

Graveyard

"Love Of My Life"

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Tommy

Can't we two go walkin' together, out beyond the valley
of trees?

Out where there's a hillside of heather, curtsyin' gently
in the breeze.

That's what I'd like to do: see the heather--but with you.
The mist of May is in the gloamin', and all the clouds
are holdin' still.

So take my hand and let's go roamin' through the
heather on the hill.

The mornin' dew is blinkin' yonder. There's lazy music
in the rill,

And all I want to do is wander through the heather on
the hill.

There may be other days as rich and rare.

There may be other springs as full and fair.

But they won't be the same--they'll come and go,

For this I know:

That when the mist is in the gloamin', and all the clouds
are holdin' still,

If you're not there I won't go roamin' through the
heather on the hill,

The heather on the hill.

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