

The Corrs

"Black Is The Color"

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Black is the color of my true love's hair
His lips are like some roses fair
He has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands
And I love the ground whereon he stands
I love my love and well he knows
I love the ground whereon he goes
I only wish that the day would come
When he and I would be as one

I go to the Clyde for to mourn and weep
For satisfied I'll never sleep
I write him letters just a few short lines

And I suffer death ten thousand times

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His lips are like some roses fair
He has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands
And I love the ground whereon he stands
I love the ground whereon he stands
I love I love I love the ground whereon he stands

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