

Fleetwood Mac

"Woman Of A 1,000 Years"

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Woman of a thousand years
How are your sons of a time ago
Do they still admire your silvered ways
As you go down
To the sea and golden sand
You may be seen up in the sky
And from the land
Or floating by, a fisherman's day
Flying down from a high
She is gone, and then appears
From the water's edge
Woman of a thousand years
He waits to see you...
You may be seen up in the sky
And from the land
Or floating by, a fisherman's day
Flying down from a high
She is gone, and then appears
From the water's edge
He waits to see you
For it has been long since you left him
On his own to wander
Woman of a thousand years
How are your sons of a time ago
Do they still admire your silvered ways
As you go down
To the sea and golden sand

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