

Roger Whittaker "Old Mother Nature's Garden"

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She's cold as ice, she's hard as hell.
Oh my Yvonne can play with my emotions well.
She's cold as ice, she's hard as hell.
She leaves me panting like a thirsty dog,
As dead as any love.
A butterfly that's stings just like a bee.
She's flying free, in old mother nature's garden.

La, la, la, la, la.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la.
La, la, la, la, la.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la.

She's hard as hell, she's cold as ice.
She looks just like an angle, send from paradise.
She keep's me out, she let's me in.
My mind is spinning like racing top,
A top that will not stop.
She know's just what she does to me.
She's flying free, in old mother nature's garden.

La, la, la, la, la.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la.
La, la, la, la, la.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la.

La, la, la, la, la.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la.
La, la, la, la, la.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la.

She's cold as ice, she's hard as hell.
I know, she know's just how I love her,
I can tell.
She slowing down and I feel good
And soon I hold her in my loving hand,
Just as I always planed.
Yvonne will soon belong to me.
Not running free, in old mother nature's garden.

La, la, la, la.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la.

She'll be with me,
In old mother nature's garden.

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