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Corrs, The "Black Is The Colour"

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

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