

Key: G Capo 2<sup>nd</sup> Fret Notes: Slowdowner: -2

Written by Richard Thompson, this version performed by Christy Moore. Played like an Irish Folk song. Lyrics from the album Mirror Blue.

[Intro]

[Verse 1]

<sup>G</sup>  
I was nineteen when I came to town,  
<sup>G</sup>  
they called it the summer of love.  
<sup>G</sup>  
They were burning babies burning flags,  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
the hawks against the doves.

[Verse 2]

<sup>G</sup>  
I took a job at the steaming  
<sup>G</sup>  
down on Cauldrum Street,  
<sup>G</sup>  
and I fell in love with a laundry girl  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
that was workin' next to me.

[Chorus]

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

[Interlude]

[Verse 3]

<sup>G</sup>  
Brown hair zig-zag around her face  
<sup>G</sup>  
and a look of half surprise.  
<sup>G</sup>  
Like a fox caught in the headlights,  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
there was animal in her eyes.

[Verse 4]

<sup>G</sup>  
She said "young man oh can't you see?  
<sup>G</sup>  
I'm not the factory kind.  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
If you don't take me out of here  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
I'll surely lose my mind".

[Chorus]

<sup>Em</sup>  
Oh she was a rare thing,  
<sup>G</sup>  
fine as a bee's wing.  
<sup>Em</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
So fine I might crush her where she lay.  
<sup>Em</sup>  
She was a lost child,  
<sup>G</sup>  
she was runnin' wild.  
<sup>Em</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
She said "as long as there's no price on love, I'll stay  
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
and you wouldn't want me any other way".

[Interlude]

[Verse 5]

<sup>G</sup>  
We busked around the market towns  
<sup>G</sup>  
and picked fruit down in Kent.  
<sup>G</sup>  
And we could tinker lamps and pots  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
and knives wherever we went.

[Verse 6]

<sup>G</sup>  
And I said "that we might settle down,  
<sup>G</sup>  
get a few acres dug.  
<sup>G</sup>  
Fire burning in the hearth  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
and babies on the rug".

[Verse 7]

<sup>G</sup>  
She said "O man, you foolish man.  
<sup>G</sup>  
It surely sounds like hell.  
<sup>G</sup>  
You might be lord of half the world,  
<sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
you'll not own me as well".

[Chorus]

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,  
well 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".

[Verse 8]

We was camping down the Gower one time.  
The work was pretty good.  
She thought we shouldn't wait for frost  
and I thought maybe we should.

[Verse 9]

We was drinking more in those days  
and tempers reached a pitch.  
Like a fool I let her run,  
with the rambling itch.

[Interlude]

[Verse 10]

Oh, the last I hear she's sleeping,  
out back on Derby beat.  
White Horse in her hip pocket  
and a wolfhound at her feet.

[Verse 11]

And they say she even married once,  
a man named Romany Brown,  
but even a Gypsy caravan  
was too much settling down.

[Verse 12]

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.

[Chorus]

And 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  
Then I wouldn't want her any other way

[Interlude]

[Close]