

# Neil Diamond, Deiree

It was the third of June  
On that younger day  
Well I became a man  
At the hands of a girl  
Almost twice  
Desiree  
Oh, Desiree  
There I was found  
By the sweet passion sound  
Of your loving song  
Time was right  
Then came the fourth of June  
On that sleepless night  
Well I tossed and I turned  
While the thought of  
Desiree  
Oh, Desiree  
There I was found  
By the sweet passion sound  
Of your loving song  
Time was right