

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