

Fleetwoods

"Turtle Dove"

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Don't you see yon turtle dove
Flying from vine to vine
Looking for his own true love
As I, my love, for mine for mine
As I, my love, for mine

What he knows
Nothing
But pecking on a bough
Bough up in the blue
Never knew till I met you
What love, oh love, could do could do
What love, oh love, could do

Here I lie on a feather pick
Feathers from the wing
Feathers to caress me now
And you to hear me sing, my love
My love, to hear me sing

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Looking for his own true love
As I, my love, for mine for mine
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