab]  
[tab] **F** **C** **Bb** **F**  
And falls with her hair as it comes down[/tab]  
[tab]**F**  
Symbols and motives were again promoted[/tab]  
[tab]**F**  
Hard to believe there could be more[/tab]  
[tab]**C**  
As she moved on and then faded out[/tab]

To the songs of the poet still keeping it up

The sidewalks cleared themselves for a new touch  
[tab] **C7**  
And it all disappeared into the face of the clock[/tab]

**F Eb F Eb F C Bb F**

From David Blue "David Blue LP"  
Elektra Records 1966  
Faithful Virtue Music Co