

# Book Of Love, Miss Melancholy

Miss Melancholy  
High up in her frosty tower  
She sits alone for hours and hours  
And never smells the lotus flowers  
Miss Melancholy

Miss Melancholy  
Can't even hear the honey bees  
Or eat a bowl of blueberries  
Or climb up on the apple trees  
Miss Melancholy

Day after day  
Day after day after day

Miss Melancholy  
High up in her frosty tower  
She sits alone for hours and hours  
And never smells the sunflowers  
Miss Melancholy

Day after day  
Day after day