

Diamonds From A Willow Tree

Lorrie Morgan

Diamonds from a willow tree
Music from the birds and bees
Perfume from a flower bed
And clouds of pillows for my head

Velvet grass and flutterbys
A sea of love that wont run dry
This is what you offered me
A fantasy, a dream you dreamed

But willows cant grow diamond rings
Its left over rain early morning sun signs of spring
The music the birds make
Is just a sight of life that awaits

The velvet grass is windblown weeds
And flutterbys I've never seen
A sea of love I've never sailed
Its just a tale, another dream you dreamed

Where's the clouds for pillows send
Perfume dont grow in flower beds
A sea of love is just a sea
A willow tree is just a tree