

Black is the colour

Brian McFadden

Black is the colour of my true loves hair
Her lips are like some roses fair
She has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands
And I love the ground whereon she stands

I love my love and well he knows
I love the ground whereon he goes
I wish that day soon would come
When he and I can be as one

I go to the Clyde and I mourn and weep
For satisfied I never sleep
I write him letters just a few short lines
And I suffer death a thousand times

Black is the colour (black is the colour) of my true loves hair
(of my true loves hair)
Her lips are like (lips are like) some roses fair (some roses f
air)
The sweetest smile (he has the sweetest smile) and the gentlest
hands (and the gentlest hands)
And I love the ground (I love the ground) whereon she stands (w
hereon he stands)

Black is the colour of my true loves hair