

# Kirsty McGee, Wild Garlic

on the banks of wild garlic where the violets grow  
i heard a blackbird singing, awakening the spring  
and i looked into your hazel eyes  
my hand upon your chestnut hair  
and i kissed you like a lover would

and someone said the morning was the only time for lovers  
but mostly it was evening when we'd walk among the trees  
with the sun caught in the branches  
and the moon behind the houses  
and the stars all pale and new  
and oh, i never stopped loving you  
the way you sing the way you laugh, the way you smile  
the way you cry

and i hope you can be happy and i want you to know  
that you're still in my heart when i wake up in the morning  
and the blackbird that sings  
in the tree outside my window  
brings to my heart all the promise of the spring  
and oh, i never stopped loving you  
the way you sing the way you laugh, the way you smile  
the way you cry

you are the one bright spark in my life