

Donovan, Curry Land

Lady you are my peace of mind
Were I to seek your par none I could find
You delicately went to curry land
And left a lonely man
Ah me yogi blue
He thought to himself as he sat before
His stocks and shares a dreadful bore
If I'm to live another happy day
I best make haste and be on my way
oh me oh my
He at his desk did write and indicate
To lawyer friend and intimate
His lamentable grief did necessitate
The need for one swift bird to sail the ocean o'er
A sailing schooner was soon seen sailing
Swift and silent around the sound
Saluting seagulls heralding
The wonderous transport upon the wing
Twenty days from Goa they did espire
A wealthy merchant bound for Arabi-iy
Echanging greetings
Had he heard the news
The lady Hall had drowned
The price of Ninevah rose
Storms and tempests his shatterd mind beset
Hurricanes of pains raged and tore
Truly drowned in grief he did repair
To haunted trinkets and gross despair
All in whit neath shade
in bamboo chair
Military disipline has replaced despair
Anchored in the bay of innocense
Is left a lonely man
Lonely through and through