

Jukebox The Ghost "Black Is The Color"

Visit "[Black Is The Color](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Traditional)

Black is the color of my true love's hair
His face is like some wondrous fair
With the prettiest face and the neatest hands
I love the ground whereon he stands

I love my love
And whell he knows
I love the ground whereon he goes
If you know ???

.....

I go to the Clyde for to mourn and weep
But satisfied I never can sleep
I'll write him a letter, just a few short lines
I'll suffer death one thousand times

Black is the color of my true love's hair
His face is like some wondrous fair
With the prettiest face and the neatest hands
I love the ground whereon he stands

Visit [Jukebox The Ghost](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.