

# 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