

Take her to the river
Call her a river-child
Take her to the forest
Call her a little wild
Sell her to the gypsy
For a jar of metal coins
Take her to the mountain
And thrust yourself
Into her loins

Calico
Calico
Calico
Her lips are white as snow

She moved to the mountains
With a box all chiseled sharp
She moved to the highlands
With a box of books all dark
I knew her in the city
She and I would dance the night
Drink the wine of dripping berries
Toss the moon and count the lights

Calico
Calico
Calico
Her skin is soft as snow

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