

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 wont it be nice, darling, just you and me
Meet me in the sixities

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 chang
e
It's already been arranged
So take train, plane, or bus, or to travel the high seas
Just meet me in the sixties