

## **Mamas And The Papas, The "Gemini Childe"**

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Though you're not quite seven  
What is most like Heaven  
It's the joy that's found with your arms around  
Just the right somebody to love

Soft rhythms of her feet  
Soft buckskin next to my cheek  
Oh, the long hair unbound tumbling down  
Musical songs without sound

Strong magical lines over the land  
Strange mystical lines on her hands  
Twin Gemini, split in two  
Half is for me, half for you

Gemini childe

Gemini childe, woman grown  
Lost in a world not her own  
My midnight friend, split in two  
Half is for me, half for you

Gemini childe  
(Gemini childe)

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