

# Lady Of The Lake

Strawberry Alarm Clock

When I was a boy I knew the lady of the lake  
And I was her favorite child  
She wore a white gown her yellow hair hanging down  
And her voice like a shadow, was gentle and kind

Everyday to the sea we would go hand in hand  
And build great white castles, civilizations in sand  
And I would paint her pictures with a seaweed brush  
And gather seashell jewels for her, as stars watched over us

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Sometimes we'd set sail straight for the sun  
As down the dome of sky it fled  
And sometimes we'd try to catch it as it spun  
To the deep sea comfort of the seagreen bed

The lady of the lake is gone, lost with childhoods mind  
But the intoxication lingers on and I remember the time  
When I would paint her pictures with a seaweed brush  
And gather seashell jewels for her, as the stars watched over us

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