

LUCY WAN Lyrics

Chris Sherburn & Denny Bartley NOE03

Rainy Night in Soho

I've been loving you a long time down all the years down all the days
I've cried for all your sorrows, smiled at your funny little ways
We watched our friends grow up together and we saw them as they fell
Some of them fell into heaven; some of them fell into hell.

I took shelter from a shower and I stepped into your arms
On a rainy night in Soho, the wind was whistling all its charms.
I sang you all my sorrows; you told me all your joys
Whatever happened to the old songs, to all those little girls and boys.

Sometimes I wake in the morning, the ginger lady by my bed
Covered in a cloak of silence, I hear you talking in my head.
I'm not singing for the future, I'm not dreaming of the past
I'm not talking of the first time, I never think about the last.

Now this song is nearly over, we may never find out what it means
Still there's a light I hold before me, you are the measure of my dreams,
You are the measure of my dreams.

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A poet's perspective on love. We think it's about whiskey, though we may never find out what it means! If it is about whiskey "you are the measure of my dreams" has some genius in it. A McGowan classic. The original version appears on the Pogue's album 'Poguetry in Motion', which makes the album title a classic too.

I sing 'I'm not praying for the past' in our version because that's where my heart led me in the moment. Praying is a lot more forlorn than dreaming after all!