## Easter Lilies Ralph McTell

For a long while she stood in the flower shop window F C The daffodils dearest at this time of year C Inside she emptied her purse on the counter G I want to buy all of the daffodils here By her eyes it was plain to see she d been crying F C D7 As she tucked back a loose strand of hair from her face F C I want to spend all of my money on flowers And I need every daffodil here in this place Clutching her harvest, a cornsheaf of flowers She clambered aboard the late rush hour tram And by Schweigaadsgate, a small pool of water F G Had formed on the floor as if wrung from her hands It all seemed to add to the lost look about her C D7 As the grey rattling city went rumbling past She sat like a small child testing for butter F G Her face lit in yellow from the flowers tightly clasped Once in her apartment, she lay down the blooms C Divided them up into glasses and jars Til daffodils filled every space in the room G Then she lit every candle she could find in the house She bathed and she dressed and corked open champagne C D7

| C  | F            |           | C         | G                |     |
|--|--------------|-----------|-----------|------------------|-----|
| Then closi   | ng the curta | ins on th | e birds a | nd the rain      |     |
| Am   | F            | G         | C         |                  |     |
| She stood among flickering daffodils                     |              |           |           |                  |     |
|  |              |           |           |                  |     |
|  |              |           |           |                  |     |
| C  | F            |           | C         | G                |     |
| Surrounded and centred she pondered her feelings         |              |           |           |                  |     |
| Am   | F            | С         | G         |                  |     |
| Sofa d and cushioned on feathers she lay                 |              |           |           |                  |     |
| C  | F            | C         | G         |                  |     |
| Holding on to the pillows, lest she float to the ceiling |              |           |           |                  |     |
| Am   | F            | G         | C         |                  |     |
| And just like the cigarette smoke drift away             |              |           |           |                  |     |
| G  |              | F         |           | C                |     |
| She wondered just where the wind might deliver           |              |           |           |                  |     |
| F  | C C          | D         | 7 G       |                  |     |
| An unwritten letter in a torn envelope                   |              |           |           |                  |     |
| C  | F            | С         |           | G                |     |
| Though candlelight warmed, she suddenly shivered         |              |           |           |                  |     |
| Am   |              | F         | G         | C                |     |
| And the ye   | llow flowers | shimmere  | d with br | ightness and hop | pe. |
|  |              |           |           |                  |     |

Which made pigeons fly from her window  $\operatorname{cill}$