

# Guinnevere

David Crosby

Guinnevere had green eyes  
Like yours, mi'lady, like yours  
She'd walk down through the garden  
In the morning after it rained

Peacocks wandered aimlessly  
Underneath an orange tree  
Why can't she see me?

Da, da, da ...

Guinnevere drew pentagrams  
Like yours, mi'lady, like yours  
Late at night when she thought  
That no one was watching at all  
On the wall

Do, do, do ...  
She shall be free  
Da, da, da ...

As she turns her gaze  
Down the slope to the harbor where I lay anchored  
Turned out to be  
Such a short day

Guinnevere had golden hair  
Like yours, mi'lady, like yours  
Streaming out when we'd ride  
Through the warm wind down by the bay  
Yesterday

Seagulls circle endlessly  
I still sing in silent harmony  
We both shall be free