

Fleetwood Mac "Woman Of A Thousand Years"

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Written by danny kirwan.

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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