

Agents Of Good Roots, Turtle Dove

Lyrics: Jones

Music: Jones

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I met a lass with eyes of glass
Named Amy Atlas-Friend
She cooked for me, I served her tea
For two upon the Thames
But don't believe the thought police
They'll twist your words in fives
If love is blind then so am I
My Dove begins to fly

I know you need love too
I heard you wanna be my Dove
I've seen us near Venus
Between us
Would you be my
Love is the color of the Dove
That awakens my blood
Turtle Turtle Turtle Dove

The day began with cakes and flans
And elderberry wine
We swam the brook where atlas shook
And coaxed her cat alive
"Again," she screamed and bit my sleeve
To twist my head in fives
This honeybee became for me
A London tripper's prize

I know you want to love me
I know you Turtle Dove
I've seen blood on the watchtower
I love you Turtle Dove

Laugh like a lion, dance like a dove

Nighttime fell with Big Ben's Bell
On Sycamore Street West
She gripped my wrist
And whispered bliss
And handed me a test
"Is London's lass with eyes of glass
A Dove that God would send?"
With Blackbird pie my wings spread wide
And flew to Amy Friend