

## Sinead Oconnor

# "Black Is The Color Of My True Love's Hair"

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Black is the color of my true love's hair  
Her lips are like some roses fair  
She has the sweetest smile the gentlest hands  
And I love the ground whereon she stands

I love my love, and well she knows  
I love the ground whereon she goes  
I wish the day soon would come  
When she and I will be as one

And black is the color of my true love's hair  
Her lips are like some roses fair  
She has the sweetest smile the gentlest hands  
And I love the ground whereon she stands

I go to the Clyde and mourn and weep  
But satisfied I never shall be  
I'll write her a letter with a few short lines  
and suffer death a thousand times

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