

Richard Harris

"She's Lazy"

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She's lazy very lazy her laziness is crazy
Mystic and dreamy it's all kind of hazy
She thinks she has meaning
Imagine the feeling when she falls
Black crows in meadows
Even the wind knows even and steady

Picture an evening soaking a stream
Worn at the hinges silent in scream
Loud as a yellow shy as a fool
Lifting her head to the scent of the moon

Haystacks and hedges involving the sun
Roll and are dancing loving being one
Together forever or as long as it is
The flowers keep upright in the weathering winds
Black crows in meadows
Even the wind knows even and steady

There are years when I think of nothing but me
When chasing myself is a scream
My life is a notion
A twisted emotion that kills me

She's lazy very lazy her laziness is crazy...

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