

Lady Genevieve

The Mamas and the Papas

In a place far from here,
Cirled by mountains,
Her skirts are raised;
She gently sways.

Lady Genevieve

Blue of blouse,
Crystal sphere
Slowly revolving -
Her life is seen;
The blues are green.
Kings cannot believe
Lady Geneveie.

Butterfly to appear
Frozen in final motion.
The bargain's made;
Her colors fade.
Collectors have achieved
Lady Genevieve.

Night has come,
So spread your wings
While they all are sleeping.
Try the wind;
Your wings shall mend.
Happily conceive,
Lady Genevieve.

Lady Genevieve,
Torn from the willow,
Rest your head,
Ooh, rest your head.
No one shall receive Lady Genevieve.