

Gene Clark "Lady Of The North"

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Flying high above the clouds, we lay in the grassy
meadow

The earth was like a pillow for our dreams
Trials never entered into any conversation
That was the relation of our dreams

But as a change in the wind must come
Over the mountain
And the seasons roll under the sun
Passing the shadows of our dreams

Flying high above the clouds, we lay in the grassy
meadow

The earth was like a pillow, for our dreams

Trials never entered into any conversation
That was the relation of our dreams

But as a change in the wind must come
Over the mountain
And the seasons roll under the sun
Passing the shadow of our dreams

Ah, ah, fine lady of the north
Like silver on the ocean shore
Flying breeze, whispers through the trees

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