

You say that you have heard the tales
and rightly so you may
But I have one that you will find
is newly sung today.

I traveled over Orson Pass and
through the wind and rain.
I stopped in Martha Burry's Inn
I'll ne'er eat there again.
And sometimes when I tread the peak
I'd hear a quiet sound,
that settled in my wayward ear
and followed me around.

Chorus

I am a bard, a wanderlust
and I am meant to sing.
Lightfoot and lark hearted,
my fingers love the strings.

I left the road to follow fast
a whisper, a suggestion.
To searched the cliff and mountain peak
to ease my song obsession.
I heard in my blood and bones -
A thunder in the air.
Over jagged rock and stones
into a dragons-lair.
His scales where sterling silver,
tooth and claw a striking white.
His voice was deep and dulcet as
it echoed in the heights,
"Woman-ling, you've left your fire
What did you think to find?
For don't you know, I hunger
& We feast upon your kind."

Chorus

I am a bard, a wanderlust
and I am meant to sing
Lightfoot and lark hearted
my fingers love the strings.

I answered in an honest truth,
"It was your voice that called.
from through the mountainside I came

i have been clear enthralled.
And if I die to hear you sing
My life is better lost.
For just one song before I go
It would be worth the cost.”
The Dragon laughed and settled down
And sang to me a tune
I couldn't help but sing along
It ended far too soon.
“Would that the mountain had a heart,
Would that the wind had breath
The stars could hum, the ocean drum,
Such music, light and death.”

Chorus

I am a bard, a wanderlust
and I am meant to sing
Lightfoot and lark hearted
my fingers love the strings.

We traded songs: a sweet duet,
an aria at dawn,
harmony at brightest day,
at dusk and evensong.
The dragon offered me a choice
I bargained for my life:
To die or stay forever and
become a dragon's wife.
In time I spoke on who I'd been,
he shared with me his name,
but I a creature of the air
my voice grew soft and strained.
With every day I lived I lost
A little off my soul...
So my husband made a choice:
The Dragon let me go.

Chorus

I am a bard, a wanderlust
and I am meant to sing
Lightfoot and lark hearted
my fingers love the strings.

He gave to me a silver scale
bound fast by a silver chain.
He said to keep it by my heart

and there is still remains.
The light is on the mountainside.
The rumble in the clay.
My husband sleeps under the sun
where a sleeping dragon lay.

I hoped that you enjoyed my song
for I'll be leaving soon
Im going home to my true love
To sing a merry tune.

Chorus

I am a bard, a wanderlust
and I am meant to sing
Lightfoot and lark hearted
my fingers love the strings.

I am a bard, a wanderlust
and I am meant to sing
Light footed and lark hearted
My fingers love the strings.