

Fair Thistledown

TadTuleja

3AM, Autumn Equinox, 2015 Harlingen

He was a ragged old man who haunted the hills	D G D
Taking his rest where the waters run still	Em G D
We met only once on a wearisome day	D G D
As he whistled a tune and went his way	Em G D

He left me a gift of unspoken renown
A wanderer's cloak of fair thistledown
It will keep no man warm and no woman dry
As it's woven of longing and pieces of sky

But I wear it sometimes when the darkness is deep	G D
And the night bird comes to ravage my sleep	Em Bm G A
And bear me away to that far fiddler's field	D G D
Where the words to all songs are revealed	Em G D

He carries no pack and he speaks not a word
And he moves to a music that no one has heard
But I would not exchange for an emperor's crown
This ragged old cloak of fair thistledown

Repeat chorus