

Sinead O'Connor, Black Is The Color Of My True

Black is the color of my true love's hair
Her lips are like some roses fair
She has the sweetest smile the gentlest hands
And I love the ground whereon she stands

I love my love, and well she knows
I love the ground whereon she goes
I wish the day soon would come
When she and I will be as one

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I go to the Clyde and mourn and weep
But satisfied I never shall be
I'll write her a letter with a few short lines
and suffer death a thousand times

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