

## **Mamas & The Papas** **"Lady Genevieve"**

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In a place far from here,  
Circled by mountains,  
Her skirts are raised;  
She gently sways.

[?] deceive  
Lady Genevieve

Blue of blouse,  
Crystal sphere  
Slowly revolving---  
Her life is seen;  
The blues are green.  
Kings cannot believe  
Lady Genevieve.  
Butterfly to appear  
Frozen in final motion.  
The bargain made;  
Her colors fade.  
Collectors have achieved  
Lady Genevieve.  
Night has come,  
So spread your wings  
While they all are sleeping.  
Try the wind;  
Your wings shall mend.  
Happily conceive,  
Lady Genevieve.  
Lady Genevieve,  
Torn from the willow,  
Rest your head,  
Ooh, rest your head.  
No one shall receive Lady Genevieve.

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