

The Dagens

"Dell Of Ferns"

Visit "[Dell Of Ferns](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Now we have picnics on the shore, where no one ever
thinks of her.
How she fell and faded out, she faded in a dell of
ferns.
We quiet play, in twos and fours, a dell of ferns we play
about.
Where no one ever drops a ball, or shouts out loud.
Gradually we forgot her, until she was just part of the
water.
The little girl got water-pale until she was invisible.
Her eyes, her face, her dress, her voice. Her arms and
legs became a wave.
We quiet play, in twos and fours, a dell of ferns we play
about.
Where no one ever drops a ball, or shouts out loud.
Gradually we forgot her, until she was just part of the
water.
The little girl got water-pale until she was invisible.
Her eyes, her face, her dress, her voice. Her arms and
legs became a wave.
Now we have picnics on the shore, where no one ever
thinks of her.
How she fell and faded out, she faded in a dell of
ferns.
Gradually we forgot her, until she was just part of the
water.
Gradually we forgot her, until she was just part of the
water.

Visit [The Dagens](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.