

Paul Weller "Black Is The Colour"

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Black is the color of my true love's hair
Her lips are like some roses fair
She has 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

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

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

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