

Linda Ronstadt

"Fragments: Golden Song/ Merry-go-round/ Love Is A Child"

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When the sun is going down
I see golden all around
Golden windows, golden skies
Golden in my true love's eyes

Red and yellow, green and brown
The colors of the horses on the merry-go-round
Silver dreams can be found
To pass rings on the merry-go-round

The face of death is pale and worn
The heart of death is cold
You need me with these things to think upon
As I'm growing only old

Love is a child born to you
With a hunger warm and fine
Tiny little hands, tender little mouth
Love is not a child of mine

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