

Molly Grue in the Kitchen

Words by Merav Hoffman, tune by John Prine (Angel From Montgomery)

I am no tame woman
And I have no master
And the wizard beside me,
He cannot grow old
And the woman who's with us
Her eyes full of flowers,
She is no woman, but a legend foretold.

[Chorus]

It would be the last one,
That came to see Molly
An unthinking cruelty, that no wizard could brew,
You know I forgive you, and I will help free us
Trust in the true heart of old Molly Grue.

When I was a young girl,
I longed for her coming,
I'm not much to look at,
Not like I was then.
While she left me waiting,
Still I will forgive her,
Cry out my anguish
In her soft white mane.

It would be the last one,
That came to see Molly
An unthinking cruelty, that no wizard could brew,
You know I forgive you, and I will help free us
Trust in the true heart of old Molly Grue.

In the king's meagre kitchen
I counsel the princeling
And he would give anything
If she'd say she would stay.

How can you cut away,
And still have a core left
Parts of yourself that you
Can't throw away.

[Chorus]

It would be the last one,
That came to see Molly
An unthinking cruelty, that no wizard could brew,
You know I forgive you, and I will help free us
Trust in the true heart of old Molly Grue. (x2)