

Cat Stevens, Lady D'Arbanville (Live)

My lady D'Arbanville, why do you sleep so still?
I'll wake you tomorrow
And you will be my fill, yes, you will be my fill
My lady D'Arbanville, why does it grieve me so?
But your heart seems so silent
Why do you breathe so low, why do you breathe so low?
My lady D'Arbanville, why do you sleep so still?
I'll wake you tomorrow
And you will be my fill, yes, you will be my fill
My lady D'Arbanville, you look so cold tonight
Your lips feel like winter
Your skin has turned to white, your skin has turned to white
My lady D'Arbanville, why do you sleep so still?
I'll wake you tomorrow
And you will be my fill
My lady D'Arbanville, why do you sleep so still?
I'll wake you tomorrow
And you will be my fill
I loved you my lady, though in your grave you lie
I'll always be with you
This rose will never die, this rose will never die
I loved you my lady, though in your grave you lie
I'll always be with you
This rose will never die, this rose will never die