

Marigold; Gloria Swansong

The Hollies

The book I bought yesterday
I started to read
I found a small marigold
Pressed between leaves

And in that small marigold,
Well, I found a note
Saying, "Please won't you write to me
'Cause I'm so alone"

So I'm going to write back today
Yes, I'm going to write right away

I started "Dear Marigold,"
Not knowing her name
"I just had to write to you
'Cause I feel the same

"You sound like the marigold
That I found today
The beauty was there to be found
But fading away

"So I'm writing to you today
Yes, I'm writing to you right away

As I started writing,
Well what can I say
I got to thinking
Where are you today

Brown leather cover,
Ripped, tattered, and torn
It's been such a long, long time
Since the flower was born

There's no need to write back today
I'm not going write right away

Just like a swan she is gliding,
Drifting from here unto there
She has no thoughts of dying,
Winter does not mean despair

Warm summer nights left behind her,
Thinking of things that she's done
Once were her friends all around her,
But now she is only one

Swan, swan keep your feet off the ground
Keep flying around
It's lonely you've found
You were left on your own
You didn't do right
Not to take off and fly
When your friends left that night

Someday I know you'll see something
That will bring back the memories of gold
You'll meet the friends that did leave you
No more to be left in the cold

And just like a swan you'll be gliding,
Drifting from here unto there
You'll have no thoughts of dying
'Cause winter did not mean despair