

# 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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