

Shakhan "Irish Orchid"

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Ou were down in Cork south of Dublin
Lovely green eyes surrounded by your pale porcelain
skin.
Yes a beautiful flower I picked you out of a field that
was covered in dew.
Yes you were covered, covered in dew a graceful
pretty bee orchid.
That's never going to sting.
The word is the word is kind and loving.

Curves like the rolling hills of the moor.
You are oh so very wealthy and in beauty far from poor.
Sweet and so young a fiery red head in the weave of
this land a golden
Thread.
Yes in the weave a golden thread more talents than the
strings on a harp.
Your mind not blunt but very sharp.
The word is the word is kind and loving.

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