

## Sixties

### The Essex Green

You pick the place, darling, I'll pick the date  
I'll see you there, don't be late  
Somewhere thru the gold of early autumn breeze  
Meet me in the sixties

There won't be a day since I ain't by your side  
No more Guinevere bride  
Yeah won't it be nice, darling, just you and me  
Meet me in the sixties

It never should have happened, no it never was our fate  
Us living three decades late  
There'll be flowers at your feet, queen forest lady, please  
Meet me in the sixties

Pack your bags  
Yeah, but don't take everything  
I know we're never coming back  
But you won't need that ring  
You won't need it

A shower of long hair thru which we watch the whole world change  
It's already been arranged  
So take train, plane, or bus, or to travel the high seas  
Just meet me in the sixties