

COTTAGE OF LIGHT (Ray Austin-Austin) **Am 4/4 - 3/4**

4/4

Am	-	F	Am	-	G	-	Am
Am	-	F	Am	-	F	G	-

3/4

Bb	F	C#	F	Bb	F	G	-
Am	-	G	Am	-	F	Am	

Come in through the door of my cottage of light
And relax on my couch of dawn
My blanket of night will cover your head
Till you wake in my parlour of mourn

***The blood on your hands will soon fall away
Though your conscience will never quite heal
And the trusting smile on the face of a child
Will always seem somehow unreal***

Come sit at my table of plenty and eat
Of fruit plucked from trees on the moon
And rejoice in the voice of my fountain of life
Its flowing may cease very soon

***Your finger will never pull trigger again
Though your eye will continue to aim
Your tired young body may rest here awhile
Till you get up and find a new game***

Come lie in the warmth of my fire of truth
Though its flames are no longer so bright
And tell me your stories of uniformed heroes
Crusading for God and for Right

***We know your face and your story so well
For both are reflected in gold
The fire is dying along with your soul
You'll just have to get used to the cold***