

Springfield Rick

"Guinevere"

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We had a game, I called her Guinevere, and she would
always call me Galahad

I was her king, she was my queen, my Guinevere

The days were warm, the nights were sweet

I didn't dream that something troubled you

My Guinevere, you left when down high, farewell
Guinevere, where are you

Chorus:

Guinevere come back to Camelot, Galahad is waiting

Guinevere come back to Camelot, watch the morning
breaking

The city streets no longer are the English countryside
they used to be

My armour rusts, my sword is waiting for Guinevere,
where are you

chorus

All the songs I used to sing, I'll only sing for you

Send a letter, write me soon, I'm waiting here my lady

chorus repeats out

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