

travelling song

many ladies have touched my arm,
i've felt the hunger in their eyes;
but myself i've felt no need,
i have a love which satisfies

she moves like a rippling elk
thru the gentle rain;
she nurtures all my crazy horse dreams,
and her name is Jane

her love is like a purple swell
surging to the shore;
she makes me feel a lot of things
i've never felt before

sometimes i hear on evening's wind
deep humming in the hills;
i have to go a' wanderin' the land,
her brown eyes are with me still

O how i want her to share
travellin' on back country roads;
she sends me her six little words
from deep within the woods

Jane Jane, i call your name
to the rising moon;
i feel your wild love in the air,
and i will be there soon

so i go to her again,
we sail the leopard seas;
our palms are open in the sun,
feasts of wine and cheese

yet i feel a longing still
to step inside our dreams;
but she seems not ready yet
to journey to the hills

so i rise and pack my swag,
move on thru the skies;
last night's tiger joy of love
plants deep chuckling in my eyes

Jane Jane, i call your name
to the cold granite moon:
i hear your sighing on the wind
and i will come there soon

.... all i do is sing a song
and glide into the sun;
i trust the feelings that we share
until we can be one