

Crosby Stills Nash Young

"Guinnevere"

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(4:43)

By David Crosby, Guerilla

Guinnevere had green eyes
Like yours, mi'lady like yours
When she'd walk down
Through the garden
In the morning after it rained
Peacocks wandered aimlessly
Underneath an orange tree
Why can't she see me?
Guinnevere
Drew pentagrams
Like yours, mi'lady like yours
Late at night
When she thought
That no one was watching at all
(ON THE WALL)
She shall be free
As she turns her gaze
Down the slope
To the harbor where I lay
Anchored for a day
Guinnevere
Had golden hair
Like yours, mi'lady like yours
Streaming out when we'd ride
Through the warm wind down by the bay
Yesterday
Seagulls circle endlessly
I sing in silent harmony
We shall be free

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