

# Galadriel

Barclay James Harvest

She comes up with the morning sun  
And tells me life has just begun  
Oh, what it is to be young  
And in the early morning light  
She brings me flowers from the sun  
Oh what it is to be young

And if you see her you will know  
She's like a shadow  
Passing softly on the snow

And in the early evening light  
She brings me flowers for the night  
Oh what it is to be young

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She's like a shadow  
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And in the early evening light  
She brings me flowers for the night  
Oh what it is to be young