

## Corrs, The

### "Black Is The Colour"

Visit "[Black Is The Colour](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Black is the colour of my true love's hair  
His lips are like some roses fair  
He has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands  
And I love the ground where on he stands

I love my love and well he knows  
I love the ground where on he goes  
How I wish that day would soon come when he and I  
can be as one

I go to the Clyde and I mourn and wait for satisfied  
I never sleep  
I write him letter  
Just a few short ones and I suffer death then thousand  
times

Black is the colour of my true love's hair  
His lips are like some roses fair  
He has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands  
And I love the ground where on he stands

I love the ground where on he stands  
I love  
I love  
I love the ground where on he stands

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