

Guinnevere

Rick James

Guinnevere had green eyes
Like yours, my lady, like yours
She'd walk down to the garden
In the morning after it rained
Yesterday

Peacocks wandered aimlessly
Underneath the orange tree
Why can't she see me?

Guinnevere drew pentagrams
Like yours, my lady, like yours
Late at night when she thought
That no one was watching at all
On the wall

Seagulls circle endlessly
Sing in silent harmony
She shall be free, she shall be free

As she turns her gaze
Down the slope to the harbor where I lay
Anchored for the day, yeah

Guinnevere had braided hair
Like yours, my lady, like yours
Streaming out when we'd ride
Through the warm wind down by the bay
Yesterday

Seagulls wandered aimlessly
Underneath the orange tree
She shall be free