

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