

Donovan

"The Hills Of Tuscany"

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I left my home and the factory
To wander my way to the sea
In the Wild Country I'm happy
I feel so much more alive and free

Rambling through the pleasant Hills of Tuscany
In the early spring sunshine
Rambling through the pleasant Hills of Tuscany
Little green grapes growing on the vine

There is a girl I do so love
I know she would laugh to know my mind
Her beauty fairer than the dove
A flower for her hair I always find

Chorus:

My voice I raise and sing her praise
To the flowers and the birdies of the air
When to the clouds I set my gaze
I often see her smile up there

Chorus

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