

The Voice House

A Bunch of Thyme

Come a' you maidens young and fair
All you that are blooming in your prime –
Always beware, and keep your garden fair –
Let no man steal away your thyme.

*For thyme, it is a precious thing
And thyme brings all things to my mind
Thyme with all its labours, along with all its joys
Oh thyme brings all things to my mind.*

Once she had a bunch of thyme
She thought it never would decay
Then came a lusty sailor who chanced to pass her way
He stole her bunch of thyme away.

The sailor gave to her a rose
A rose that never would decay
He gave it to her to keep her reminded
Of when he stole her thyme away.

So come all . . . (verse 1)

Last chorus, last line: Oh time brings all things to an end.

Candy Says

Lou Reed

Candy says, I've come to hate my body
And all that it requires in this world –
Candy says, I'd like to know completely
What other souls discreetly talk about.

I'm gonna watch the bluebirds fly
Over my shoulder
I'm gonna watch them pass me by
Maybe when I'm older –
What do you think I'd see
If I could walk away from me?

Candy says, I hate the quiet places
That cause the smallest taste of what will be –
Candy says, I hate the big decisions
That cause endless revisions in my mind –

I'm gonna watch . . .