

Lorrie Morgan

"Diamonds From A Willow Tree"

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Diamonds from a willow tree
Music from the birds and bees
Perfume from a flower bed
And clouds of pillows for my head

Velvet grass and flutterbys
A sea of love that won't run dry
This is what you offered me
A fantasy, a dream you dreamed

But willows can't grow diamond rings
It's left over rain early morning sun, signs of spring
The music the birds make
Is just a sight of life that awaits

The velvet grass is windblown weeds
And flutterbys I've never seen
A sea of love I've never sailed
It's just a tale, another dream you dreamed

Where's the clouds for pillows send
Perfume don't grow in flower beds
A sea of love is just a sea
A willow tree is just a tree

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