

Van Morrison, Green Mansions

Green mansions, high upon a hill
Green mansions, quiet and still
Big wall all around
It's where my baby will be found
Waiting for that day, to come

Green mansions, high upon a hill
In the countryside where the birds begin to sing
Free from the glamour of the world
Where the story does unfurl
Waiting on that day to come

Tried in vain to forget
Just how it ought to be
Over and over and over and over again
`Bout what it means to me

Green mansions, I can hear the mocking bird
Birds singing in a melancholy wood
The big wall all around
Where my baby will be found
Waiting for that day to come

Well I've tried in vain, to forget
Yeah what it ought to be
Over and over, over again
Just what it means to me

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