

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