

Lady of the Flowers

Donovan

Your hair blows, the grass grows
Sun yellow, cloudless blue
Can't you tell, green angel
How I love you?

She's my lady of the flowers
She's a sweet herb with a healing way
She's my lady of the flowers
Perfuming my way.

Your hand plays with daisies
Birds sing and butterflies
Lips like wine, mellow time
In paradise.

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