

The Lady

Roger McGuinn

The lady's eyes are beautiful
They wander through the dictionary
Searching for a way to say I love you
To a friend
Sun comes up and sun goes down
Still no word has the lady found
And she'll go right on
Searching till the end

Oh, the lady is a very unlikely lady
In her time she might hit you
For a dime or two
But change is not the only
Offer she's had, oh no
And she can find yeah,
A reason to be bad for you

The lady's hands are magical
They reach for you and seem to hold you
Comfort is a blessing, yes
A baby understands
Winter in her knitted gloves
Summertime as free as her love
But she comes up with nothing
In her hands

The lady's soul is mystical
And in the night it flies to heaven
Trouble finds a holy soul
That's looking for a dream
Visions grow and they fade away
And the lady begins to pray
But grace is not as easy as it seems