

The Child Who Was Wild

Once there was a woman, a young, young woman
She ran from the city, the old, old city
She ran to the woods, the deep dark woods.
She wasn't seen for days. Days, weeks and months.
She came out of the woods, the deep dark woods
She came with a child, a child who was wild.
She brought the child to the city, the old, old city
He grew and he grew and he grew and he grew
Out of his hands grew shoots: green shoots and leaves
Out of his shoulders grew the lily and the rose
His hair was the blossom that blows in the wind,
He stood in the city, the old, old city
with the leaves and the flowers and the blossom
falling, falling, falling on grey, grey gravel.