

One Woman

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One woman she stands in the cold winds
Another she hides from the storms
But I know one who's gone travelling
To find where it might be warm

She doesn't much care for your talk
She doesn't much care for a home
No she was born of the wild wild wood
Destined to forever roam

And oh how she dances in the moonlight
Where the stars can look down upon her there
And the earth it surrenders to the touch of her feet
And the four winds they blow back her hair

Now I guess that you could say that we were happy
At least I can say for a time
But the urge it caught it was time for go
I'll never use that word mine

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