

# Crosby, Stills & Nash, Guinnevere

Guinnevere had green eyes  
Like yours, m'lady, like yours  
She'd walk down  
Through the garden  
In the morning after it rained

Peacocks wandered aimlessly  
Underneath an orange tree  
Why can't she see me?

Guinnevere drew pentagrams  
Like yours, m'lady, like yours  
Late at night  
When she thought  
That no one was watching at all  
On the wall

She shall be free

As she turns her gaze  
Down the slope  
To the harbor where I lay  
Anchored for a day

Guinnevere had golden hair  
Like yours, m'lady, like yours  
Streaming out  
When we'd ride  
Through the warm wind down by the bay  
Yesterday

Seagulls circle endlessly  
I sing in silent harmony  
We shall be free