

Barclay James Harvest, Galadriel

She comes up with the morning sun
And tells me life has just begun
Oh what it is to be young
And in the early evening light
She brings me flowers from the sun
Oh what it is to be young

And if you see her you will know
She's like a shadow
Falling softly on the snow

And in the early evening light
She brings me flowers for the night
Oh what it is to be young