Love is a tanglewood tree in a bower of green  
In a forest at dawn  
Fair while the mockingbird sings, but she soon lifts her wings  
And the music is gone  
Young lovers in the tall grass with their hearts open wide  
When the red summer poppies bloom  
But love is a trackless domain and the rumor of rain in the late afternoon  
  
Love is an old root that creeps through the meadows of sleep  
When the long shadows cast  
Thin as a vagrant young vine, it encircles and twines  
And it holds the heart fast  
Catches dreamers in the wildwood with the stars in their eyes  
And the moon in their tousled hair  
But love is a light in the sky, and an unspoken lie  
And a half-whispered prayer  
  
I'm walkin' down a bone-dry river but the cool mirage runs true  
I'm bankin' on the fables of the far, far better things we do  
I'm livin' for the day of reck'nin countin' down the hours  
I yearn away, i burn away, i turn away the fairest flower of love, 'cause darlin . . .  
  
Love is a garden of thorns, and a crow in the corn  
love's garden of thorns, how it grows, black crow in the corn hummin' low  
  
And the brake growing wild  
brake nettle so pretty and wild and thistles surround the edge of the  
  
Cold when the summer is spent in the jade heart's lament  
dark hour as the sun moves away, lamenting a lost summer day''  
  
For the faith of a child  
who nurtures the faith of a child when nothing remains to cover her eyes?  
  
My body has a number and my face has a name  
my body has a number, maybe my face has a name  
  
And each day looks the same to me  
each hour like each hour before  
  
But love is a voice on the wind, and the wages of sin  
this longing is a voice on the wind, she cultivates the wages of sin  
  
And a tanglewood tree  
in a tanglewood tree