

Donna Lewis, Agenais

As I sit with the sun falling over the hayfields by the river ...
a little hand reached out and touched
me and stole my heart away ...
and I followed into a labyrinth of gold
and rose red color ...
and then I heard such beautiful voices calling out to me ...
to go floating down, floating down,
floating down to Agenais ...
and we'll go floating down, floating down,
floating down to Agenais ...
and there it was, lit by a blue flame a gold and crystal
palace ...
and they were dancing in long silver veils and white lilies in their hair ...
and then we rose, above in the moonlight to watch
the city sleeping ...
and this beautiful magical place I, no longer want to leave ...
we'll go
CHORUS ...

leaving it all behind ...
promises of the wild ...
they say,
come little sister come with
us and let's fly ...
we'll go floating down, floating down,
floating down to Agenais ...
and we'll go floating down ...
floating down ...
floating ...
floating away ...
and

I'm floating floating floating
floating ...
floating ...
and I'm floating down ...