

# Dr. Hook, Rings Of Grass

(S. Silverstein)

Rings of grass, crowns of flowers  
Gone, gone, gone, gone  
Furs that are woven of whispering hours  
Gone, gone, gone, gone

She's gone away where the rings are real  
And the furs have a warmth that a woman can feel  
And 'round and 'round, around goes the wheel  
And she's gone, gone, gone, gone, gone, gone

Rings of grass, crowns of flowers  
Gone, gone, gone, gone  
Castles of sand with seashell towers  
Gone, gone, gone, gone

She's gone away where the dreams are small  
But the castles are rock and they never fall  
And left me here to live among all  
That is gone, gone, gone, gone, gone, gone

Rings of grass why do they die away?  
Gone, gone, gone, gone  
Whispering hours where do they fly away?  
Gone, gone, gone, gone

And where's the wisdom to understand  
That years will crumble all castles of sand  
And the flowers and grass turn brown in our hands  
When it's gone, gone, gone, gone, gone, gone, gone, gone

(c) 1984 Tro Essex Music Ltd.