

Celtic Thunder

"Black Is The Color"

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

Black is the color of my true love's hair
Her lips are like some roses fair
She's got the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands.
And I love the ground whereon she stands

I love my love and well she knows
I love the ground whereon she goes.
I wish the day it soon would come
When she and I could be as one

For black is the color of my true love's hair
Her lips are like some roses fair
She's got the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands.
And I love the ground whereon she stands

I go to the Clyde and I mourn and weep
For satisfied I never can be
And I write her a letter, just a few short lines
And suffer death a thousand times

For black is the color of my true love's hair
Her lips are like red roses fair
She's got the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands.
And I love the ground whereon she stands

For black is the color of my true love's hair
Her lips are like red roses fair
She's got the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands.
And I love the ground whereon she stands

For black is the color of my true love's hair.

Visit [Celtic Thunder](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.